The Bank Insurance Myth

13116

The American MERCURY

PARADISE IMAGINED

The Truth About Soviet Russia

WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

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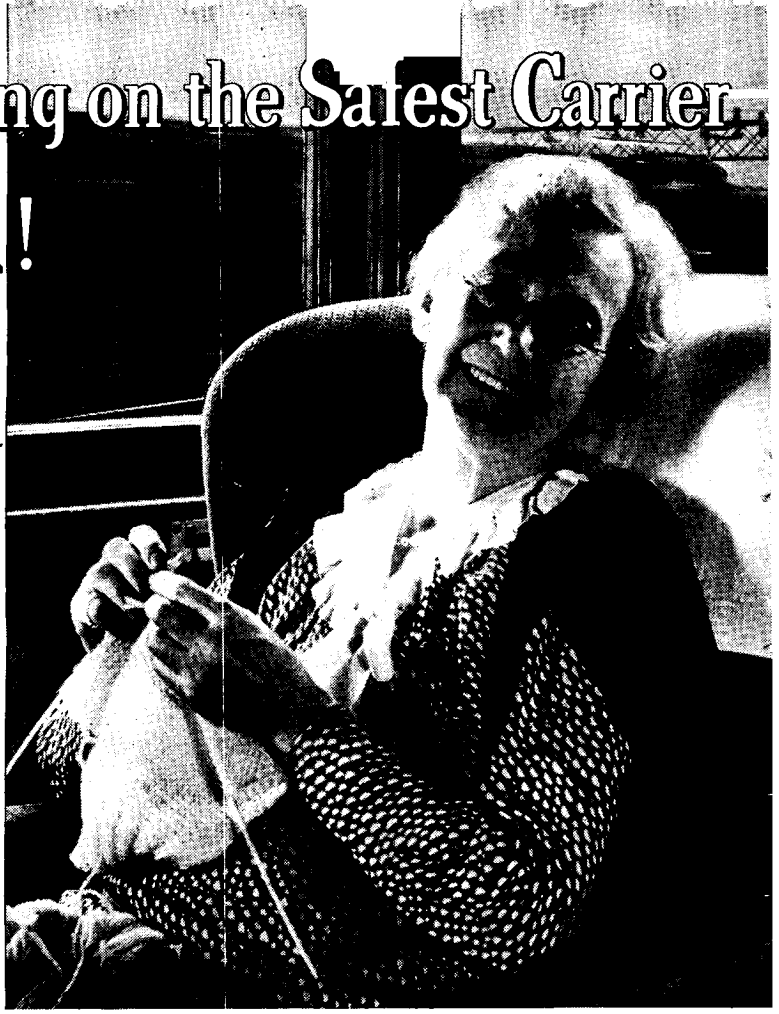

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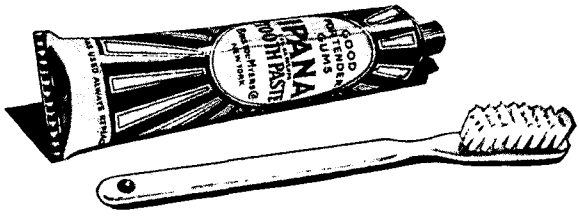

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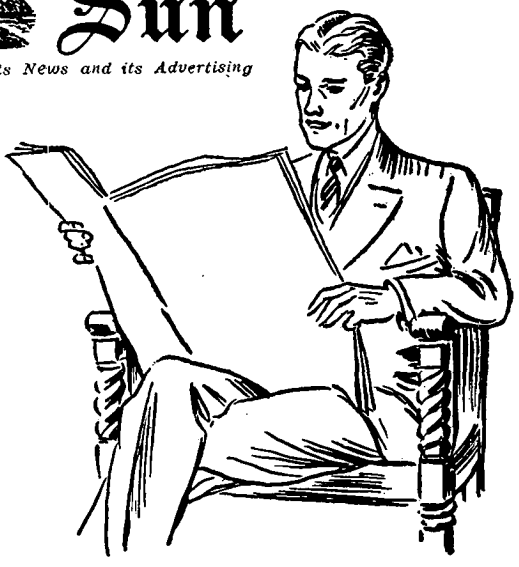

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The AMERICAN MERCURY

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Paul Palmer, *Editor*

1936

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THE OPEN FORUM

[Letters from readers, on any subject, will be welcomed to these pages]

AN OPEN LETTER TO PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

DEAR MR. ROOSEVELT: On the morning of next November 3 I shall leave my home in the lower flat at about the same hour as usual, but I won't turn directly east toward the streetcar. Instead I shall walk a block west and half a block south to the fire station where I shall cast my one vote for Alfred M. Landon of Kansas for the presidency of the United States. I'm afraid, Mr. Roosevelt, that this action can be attributed directly to you.

There was a time when I should not have thought this contemplated procedure possible. Now it is inevitable, and it is all very confusing and annoying. It is annoying especially because, after you have thought you were making intellectual progress over a period of years, you don't like to find yourself precisely where you began. Frankly, Mr. Roosevelt, it is downright discouraging to have considered yourself the owner of a strictly twentieth-century mental outlook, to have progressed far beyond Grandpa, and then be brought up short by the realization that you have merely detoured unnecessarily. That is what has happened to me.

There is quite a story in connection with this decision about November third, but I scarcely know where it starts. Maybe it begins way back when I was a kid in a small Far Western town. My family had come West with the covered wagons years before, and settled on the desert to compete with the jackrabbits for a meager living. My great-grandparents helped dig the first irrigation ditches and put up the first log cabins. We kids used to have wonderful times winter evenings when we could snare Grandpa for a session of pioneer day stories. These were swell stories, about Indians and privation and blood and gore and the building of the first railroad. Recently I have come to realize that we got more than entertainment from them. We sopped up a lot of incidental philosophy—you know, horse-and-buggy stuff.

My people were the kind who had come West because they thought any change might be an improvement. After they got here they staked out farms and went up in the hills for water and logs. They didn't seem to mind doing without things, and always managed to put something by. In time, some of them became rich by the standards that prevailed in our town. They looked at the community they had built and seemed pleased. They had worked uncommonly hard to accumulate some property and they respected that property. So did other people and I daresay the yardstick of success was tinged slightly with materialism. But after you have turned the desert into a farm, or hauled logs from the mountains with oxen, you have a right to feel a little huffy. I like to remember my forebears that way, Mr. Roosevelt, even though in your crowd you might think of them as being Economic Royalists.

But be that as it may, they had a highly developed sense of social responsibility as well as a respect for property. They had built a fine community in a desert, and they looked after it, and it was a boast that no one should knowingly want for necessities. Jobs were found and people's needs were cared for. My grandparents believed they could do no less than share their good fortune with others. And the funny thing is, Mr. Roosevelt, that in those naïve days people didn't seem to mind work. My forebears thought of hard work as a virtue. They told us kids that we were getting it soft because others had been willing to go the hard way and that our duty was to repay society and especially our community for what it had given us. They were that kind of people. Perhaps, with such a background, it is little wonder that I have reached the decision I mentioned at the beginning of this letter.

But, on the other hand, it may be that the story doesn't start back there at all. Maybe it starts when I left our town to go to college. I entered college in 1925, right smack in the middle of the Roaring 'Twenties. Uncle Calvin sat in the White House and, aside from the high price of bath-tub gin in a college town, things were pretty good. I fitted into the established pattern of college life, but I nurtured a

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THE OPEN FORUM

secret yen for the higher things as well. I gobbled up twentieth-century education with complete abandon, though with little discrimination and less application. I could still grant that Grandfather's ideas had been all right in their day, but it was perfectly evident that times had changed. We could not be expected to hew to a line just because it had served in what was called civilization in frontier days. New problems demanded new solutions. They demanded, in fact, a fundamentally new premise. I called myself a Liberal or an advocate of the New Thought. Some publications called people like me parlor pinks. But my parents took an entirely different view: they simply called me a smart-alec.

And so recognizing myself as a member of the cognoscenti, I started out to get a job in 1929, prepared to beat the world into a bloody and quivering pulp. I got the job, but met the stock market crash head on before I had learned the way to my desk. By 1931 I was on the street looking for another job. I was, as they say, a sadder and wiser boy, but I still had a long way to go. I kept whistling in the dark, but I don't mind admitting now that I was dazed and hurt.

About this time the 1932 Presidential campaign opened, and I kept my ear close to the radio. My own immediate problem was solved, but that didn't change the essential fact that things were in a hell of a shape. A lot of my friends were on their uppers. We had been prepared to re-make the world along infinitely better lines, and now a lot of us couldn't even get a job. And, Mr. Roosevelt, we certainly went for your radio voice. (For a time I decided that my crass Western accent was a fright and a disgrace, and I practiced a few of your well-modulated Harvard tones.) But if I liked your accent, I was wild about your promises. Here, I thought, is a man who really understands our problems and is honestly anxious to solve them. Whether it had been Wall Street or Mr. Hoover or something else that had created this frightful mess, you were the man to do something about it. With your thrilling Inauguration speech, those of my friends who still had doubts came over to you with whoops. You spoke with the fervor of youth as you called upon us to join you in an attack against Evil. I wept about the Forgotten Man — (incidentally, what ever has happened to him?): I felt again the enthusiasm of my college days as I prepared to ride forth against the Enemy. I was Galahad Junior.

(*Continued in back advertising section, p. x*)

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VOLUME XXXIX SEPTEMBER, 1936 NUMBER 153

The American
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PARADISE IMAGINED

The Truth About Soviet Russia

BY WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

No country in the world has been the object of so much violent writing, pro and con, as the Soviet Union. The Russian Revolution has stirred up more passionate enthusiasm and hostility than any event since its French predecessor. And commentators, both friendly and hostile, have not infrequently let wishes and prejudices, rather than objective facts, shape their writing.

The heyday of the cons was during the period of upheaval and civil war, from 1917 until 1921. This was when Russian women were "nationalized" in sensational headlines, when correspondents in Riga and Helsingfors cabled imaginary tales of Petrograd being captured and burned by the Whites, when the ferocities of civil war, bad enough in all reality, were magnified tenfold in the relaying of exaggerated rumors from Baltic capitals.

Now the pendulum of public opinion about Russia has swung to the other extreme. The most sugary fairy tales of happiness and progress have replaced the atrocity tales of the earlier period. The Soviet Union is the object of a constant stream of unqualified and undiscriminating eulogy emanating not only from communists, but from liberals and radicals who do not profess the communist faith. These enthusiasts are determined to have their Utopia in the present and in the flesh. They invest the Soviet Union with all the attributes of an earthly Paradise. Special societies exist in the United States and in many other countries for the purpose of interpreting Soviet culture and describing Soviet political and economic developments in the most favorable light.

What is the credo of the typical admirer of the Soviet Union? He envisages a land where the living conditions of the masses have improved immeasurably since prewar days and in many ways constitute a favorable challenge to those of America and Western Europe; a land where the panacea of State planning has solved all perplexing problems, where everyone works for the sheer joy of creation, where there is no unemployment, where art, literature, and science have unlimited creative pos-

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sibilities. An American Left-wing weekly reflects a widespread sentiment among radicals and liberals when it credits the Soviet Union with belief in the following four things: "The brotherhood and inherent value of man, equality, objective reason and science, material welfare."

"Facts," Lenin was fond of saying, "are stubborn things." How, then, do the demonstrable, ascertainable facts of life in the Soviet Union fit in with the glowing word pictures that have captured the imagination of foreign admirers?

The first jarring note in the conception of a collectivist Paradise, where, to quote the advertisement of a recent enthusiastic book, "One hundred and seventy million people share a common ambition, strive toward a common goal", is the extraordinary, in some cases the unprecedented severity of the laws which the Soviet Government has found it necessary to enact. One doesn't envisage Paradise as a place policed with death sentences, haunted with spies and snoopers, and surrounded with barbed wire, armed guards, police dogs, and other devices to prevent the inmates from escaping. Yet this is the situation that admittedly prevails in the Soviet Union today.

Consider, for example, the implications of the law of August 7, 1932, which has been repeatedly praised by high Soviet officials as a model piece of jurisprudence. Under this law any theft of State or collective farm property (in present-day Russia most property would come under this definition) is punishable with death. This decree has repeatedly been applied in thefts which would incur brief sentences of imprisonment in other countries. To minds not firmly rooted in the higher metaphysics of communist dogma, it may seem somewhat incongruous that, fifteen years after the Revolution, hailed as a great forward step in human progress, the Soviet Government should see fit to revive a penalty that had been discarded generations ago in all civilized countries as disproportionately cruel and as unserviceable in realizing the objective of eliminating theft.

Another Draconian law, promulgated in June, 1934, makes it a capital offense for any Soviet citizen to cross the frontier without permission. It goes still farther and gives public sanction to a familiar Soviet administrative practice: the treatment of wives and children as hostages for the good behavior of husbands and fathers. The law specifies that dependent relatives of the fugitive are to be banished "to remote parts of Siberia", even though they had no knowledge of the flight. (It is an impressive fact that there is not a single trick of administrative ruthlessness, from executing political prisoners without trial to penalizing innocent people for the offenses of their relatives, that the fascist regimes have not learned or could not have learned from the Soviet political police.)

A law which was enacted in the spring of 1935 makes it mandatory to inflict the severest penalties, including the death penalty in some cases on adolescent offenders. This scarcely fits in with the pleasant fancy of the Soviet Union as a land where the disappearance of unemployment has reduced crime to negligible proportions and where enlightened penology is the rule. And working-class friends of the Soviet Union might seriously consider how they would like to live in a Utopia where, according to a decree of November, 1932, even one day's unexcused absence from work exposes the worker to summary dismissal and loss of his quarters, if he lives on the company premises; and where the familiar sequel to a railroad wreck is the shooting of a few railway officials and workers for alleged sabotage and carelessness.

Admirers of the Soviet Union are vigor-

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ous critics of the chain-gang system maintained in Georgia and other Southern states. It seems surprising that they are not more concerned over the widespread prevalence of the chain-gang methods employed in rounding up unskilled labor for Soviet construction enterprises. All the inmates of Hitler's and Mussolini's concentration camps would have scarcely supplied one working shift when the Baltic-White Sea Canal was being driven through to completion entirely by forced labor under the supervision of the OGPU, or Political Police. There is the authority of an official Soviet *communiqué* for stating that 71,000 prisoners employed on this canal received commutation of sentence or amnesty when the work was completed. This would seem to be not inconsistent with a general impression in Russia that at the height of the work, about 200,000 people were herded into this concentration camp and set to work under OGPU taskmasters.

A book has been published in the Soviet Union and translated into English under the title *Belomor*, which represents the construction of this canal as a noble school for "remaking men". The accounts which I heard in Russia from persons who had survived the experience of working on this project were markedly different from the sob stories of criminals transformed into upright Soviet citizens which adorn the pages of *Belomor*. These survivors, whose names, for obvious considerations of their personal safety, cannot be mentioned, told of merciless overwork and underfeeding, of the continual heavy toll of death and injury from disregard for elementary safety rules, both in the ordinary course of work and in the blasting operations frequently undertaken. It is significant that no foreign journalist was permitted to inspect this combined task of building a canal through the forests and swamps of Karelia and "remaking men" while it was in progress.

The same chain-gang methods are being used in recruiting labor for a larger canal, now under construction, between the Volga and Moscow Rivers, for new railways in the Far East, and for mining and timber-cutting in the remote North. It is only on such a basis of peonage that people can be kept in desolate, unhealthy localities, such as Karaganda, center of a new coal-mining region in Kazakstan, or in the copper smelting works on Lake Balkhash. The conditions that prevail in forced-labor enterprises in the Soviet Union are inevitably those which characterize oppressed labor in all countries and at all times: coarse and insufficient food, shacks and dugouts for houses, almost complete absence of anything that could be called sanitation, and, naturally, a high death rate. The Soviet Government, so prolific of statistics on other subjects, has never made public any comprehensive figures about the number of persons assigned to forced labor. But by piecing together official admissions and estimates of released prisoners, it seems evident that the numbers of people who have been banished to labor concentration camps since 1929, when the system began to assume large-scale proportions, run into the millions. Orators who like to point with pride to the Soviet Union as the country that has abolished unemployment find it convenient to overlook these wretched prisoners, whose plight is certainly worse in every way than that of the most destitute unemployed in Western Europe or America.

The majority of these unfortunate people are not ordinary criminals. Great numbers of them are classified as *kulaks* (a generic term for any peasant who is too articulate in expressing his dislike for collective farming and requisitions of his produce) or *counter-revolutionaries*, a term that is also

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very loose and broad in its application. During a visit to Chelyabinsk in the summer of 1932, I found that many of the kulaks, counter-revolutionaries, or class enemies, to use the stock phrases of abuse for these helots of the Soviet State, were ordinary peasants and workers. Conversation with some of the men who were held as prisoners and employed on digging work at the Chelyabinsk tractor factory revealed such typical cases as a peasant who had been sent there "because he shouted that there wasn't enough food" at a collective farm meeting, and a worker who had been sentenced to forced labor because he had accidentally broken a machine.

II

Soviet apologists are quick to excuse any act of administrative ruthlessness as part of a price that must be paid for the immense improvement, moral and material, that is assumed to have taken place in the condition of the Russian masses. But how sound is this assumption? How genuine is the improvement that is considered a justification for such disasters as the famine of 1932-1933, the "liquidation of the kulaks as a class", the wholesale executions of political suspects, and universal espionage?

Take first the bread-and-butter things of life — food, clothing, shelter, and public services. Now that rationing has been abolished and a one-price system has been established for all classes of the population, it is possible to get a clearer idea of the Soviet household budget than was possible in the years when the purchasing power of rubles in the hands of Soviet citizens varied tremendously, depending on the availability of food products and manufactured goods, and the amounts which could be bought on ration cards.

A recent Soviet statistical estimate gives the monthly average wage of all workers and employees for 1935 as 190 rubles. What does this imply in terms of staple foodstuffs, and how does it bear up in comparison with American wage scales? The following table reveals the comparative buying power of the Russian worker *versus* the American, the latter's income being computed at an average of $70 per month, according to the United States Bureau of Labor statistics for 1933.

Commodity	*Russian scale*	*American scale*
Butter, pounds	19	240
Sausage, pounds	30	176
Sugar, pounds	90	1120
Second-grade beef, pounds	63	280
First-grade beef, pounds	40	200

In other words, the American worker's wage, in terms of real values in one of the worst years of Depression, was from five to twelve times higher than the Soviet worker-employee's wage in 1935, when there had been some improvement in conditions over the bleak starvation and semi-starvation levels of 1932 and 1933. Of course, neither the American nor the Russian worker could afford to spend a month's wages on a single foodstuff. But the discrepancy between what an individualist system, at its worst, was able to supply American workers, and what a collectivist system, up to date, has been able to supply to Russians, would not be diminished if one undertook a broad survey of comparative household budgets, instead of restricting the comparison to a few commodities. A long list of everyday articles of use in America, from bananas to toilet paper and from nails to chocolate, would have to be classified in Russia as either unobtainable or obtainable only with difficulty and at fabulous prices.

If it were not for the tall tales of some returned tourists and stay-at-home enthusiasts for the Soviet Union, it would scarcely

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be necessary to labor the point that the American standard of living, even during the most severe crisis of half a century, is vastly superior to the Russian. What is more important is that the Russian people today, if one may accept the plain evidence of Soviet statistics, are worse fed than under Czarism. While the grain crop of 1935 was well above those of 1931 and 1932, which were an immediate prelude to famine, the *per capita* grain yield of 1913 has not yet been attained. The Moscow correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor*, citing Stalin's authority for the 1935 figure, writes as follows on this point:

> The Russian grain yield in 1935 was about 91,600,000 metric tons, as compared with 76,000,000 metric tons in 1913. But the population of Soviet Russia in 1935, according to Soviet official estimates, was 171,000,000 as compared with 138,000,000 for this same territory in 1913.

So, although 1935 gave the best harvest since the Revolution, it still fell a little short of the 1913 *per capita* yield of prewar Russia, which communist sympathizers like to depict as incredibly backward, if not downright barbarous. Much greater has been the impoverishment of Russian agriculture in livestock. A prominent communist agricultural expert, Y. A. Yakovlev, published the following comparative livestock figures in *Izvestia* of February 21, 1936:

	1916	*1935*
Horses	35,100,000	15,900,000
Large horned cattle	58,900,000	49,200,000
Sheep and goats	115,200,000	61,000,000
Pigs	20,300,000	22,500,000

Here one has in a nutshell the explanation of the abnormally high food prices, and the proof that Russians, by and large, are eating less than before the Revolution. There has certainly been no importation of foreign foodstuffs to compensate for the heavy loss of meat, milk, and fats. Individual groups of the population may have gained at the expense of others; but the national food balance is clearly less favorable than prior to the World War.

As for clothing, Russia has more manufactured goods of domestic production than was the case before the Revolution. The supply of imported foreign goods has been largely shut off, however, because of the policy of diverting limited stocks of foreign currency to the purchase of essential raw materials, machinery, and equipment. Moreover, the products of the handicraft artisans have considerably diminished. The decline in livestock has affected the supply of wool and hides. A month's salary is a customary price for a pair of tolerably good shoes or boots, and there is a marked shortage of woolen goods.

Any sartorial comparisons between Russia and Western Europe or America would be fantastically to the disadvantage of the former. No foreign resident of Russia buys any clothing there. He, or she, waits to stock up during a trip to Berlin or London. Pictures of unemployed demonstrations in other countries lose some of their propaganda value in the Soviet because the unemployed always look much better dressed than the wealthiest Russians.

The terrific overcrowding in Soviet cities and towns is proverbial. The new housing built since the Revolution does not keep pace with the growth of the population. Broadly speaking, the Russian worker is usually housed in one of the following ways: If he is unusually skilled or if he has acquired merit as an *udarnik*, or shock worker, he may get a two- or three-room apartment in one of the large new structures which are usually built in the vicinity of factories. These apartment houses are erected hastily and with insufficient materials. With few exceptions they are shoddy and unattractive in appearance, and their domestic fixtures have a way of breaking

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down with discouraging frequency. This, however, represents the best housing to which the Russian worker can aspire.

In many more cases he must live, with his family, in a single room in a dilapidated nationalized house that is as overcrowded as a rabbit-warren. Most of Moscow's pre-war dwellings would come under this heading. A five-room apartment that formerly housed a single family comfortably now accommodates four or five families; infectious diseases spread rapidly in the cramped quarters; there are endless quarrels over the use of the necessarily communal kitchen. Still worse is the housing of the unskilled laborers at new construction plants. It consists of barracks, overcrowded and verminous, with the most sketchy sanitary facilities. Running hot and cold water, vacuum cleaners, and other labor-saving devices, refrigerators and many other simple conveniences of an American home are conspicuously absent in Moscow.

III

Judged by East European or Oriental standards, the Russian worker, in whose name the Revolution was made, possesses some privileges and advantages, with his annual two-weeks' vacation with pay, his free medical service, improved sport and recreation facilities, and better educational opportunities for his children. His working hours are shorter than before the War, but the intensity of labor is greater, especially since the recent inauguration, all over Russia, of the so-called Stakhanov movement, which is designed to increase individual productivity of labor and is essentially similar to the speed-up devices which have often excited the bitter opposition of organized labor in other countries.

There has been bitter opposition to this drive for higher productivity in Russia also, and for the same reason: the workers fear that they will be compelled to turn out more work without corresponding increases in pay. But this opposition has not, cannot, in Russia assume the organized form that it would take in democratic countries where trade-union organization is permissible. There are so-called trade-unions in Russia; but these are mere cogs in the huge bureaucratic machine of the Soviet State. They are primarily responsible not to the workers whom they nominally represent but to the ruling Communist Party. When the former head of the Soviet trade-unions, Tomsky, displayed a tendency to defend the direct interests of the workers, he was summarily dismissed by Stalin, not removed by vote of the membership of the trade-unions, and his place was taken by Shvernik, an obedient tool of the dictator. The same fate, of course, awaits any lesser trade-union functionary who tries to take the side of the worker against the all-powerful employing State.

So the struggle against Stakhanovism proceeds not through strikes, which are outlawed as counter-revolutionary in the Soviet Union, just as in Germany and Italy, but through individual acts of terrorism and sabotage, which are committed despite the fact that the perpetrators are likely to be shot or sent to labor camps. One may cite several illuminating notes from the Soviet press, illustrating this new form of class struggle under communist dictatorship. *Pravda* of November 3, 1935, reports that in Tambov, four Stakhanovite workers "arriving at work found their tool boxes shattered and their tools stolen". The same paper of November 17 tells how in Smolensk, "the backward workers began to persecute the lathe-worker Likhoradov. . . . Things reached a point where a certain Sviridov broke a gear wheel and tore off Likhoradov's power-belt". Cases

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of murders of active pace-makers, the locksmith Shmirev in the Factory *Trud*, and the miner Tsekhnov in the Ivan pit, are also reported.

Much is made of the socialized features of the workers' life in the Soviet Union, of the State medical aid, the rest homes, the number of workers at the opera and theater, etc. A good deal of valuable social work has been done in Russia, as in other countries, since the War; but when the benefits of the Russian workers are closely examined a good deal of the glamor tends to disappear. Take, for instance, the quality of socialized medicine. Here we have the interesting recent testimony of Mr. Edmund Wilson, whose writings characterize him as a definitely sympathetic observer of the Soviet Union. During a trip to Russia, Mr. Wilson contracted scarlet fever and spent six weeks in a hospital in Odessa. It is not likely that Mr. Wilson, as a foreign visitor, was assigned to the worst hospital in the city, which is the third largest city in the Ukraine. His report on the sanitary conditions which he witnessed is, to put it mildly, unfavorable. The bathrooms were garbage piles. The hospital was infested with flies. The wash basin with running water was used for face-washing, dish-washing, gargling, and bedside purposes.

Mr. Wilson's faith, however, was proof against this test. He adopted a method of interpretation which is sufficiently common to call for some analysis. From the deplorable condition of a Soviet hospital in 1935, he deduced how frightful Czarist Russia must have been before 1917. Somehow this suggests the explanation of the patriotic Hungarian hotelkeeper who, in response to a guest's complaint about unpleasant nocturnal insects in 1930, replied: "Well, you know those dirty Roumanians occupied Budapest in 1919."

Czarist Russia certainly had plenty of sins to answer for. But the chances are that a detailed investigation of the Odessa hospital in question would reveal that its shortcomings today are attributable to such specifically Soviet causes as bureaucratic neglect and red tape, cold-shouldering of the trained medical personnel by self-assured Party members, and failure of the all-powerful State planners to allow adequately for medicines and sanitary appliances.

Several personal experiences have led me to believe that, whatever may be said for the theory of socialized medicine, its practice in the Soviet Union leaves a good deal to be desired. Once when my wife was in Sochi, a Black Sea resort where malaria is rife, she asked in a drugstore for quinine. She was told that the supply was so limited that it could only be sold to persons who had already contracted the disease. . . . The servant of a friend broke her arm. She went to the clinic where she was entitled to free treatment and was sent away by a physician with the assurance that it was nothing serious. Only when her employer engaged a private physician did she receive proper treatment. It is noteworthy that anyone who can afford to patronize the experienced doctors and dentists who still maintain private practice almost invariably prefers to do so, instead of exercising his legal right to free treatment.

The rest homes to which rank and file workers may go for vacations would not compare favorably, as regards food and comfort, with the most inexpensive boarding houses at summer or winter resorts in America or Western Europe. The more luxurious rest homes are reserved for the Soviet aristocracy, for high Party and Soviet functionaries, and for officers of the Red Army and the OGPU. The American tourist camp or the British or German hostel, where the worker or employee on a hiking

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vacation may have a bed and meals for a modest fee, is far cleaner, better organized, and better provided with necessities than most of the Russian tourist bases which proletarian vacationists visit on their walking trips. An automobile vacation would be out of the question for a Russian, partly because of the bad condition of the roads and partly because no peasants and extremely few workers own automobiles.

The "abolition of prostitution" and the new freedom in sex relations have been strong talking points with Soviet sympathizers. In regard to the first, it may be said immediately that the amateurs killed the profession. The Revolution brought no access of puritanical virtue to Russia. Foreign residents of the Soviet Union have never experienced any lack of Soviet women who were quite willing to be kept. Soviet heads of trusts and managers of factories are no more ascetic than New York business and professional men. But the collapse of the former social taboos and inhibitions on extra-marital relations has been naturally associated with a decline in the number of professional prostitutes.

As for the emancipation of women under the Soviets, the Revolution has given them equal opportunity with men in engineering and aviation — and also in digging subways, laying railway tracks, and cutting timber in forced-labor camps. Up to the present, freedom in sex relations was one of the few liberties which the Soviet citizen possessed. Marriage was terminable at the will of either party; and there was no legal restriction on remarriage. Now, however, one detects symptoms of an impending backward swing of the pendulum. The Soviet Government, like other dictatorships, wants plenty of cannon fodder and has set population increase as a goal of policy. There are suggestions for imitating fascist practice in the matter of taxing bachelors and childless families, and rewarding prolific families. It is proposed to limit woman's freedom to refrain from having children by forbidding abortions which, because of the shortage of contraceptives, represent for many Russian women the sole means of birth control. A veteran communist moralist, Aaron Soltz, writes about "woman's great and honorable duty of child-bearing" — about "marriage being, to a great degree, a public matter", again in the familiar style of fascist countries. It may well be that in family life, as in the restoration of discipline in the schools and of resounding titles in the Army, the Soviet Union is swinging back to what would have been denounced a few years ago as preposterous bourgeois ideals and practices.

IV

"The abolition of unemployment", like "the abolition of prostitution", can only be accurately referred to in quotation marks. If by abolition of unemployment one means that everyone has work at regular wages and of his own choice, that most desirable ideal has certainly not been realized in Russia. It has already been pointed out that millions of people have been sent to forced labor during the last few years. If anyone were given the unpleasant alternative of being on the dole in England or on relief in America, or of being shipped off to forced labor on the Moscow-Volga canal or in the Karaganda coal mines or in the timber camps of North Russia, and if all the hardships of both conditions were fairly stated, I do not think there is the slightest doubt that unemployment would seem vastly the lesser evil. Moreover, the Russian manual or white-collar worker who, through no fault of his own, is dismissed as a result of a reduction in staff,

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has no right to relief until he can again find employment. He must take any work that is offered; and, as most labor vacancies in Russia are of an undesirable kind, especially to city men and women, such as peat digging, timber cutting, or coal mining, a curious situation arises when people who are unemployed try to conceal the fact in order to avoid compulsory assignment to uncongenial work.

It is distinctly indicative of the good sense of the unemployed in America and Western Europe that very few of them throughout the Depression were tempted to seek their fortunes in Russia. And of the Russian-Americans who pulled up stakes in America and returned to their native country, some found cause to regret their decision bitterly and have been besieging the American Consulate in Moscow in efforts to get out of the Soviet Union, a process that is apt to be harder than getting in, especially for a man whose nationality is debatable. As a former British consul has testified:

> In most ports the consul is kept busy looking after sailors who jump their ships and then are stranded. But I have no problem of that kind here. I know of only one British sailor who ever left his ship in Leningrad; and that poor fellow subsequently proved to be crazy.

In short, when it comes to the practical test of living in Russia as a worker, not as a tourist or a member of a feted delegation, the Soviet Union has no appeal for the unemployed, much less to the employed. This is in striking contrast to the experience of the United States, which, before the War, attracted hundreds of thousands of immigrants from Eastern and Southern Europe every year. If the Soviet Union offered, along with unlimited opportunities for work, a standard of living better than that of the unemployed in America and Western Europe, the chances are that there would have been a substantial inflow of immigrants into Russia.

Not only ordinary immigrants, but also communists sometimes find it difficult to leave Russia after it has changed in their eyes from Paradise Imagined to Paradise Lost. A recent case of this kind was that of three Jugoslav communists, Ciliga, Dedich, and Draguich, who were sent to unpleasant places of exile in Siberia when it was discovered that their communism was of the heretical Trotzkyist, not of the orthodox Stalinite, brand. Jugoslavia does not enjoy the reputation of dealing gently with political dissenters. But the treatment to which these communists were subjected apparently made them yearn for the comforts of a good homelike Jugoslav jail. At any rate, to quote the words of a resolution of protest signed by other exiled Trotzkyists, "they demanded to be sent to Jugoslavia and announced that they would struggle to obtain this right by every means, without eschewing the most extreme methods, such as the hunger strike and suicide". Ciliga actually did wound himself severely before the coveted permission to leave Russia was granted.

Since the peasants, who comprise about three-fourths of the Soviet population, far outnumber the city workers, conditions in the rural districts afford a fairer barometer of Soviet achievement than conditions in the towns. The ordeal through which the peasants passed from 1929 until 1933 could not be remotely paralleled by the worst effects of the agricultural crisis in other countries. Millions perished of outright hunger and related diseases during the great famine of 1932-1933, which was brought on by ruthless requisitions and colossal blunders in the administration of the collective farming system. Millions more, the so-called kulaks, were driven

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from their homes and, in many cases, were sent to concentration camps where labor was hard, food scanty, and mortality rates, especially among the weak and old, frightfully high.

Since 1933 there has been an unmistakable improvement in Soviet agricultural conditions. The peasants have resigned themselves to the State landlordism of collective farming, just as their ancestors, after futile revolts, resigned themselves to serfdom. I have seen no convincing evidence of famine since 1933. The harvest of 1935 was said to be the best since the Revolution. At the same time, recovery from the famine level of 1933 can proceed a considerable distance without approaching prosperity, as that term is understood in America and Western Europe. With the best of climatic luck and the smoothest discipline, it would be impossible for peasants who in 1933 were down to the ultimate low point of poverty, represented by not having enough to eat, to reach a high level of material well-being in 1936. Heavy taxes in kind must be paid to the State, a circumstance that limits the peasant's capacity for earning and accumulation.

The peasants who had risen a little above general poverty have been liquidated as kulaks, and the Soviet village today presents a picture of unrelieved drab and dingy poverty. If there is a peasant in Russia who possesses an automobile, a telephone in his house, or a bathroom with modern sanitary facilities, I failed to meet him during many years of extensive travel in Russia. The world's prize for cynicism might well go to the Soviet star publicist, Karl Radek, for suggesting to the French political leader, M. Herriot, during his trip in Russia in the famine year, 1933, that the future of Russia's collective farmers was far brighter than that of America's Middle-Western farmers. If the standard of living of the Russian worker is much closer to that of the unemployed than to that of the employed in America and Western Europe, the status of the peasant, as regards food, housing, and clothing, is comparable with that of the sharecropper. Indeed, the economic position of the entire Russian peasantry is that of sharecroppers, with an all-powerful State as landlord, telling them what and how much they must plant, how much they must deliver to the cities, and how much they may keep.

V

What of the position of the professional classes under the Soviet regime? To some extent, of course, it is determined by such general factors as the shortage and high prices of many kinds of food and manufactured goods, and the dismal housing situation. Some classes of brain-workers are relatively better off than others. The Soviet Government recognizes the desirability of enlisting journalists and writers as propagandists and the necessity of having trained engineers to operate its industrial plants. So engineers and authors and newspapermen are well paid by Soviet standards. Physicians and teachers, on the other hand, are underpaid, in relation to the remuneration of other professionals. That teachers do not always receive their scanty pay on time is evident from the following excerpt from a leading article in *Izvestia* for December 16, 1935:

> In a number of country districts of Western Siberia, teachers have not received their salaries for four or five months. In the Glubokov and Eisk districts of the North Caucasus, the pay of teachers is held back, being limited to little advances on account. In the Kazalinsk district of Southern Kazakstan and in some districts of the Northern Territory, salaries are systematically held back.

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Of course, man does not live by salary alone. Especially to the intellectual, such considerations as freedom from censorship and official interference, and ability to follow his individual bent are of primary importance. There is a certain irony in the fact that the ranks of the literal or spiritual pilgrims to Moscow include so many representatives of the critically minded intelligentsia of Europe and America. For it is just this class that has been most effectively and firmly suppressed under the Soviet regime. There is no country in the world where the penalties for indulging in the nonconformist critical faculty are so swift, so certain, and so ruthless; there is no country in the world that has such a high percentage of its intellectuals in emigration, in prison, or in exile.

I recently read in an American magazine an article by a British radical intellectual who brightened up an unrelievedly gloomy picture of the state of the legal profession under capitalism with an outburst of enthusiasm over the unrivaled opportunities for creative research and public service which, he believed, were enjoyed by bench and bar in the Soviet Union. With the critical part of this article I am not here concerned. But no sketch of the position of the Soviet lawyer is remotely adequate if it fails to show that he is definitely inhibited from performing one of his most useful and honorable functions: the protection of the individual against the injustice of the State. In democratic countries, even in Czarist Russia, lawyers have always been able to undertake this duty. Beilis in Russia was acquitted; Dreyfus in France was ultimately vindicated, despite the powerful forces of official pressure and race prejudice that were invoked in both of these famous trials. Even when attempts to defend victims of prejudice-tainted trials failed, as in the cases of Sacco and Vanzetti, and of Mooney up to the present time, it is safe to say that the effort was not in vain. Many other instances of injustice were in all probability forestalled.

It would be impossible to point to a single case in recent years in the Soviet Union where a lawyer has offered an outspoken, vigorous defense of a political prisoner. Yet this is not because evidence of grotesque injustice has been lacking. One need only recall the Ramzin sabotage trial of 1930, when two men, Ryabushinsky and Vishnegradsky, were solemnly indicted for conspiring to set up a counter-revolutionary government in Russia years after they had been dead and buried. The outside world roared with laughter when it learned of this illuminating slip. But neither the attorneys for the defense in the farcical trial nor anyone else in the Soviet courtroom saw fit to mention it.

Professor Vladimir Tchernavin, who escaped with his wife and child from a Soviet concentration camp, has given from personal knowledge a detailed, concrete account of a typical sabotage frame-up in the fishing industry, where the luckless non-communist specialists were made scapegoats for the inevitable failure of exaggerated plans. But it would be simply unthinkable for a Soviet lawyer, assigned to "defend" a political prisoner, to emphasize damaging weaknesses in the prosecution's case or to publish in a legal journal a vigorous denunciation of the frequent practice of arbitrary arrest and exile without trial. The immense force for individual security and common decency, the vast bulwark against personal spite and bureaucratic tyranny represented by an independent judiciary and by lawyers who can put forth their best efforts on behalf of political defendants without fear of being sent to concentration camps, simply do not exist in the Soviet Union.

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Take another type of intellectual, the historian. The vast majority of prewar historians were driven from their university chairs because they were considered incapable of giving the dogmatic Marxian interpretation of history. More than that, a considerable number of eminent historical scholars, including four members of the Academy of Science — Platonov, Lubavsky, Tarle, and Likhachev — were arrested on charges that have never been published, held for long periods in close confinement, and finally banished without ever being brought to public trial. Platonov died in exile; the others suffered permanent physical and psychological injury as a result of their treatment.

Even the communist historian is far from safe, if he does not tread a very straight and narrow path of orthodoxy. Several years ago a young communist historian named Slutzky produced documentary evidence to show that Lenin's prewar views on the question of international revolution were not very different from Trotzky's. The article was published in a Soviet historical magazine, whereupon a formidable critic arose in the person of Stalin. Denouncing the article and its publication with the emphatic phrases, "Counter-revolutionary Trotzkyism and rotten liberalism towards it", he made the entire corps of Soviet young professors figuratively snap to attention. Soon every newspaper and magazine in the country was dutifully resounding with imitative thunderings against "counter-revolutionary Trotzkyism and rotten liberalism".

Stalin's own accuracy and reliability in the historical field may be judged by comparing two passages in the English translation of his book, *The October Revolution,* referring to Trotzky's role in the upheaval. On page 30 he declares that "all practical work in connection with the organization of the uprising was done under the immediate direction of Comrade Trotzky, the President of the Petrograd Soviet". On page 71 he tells us that "Comrade Trotzky did not play and could not have played any special role in the October uprising".

Music might seem to have fewer controversial political propositions than history, but woe to the Soviet composer whose melodies fail to soothe the Dictator's breast. Only recently the works of Dmitri Shostakovitch, generally recognized in Russia and abroad as the outstanding postwar Russian composer, were summarily withdrawn from presentation in Moscow, following a curt expression of Stalin's disapproval. Of course, artists in every land have a proverbially hard row to hoe. Undue conservatism of critics and academies, the time-lag in popular appreciation of new modes of expression, are justifiable causes of complaint. But the American or British young composer need have no fear that his works will be blacklisted merely because President Roosevelt or Premier Baldwin doesn't happen to like them.

Every printed word in the Soviet Union, whether it be in book or play, in magazine or newspaper, is subjected to preliminary censorship. Anyone who knows what absurdities censors can commit even in democratic countries, where their powers are much more limited, can imagine what a devastating effect this institution has on creative thought and free artistic expression. The achievements of the Soviet censorship are numerous. They range from the silencing of Russia's most brilliant postwar satirical writer and playwright, Mikhail Bulgakov, to the deletion from orchestra programs of Brahm's *Variations on a Haydn Theme*, because an unusually literate censor discovered that the theme was based on an old religious choral.

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The stubborn facts of the situation do not bear out the pleasing theory, cited earlier in the article, that the Soviet Union stands for "a belief in the brotherhood and inherent value of man, a belief in equality, a belief in objective reason and science, a belief in material welfare".

Check these supposed beliefs in the light of the visible record. Mass executions without trial and wholesale deportations to forced-labor camps are scarcely a convincing testimonial to faith in "the brotherhood and inherent value of man". Any communist who today would advocate equality in wages and salaries would be quickly expelled from the Party and probably put in prison as well. "A belief in objective reason and science" does not harmonize with *Führer* Stalin's forceful intrusions into music and philosophy, to say nothing of history and economics, or with a system of universal censorship. "A belief in material welfare" has little practical value when the meager Czarist standards in this field in many cases have not been attained with the second decade after the Revolution nearly at an end.

VI

One reason for the many prevalent misconceptions about the Soviet Union is the amazing publicity and attention which have been bestowed on the writings and speeches of tourists and short-time visitors to the country. Publishers who would not think of bringing out a book on France or England or Germany unless the author showed genuine evidence of familiarity with the country, its language, its history and institutions, jump at the chance of publishing works by fledgling authors whose qualifications as Russian experts are limited to participation in a brief organized tour, a scanty knowledge of perhaps six words of Russian, and a soulful conviction that Hope and a Plan are written on the faces of every worker and *muzhik* whom they saw from the train windows.

Scores of tourist parties to the Soviet Union are advertised for the present year. As one who has watched a good many of these parties come and go in Moscow, I may venture to offer a few reflections on travel in Russia and on its inevitable limitations for the great majority of foreign visitors who do not know the Russian language. One may put aside the exaggerated tales of the foreign traveler being dogged with spies at every step and being allowed to visit only certain prepared places, and still retain the conviction that there is an inevitable hothouse quality about the impressions which the tourist gathers. What are a few of the items that are calculated to send away the visitor with a conviction that all is, in the main, for the best in the Soviet world? First of all, his guides and interpreters are registered State employees who have been put through a regular course of training as to what to tell the traveler and who know that any straying from instructions is likely to bring unpleasant consequences. Second, critically minded Russians avoid foreigners as they would the bubonic plague. There have been too many cases when Russians have been exiled on the mere suspicion of having conveyed unfavorable impressions. Third, if, as is often the case, the tourist goes with an organized party, the leader is bound, by the nature of the job, not to search for the dark sides of Soviet life. A recent notice of a tour under the leadership of Princess Irina Skariatina refers to her as "a pre-revolutionary Russian who has accepted the new regime". The question naturally arises: what if she had not accepted it? Obviously she would not be leading tours in the Soviet Union.

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Finally, if the average American tourist should break away from organized parties, leaders, and State interpreters, and take a side-trip on his own, he would get extremely little out of it because of the language barrier.

Two personal experiences may help to illustrate the sort of thing the tourist, under present conditions, is almost certain to miss. In the summer of 1932 my wife, who is Russian by birth, and I visited the Chelyabinsk tractor factory, then in course of construction. My wife got into conversation with some of the forced-labor prisoners at the plant. This was not at all on the official schedule for foreign visitors and a communist foreman came up to her and inquired: "Are you a Soviet citizen?" When she assured him that she was not, he withdrew and did not try to interfere. But it is easy to imagine how much a foreigner with an interpreter who was a Soviet citizen would have learned about forced labor in Chelyabinsk.

On another occasion we were stopping for a few days in an Ukranian village. We attended a little entertainment at the village school, where the children, under the schoolmaster's direction, sang the *Internationale* and gave other signs of being brought up as proper Soviet citizens. It was only later, when we got into private conversation with the schoolmaster and when he realized that we were not communists, that he revealed himself as an ardent Ukranian nationalist, who hated the Soviet dictatorship from the bottom of his heart.

Protestant ministers constitute a fair proportion of the annual contingent of visitors to the Soviet Union. Their broad-mindedness in being willing to hope and look for the best in a State that is based on dogmatic atheism is perhaps commendable. But not one of these clerical pilgrims to Moscow, perhaps because of the limitations which, as I suggested, inevitably affect the observations of tourists, seems to have realized the full extent of the persecution of religion under the Soviet regime.

The reality of persecution is often in inverse proportion to the publicity which it receives. So at the present time the press prints much more about persecution of religion in Germany than in Russia. There can be no doubt that some of the measures of the German central and local authorities have been distasteful both to Protestant and Catholic church bodies. But so long as opposition Protestant churchmen are able to hold meetings, to pass resolutions of protest, and to communicate them to the foreign press, persecution in the absolute sense of the word can scarcely be said to have begun. There will be genuine reason for concern when and if a complete and ominous silence prevails in the sphere of German church affairs.

This is the situation which now prevails in Russia. No contact is possible between journalists and representatives of the Orthodox Church or of the Russian evangelical sects, because the immediate consequence of any such contact would be the arrest and exile of the Russian clerics involved. The speedy and farcical termination of the one interview which the Soviet Foreign Office, contrary to its usual practice, arranged between the acting head of the Orthodox Church, Metropolitan Sergei, and a group of foreign newspapersmen was the best possible indication of the terrorized status of the Church. Sergei literally bolted from the room as soon as questions were put to him about the numbers of priests and bishops in prison and exile, and the number of churches which had been closed.

The main features of the Soviet drive

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to eradicate all forms of religious faith may be briefly summarized as follows: Strenuous inculcation of atheism in the schools. Any teacher who is not willing to give anti-religious instruction is liable to dismissal. A complete ban on the printing of religious books and on their importation from abroad. On the other hand every facility is given for the mass publication of atheistic literature. The original constitutional guaranty of freedom of religious and anti-religious propaganda has been withdrawn; and religious propaganda is now regarded as criminal. Anti-religious propaganda is encouraged in every way. Every kind of social and political disability is imposed on believers. They are, of course, excluded from membership in the ruling Communist Party, which means that they are automatically disbarred from many posts of authority and responsibility. The student who is known to be religious is likely to be expelled from the university; the State employee who is caught going to church regularly is marked for dismissal. Finally, large numbers of priests and of ministers of the Protestant sects are to be found in concentration camps; they have usually been deported there without any trial.

In view of these circumstances it is not surprising that only the most strongly convinced believers still dare to profess their faith in Russia, or that the younger generation is growing up largely atheistic. A certain type of foreign visitor sees amazing precocity in the cocksure declaration of the eight-year-old communist schoolboy that there is no God. Actually, this is no more an indication of developed thought capacity than the corresponding assurance of an urchin of Dayton, Tennessee, that he was not descended from a monkey. The sequel to the Revolution in Russia has not been any kind of rationalist scepticism (this would soon turn against the dominant cult of Marxism-Leninism-Stalinism), but an inverted fundamentalist atheism.

VII

The gross discrepancies between Soviet realities and the rhapsodies of foreign discoverers of an earthly Paradise in Russia should not, of course, obscure the positive achievements of the Soviet regime. During the last few years, Russia's military power and political weight in European councils have visibly increased. The industrialization of the country has been driven forward at a rapid pace. There have been notable feats of exploration, of scientific experimentation, and discovery. General elementary education has been introduced. Recreation and entertainment facilities for the masses have greatly improved by comparison with prewar times. The process of social upheaval unloosed considerable reserves of energy and ability among the classes which were most oppressed under the Czarist political and social system. This, to be sure, was offset by a cruel, wasteful, and, in many cases, quite unnecessary destruction of opportunity for gifted individuals who belonged to the classes which were smashed by the Revolution.

But neither the sum of these achievements nor any one of them, taken singly, would necessarily imply the working of a superior political, economic, and social system. Every one of them can be duplicated by other countries under different regimes. To take two illustrations: Russia under Alexander I played as great a role in Europe in the settlement after the Napoleonic Wars as Russia under Stalin plays today. Various countries (America after the Civil War, Germany after the Franco-Prussian War, Japan in recent years) have regis-

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tered spectacular gains in industrial building and output. On the other hand it would be difficult to name any government that has inflicted deliberately so much loss of life and human suffering in peace time as the Soviet dictatorship inflicted between 1929 and 1933.

The development of the Bolshevik Revolution need cause no surprise to any thoughtful student of Russian history. Russia's past is so impregnated with the principle of despotism, with the conception that the individual has no rights which the State is bound to respect, that the many acts of communist *Schrecklichkeit* flow from obvious historic sources. Ivan the Terrible furnished more than one model for Stalin. Peter the Great fumbled at industrialization more than two centuries before the first Five-Year Plan was formulated. Nicholas I, head of a regimented police-state, might well be the patron saint of the OGPU.

What is surprising is not the hard-boiled terrorist character of the Soviet State, but the obstinate refusal of foreign liberals and radicals to recognize this character, even in the face of the most overwhelming evidence. It is disconcerting to see persons who profess the utmost love for civil liberty, prison reform, rights of unpopular minorities, and similar worthy principles, in America, simultaneously indulge in unqualified eulogies of the Soviet Union, the country of mass employment of forced labor, all-pervading censorship and espionage, administrative exile, and complete suppression of any ideas that deviate from Stalin's conception of orthodox communism. It is almost as if a vegetarian society should send a message of congratulation to a cannibal tribe, or as if a group of pacifists should nominate Mussolini for the Nobel Peace Prize.

The Biblical reference to straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel would seem to apply to the editors of magazines which devote pages to insignificant labor disputes in America, involving small numbers of persons, and print not a line of comment on the mass strike of Russia's peasants against collectivization, and the suppression of the strikers by mass starvation. It would also hold good for the individuals who are so indignant over Tom Mooney and the Scottsboro boys, and so indifferent to the incomparably more numerous violations of every principle of fair play for the accused in the Soviet Union. These upholders of a curious double standard of governmental morality, a very soft standard for the Soviet Union and a very hard standard for the rest of the world, have let themselves in for one of the most inflated Mississippi Bubbles of sentimental infatuation ever recorded.

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THE BANK INSURANCE MYTH

BY U. V. WILCOX

On January 1, 1934, there wheeled into action the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation, the heaviest siege gun adopted up to that date by the New Deal Storm Troopers. It was aimed at the money-changers in the Roosevelt temple of purity; and at its breech-end, lanyard in hand, stood a staff of the most noisy and magnificent generals of the More Abundant Life. What they proposed to do appeared gallant in the extreme. The first salvo was to notify the American wage-earner that henceforth and forever, his bank money was insured by the federal government against loss, spoilage, or sudden death; that his savings book was therefore safe and inviolate; that there would never again occur vast losses through mass-closure of banks; and that the financial future of the Republic was to be everlastingly rosy. In other words, the bankers — those "creatures of entrenched greed" — were to be soundly shelled in their dugouts.

What issued from that frowning muzzle, however, was not a barrage of shrapnel and high explosive — but a dud. For, sad to relate, the theory of federal bank deposit guarantees has proved itself to be economically unsound and impossible of large-scale application. The promised guarantee is only partial, and is paid for in the main by banks which do not profit from its provisions. The whole scheme has substituted reliance on federal mechanisms for individual brains and corporate responsibility; its only tangible substance is the hold it exercises on the management of banking. In brief, its development has resulted in a financial dictatorship which uses political tools and the mandatory voice of a *Führer* to harass bankers and embarrass depositors. The conclusion to be drawn is extremely obvious — the new rules and regulations are not guarantees of financial security; rather, they are being used as a means by which the Roosevelt bureaucracy hopes to seize absolute control of the banks as one further and important step toward the creation of the New Deal totalitarian state.

But why then, it is only valid to ask, has the citizenry so eagerly accepted this spurious theory of deposit insurance? Why have some bankers given lip service to the FDIC? Why have others failed to disclose the structural faults which lie beneath the outer coat of gaudy paint? The simplest answer is that Freud's wish-fulfillment principle is still operating. The bankers pine for public confidence; the depositors yearn for safety; and the New Dealers grab a grandiose chance to pose as benefactors of the poor and guardians of security while at the same time gaining collectivist control over yet another national sinew.

The somewhat startling fact that bank insurance has proved a dismal failure in a dozen states within the past 100 years, has quietly been hushed. The announcement that the ultimate guarantor of safety

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is the federal Treasury, is considered sufficient to stifle all doubts. The public is mesmerized into believing that all banks are sound — or that federal fiat will quickly make them so. Ergo, the New Era of Planned Economy is here.

But let us examine the facts.

II

On March 4, 1933 — the birthday of modern civilization — the country was gravely concerned over its closed banks, its restricted banks, and even those banks which remained open; and Dr. Roosevelt and his Tugwells were suddenly confronted with a magnificent opportunity for seizing control of all banking. Two courses were open to secure this *desideratum*: first, direct action — a decree of outright federal management; second, indirect action — legislation to bring about control through regulation. The New Deal, running true to form, chose the second as the more adroit expedient.

Now it must be remembered that all banking in this country is chartered banking. National banks obtain their charters from Washington; state banks from the state capitals. The charter is a grant of authority to perform a certain function; in return, the institution must provide certain services. The widespread crisis of 1933 presented the opportunity of extending these chartering powers. A charter of safety was offered to and, in effect, required of the banks. National, Federal Reserve, and state members were virtually ordered to subscribe; they had no choice. All were told that if they conformed to the standards set up under the law, they could stamp the federal insignia of insurance on their deposits.

It is not necessary to relate the complete history of the passage of the Federal Deposit Insurance Act. Briefly, there was first offered a temporary plan and, later, a permanent one. Revisions followed, the result of hearings in the House and the Senate. A few bankers subscribed to the theory as a palliative measure. Many others opposed it. But the law was passed and is now on the statute books. It provides that insured banks (which include all but 1000 of the nation's total) shall advertise that the FDIC underwrites all accounts up to $5000. A brass plate was designed by the New Deal Cellinis and its display made mandatory; it must be placed over every paying and receiving window; not to display it carries a cash penalty of $100 a day. Hence at the present, there are approximately 14,200 banks bearing the glittering federal imprint of supposed safety.

It is asserted by high officials of the Corporation, in their speeches and their literature, that ninety-eight per cent of the accounts in these banks are fully insured. To the casual observer this figure is impressive — because it *seems* to imply that ninety-eight per cent of the money on deposit is insured. Such an implication is at sharp variance with the truth. For, actually, less than one half the total deposits display the holy imprimatur.

A little figuring revealed to the New Dealers that the majority of all bank accounts are below $5000. This is because there are so many small accounts varying from one to one hundred dollars. They make up the huge total of ninety-eight per cent, yet they do not reveal the actual scope of the Deposit Insurance Corporation. Neither does the corporation disclose to the public the fact that banks have never been especially concerned over accounts of *less* than $5000. On the contrary, it is the sudden demand for payment of accounts *above* that figure which the bank must be prepared to meet, no matter what

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economic circumstances prevail at the moment.

The deposit liabilities of the 14,200 banks total approximately $41,500,000,000. This entire sum, however, is not insured, even though FDIC officials are forever declaring that ninety-eight per cent of all accounts are safe. As the maximum of federal liability to pay immediately is but $5000, these banks contain only about $18,000,000,000 of insured funds. Under the New Deal guarantee, this sum will be paid on demand — calamity, war, disease, or the sudden growth of hair on Jim Farley's head to the contrary notwithstanding.

But what of the remaining $23,500,000,000, also on deposit? No federal fiat insures this, although it is part of the whole. Hence, in case of a bank failure, the ordinary liquidation procedure must be employed with payments made as the bank's assets are sold. This $23,500,000,000 represents the deposits above $5000 and comprises the bulk of money that meets America's payrolls, buys commodities, and provides capital through the purchase of securities. It is thus evident that the business of the country represented in bank deposits is not insured at all.

This $23,500,000,000, however, is levied upon to pay for the federal charter of safety to the banks which carry the small accounts. The law specifies that all National and Reserve member banks and accepted state banks must pay one-twelfth of one per cent of their *total* deposits. But in actual operation, approximately 13,000 banks pay less than this premium, while 800 of the larger institutions pay more than one-fourth of one per cent. The 800, then, are taxed to provide the safety required for the small banks which cannot afford to pay and yet remain in existence. In the entire country, there are only about 200 banks which pay for their own protection. Thus, we discover another extension of the New Deal's Utopian principle of penalizing the wealthy for the benefit of the masses. Big business, through heavy contributions, makes the fiat of safety plausible — but the federal government takes the credit.

At the time this is written, thirty-four insured banks have failed. With the exception of one institution, which closed as a result of alleged embezzlements, all are small banks. The bulk of their deposits are below the maximum insured line. The prompt repayment of these losses has provided a vast amount of ballyhoo as to the success of the insurance program. In the case of one Pennsylvania institution, with nearly $5,000,000 in deposits (the only large failure), the liquidation process has been no more rapid than usual. After six months, a statement reveals $254,000 in fully-insured accounts unpaid, and $2,326,000 out of the $5,000,000 paid. But the bank carried 168 accounts which totaled $1,557,000. The sign in the window of the bank, placed there at the order of the Federal Corporation, is now providing no surcease to these 168 individuals and business corporations. They must await the red tape of the liquidators of the FDIC and share with the receivers the ultimate losses.

It can thus be seen that the program of deposit safety is not in actuality any such thing. It is not insurance at all. No one in Washington possesses any statistics, or has completed any studies, to obtain actuarial facts upon which to calculate bank deposit insurance. The premiums charged bear no relation to the degree of risk assumed or the value of the protection offered. There exists no information which makes it possible for the Federal Corporation to predict the interval of bank failures. This fact was admitted by one of its high

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officers, Mortimer Fox, Jr., chief of the Division of Statistics and Research, and a nephew of Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau. Speaking to a statistical group, he said:

> The catastrophe hazard in the case of bank deposits is so great as practically to preclude the possibility of genuine insurance. . . . It is unreasonable to suppose that the experience of the past gives any indication of what the losses to depositors may be in the future.

And yet there is delivered to the nation an insurance corporation! As such, it assumes risks which are concentrated in a comparatively small number of large units without any actual compensate cost, since the premium charged is uniform. It takes no especial skill to appreciate that to insure all banks for the same price is as different from sound insurance procedure as insuring all buildings against fire loss at the same price, regardless of risk. How many fireproof buildings would be constructed if surety costs in non-fireproof buildings were the same?

Why then, it will be asked, is the FDIC attempting the impossible? Mr. Fox himself gives us the answer:

> The equity of the United States Government, and the twelve Federal Reserve banks, in the Corporation, makes available to it the credit of the government without which deposit insurance would probably not be possible.

That frank admission ought to label, for once and for all, as outright quackery this fond New Deal scheme for a bank insurance which does not fully insure, does not distribute its risks according to any tested plan, requires payments from some banks to support others, and provides an unpredictable tax on every citizen of the United States in event of a nation-wide economic catastrophe.

III

As I have indicated, there is far more to this program of federal insurance than the popular belief that bank runs are ended forevermore. In the contract between bank and corporation — the charter of "guaranteed" safety extended by the FDIC — the careful reader will find considerable fine print. It is the type of contract that holds many a joker. When closely examined it reveals the collectivists' move to bring under control all banks and make them pay tribute to a politically-appointed board in Washington.

Who are these controllers of the insured banks of the nation? How are they appointed and what can they do under the guise of extending bank safety? The Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation functions through a three-man board of directors. These directors are appointed by the President of the United States. The Act does not require that bankers, statisticians, financiers, or actuaries be selected. It merely specifies that the jobholders be "citizens". What sort of citizen is left to party advisers and the President's happy-go-lucky nature. Reward for party effort and service can thus be repaid — and has been repaid.

This board of three is supreme. It can swiftly draft a grandiose scheme of socialization of banking processes, or it can accomplish the same end through manipulations over a long period. Its authority is absolute. It has ample opportunity to reorganize the banking directory, to shift and to mould, and to issue countless regulations. Can anyone believe that such a triumvirate will eschew politics? Will a politically-appointed board bite the hand that placed it in control? Will a leopard change its spots?

The FDIC board is empowered under

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law to delve into the affairs of any bank which has accepted its protection. According to its own legal department, the board has the right to consider "the financial history and condition of the banks, the adequacy of their capital structure, their future earning prospects, the general character of their management, the conveniences and needs of the communities served by the banks, and whether their corporate powers are consistent with the purposes of the Federal Deposit Insurance law". After determining "earning capacity", and "policy", and "history", and "character of management", and "needs of the community", and polishing the crystal to "estimate its future", the board is permitted a criticism of corporate powers, regardless of whether these have been vouchsafed through national or state banking supervisors. In addition, the law provides that these politically-appointed czars of banking can order mergers and eliminations. True, the bank may object to these orders, and its officers may complain, but they must do so to the same board which issued the decrees. There is no higher authority.

The collectivists assert that the board must be given these broad powers in order that the insurance fund may be protected. Yet on the other hand, the banks have no protection as to the size of the Corporation's payroll, which is supported out of their premiums. Neither do they share in the naming of the board or its staff. It may well be asked, then, if a merger or an elimination is proposed, can the stockholders or the depositors of the institution in question do anything about it? The answer is nothing at all — but wail. What are the prospects of proving that the board in Washington was actuated by any but the most exalted motives? None. The FDIC has the power to transfer your account to some other bank whose officers are acceptable to the New Dealers. It then follows that your new overseers may not be kindly disposed to your business. In fact, it is entirely possible, and not illogical, that the forces in control may not like you, your morals, your religion, your family, or your reasoning on political questions of the day. If that is the case, it will be just too bad.

The law provides that the Corporation can issue binding regulations — which it is doing at present — stipulating what interest banks may pay and to whom. The banks also are being told what constitutes demand and other deposits, and who may have such deposits. The law even provides that an institution must advertise the safety slogans of the Corporation in certain ways and under certain conditions. According to L. E. Birdzell, general counsel, the Corporation's board has the "power to approve or disapprove of any consolidation or merger with a non-insured bank. Similarly, it is given authority to approve or disapprove proposals to reduce capital, or to establish or operate new branches, or to move a branch from one location to another. It may also require banks to secure reasonable insurance protection against burglary, defalcation, and other insurable losses". Hence, it is not illogical to envisage the insured bank of the future as similar to the individual unit of a chain grocery, distinguished from others only through the affability of its personnel or the adroitness of its clerks in swatting flies.

The banker who pays his premium can do very little about all this. His institution is examined and criticized by the Corporation's officials. The reports are analyzed and filed in Washington. The banker knows he can be held to account for any policy designated as "undesirable" —

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which can include financial support of a political party and its candidates. In other words, your banker must please Washington or lose his insured status. The power of the three master minds is the power of life and death, since the board, in denying insurance, in effect advertises that such institutions are unsafe. Leo T. Crowley, chairman of the board, has declared:

> I can visualize the day when dismissal from the insurance fund will be tantamount to a bank's liquidation.

Said the esteemed Mr. Fox:

> Congress has given the Corporation the authority, after due notice has been served upon the bank and upon supervisory authority, to expel from insurance benefits a recalcitrant institution. The threat of expulsion has been the most potent means at the disposal of the Corporation for enforcing its recommendations.

Hence it is patent why the 14,200 insured banks will hesitate before refusing to follow the recommendations from Washington. It is also plain why bank deposit insurance is advertised as a boon to all mankind.

The right to change the banking set-up in any city or town is defended as a valuable check against the establishment of too many banks, of unsound banks, of banks without prospects of permanence. But the danger lies in the basis upon which the board predicates its action, for no one can expect it to ignore political factors. Mergers and eliminations are even now being effected. An announcement from Washington in mid-January revealed that three Michigan banks were merged into one. The State banking commissioner found it to his advantage to accept the presidency of the merged institution. In Pennsylvania, two banks were merged. And the chairman of the board has revealed to a Senate committee that a number of other consolidations are under study, which will result in consolidations or liquidations for more than 100 banks, and possibly more. In each case, the officers of the merged banks must be sanctified by Washington.

Now to believe that such powers and programs will ignore party patronage is to subscribe to the infallibility of the New Deal. The collectivists' ideal is control, and the end justifies the means. A half-dozen examples could be cited as indicative of the unwillingness of officialdom to withstand criticism, and the nation has witnessed the punishment of critics whenever they could be reached. Can it be held with any validity that bankers will escape while there exists machinery available to require obedience? The Banking Act of 1936 grants a greater measure of control over the mechanics of finance than has ever before been given to any American governmental body.

It Can't Happen Here? If this isn't fascism, Mussolini is an Athenian democrat. And every day in every way the Roosevelt dictatorship tightens its hold over the life and property of every citizen. Encouraged by the support of all crackpots and radicals, the New Deal collectivist state swells to ever greater power as the liberal-minded American looks on supinely.

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THE END OF DEMOCRACY

BY RALPH ADAMS CRAM

THE title of this essay leaves something to be desired. The end of *a* democracy is certainly now in process of accomplishment, and so far as this particular democracy is concerned, as it has come to be today, both in politics and in society, the words do well enough. Of this phenomenon it is true to say that it is at an end, at least so far as its energizing force is concerned. In a few countries its forms remain, voided of the original dynamic content, and these desiccations, mere shells or simulacra, give the illusion of reality and continuity.

Now the thesis I am prepared to defend is that there was once a High Democracy, not only in theory but in practice, and that this has now given place to a Low Democracy which is its antithesis. High Democracy was actually realized for a few centuries during the Middle Ages. It is known in contemporary histories as Monarchical Feudalism. In theory it was held by the Framers of the Constitution of the United States, though they thought of it as an Aristocratic Republic. After such fashion do what Jeremy Bentham called "imposter terms" and Roosevelt the First denominated "weasel words" seduce the fluid mind of a receptive public into grave error.

I apologize to the revered memory of Washington, Adams, Madison, Gerry, and all their fellows for attributing to them any intellectual commerce with democracy, for if they feared anything it was precisely this, whereby their prevision was highly justified. As Mr. Albert Jay Nock says: "One sometimes wonders how our Revolutionary forefathers would take it if they could hear some flatulent political thimble-rigger charge them with having founded 'the great and glorious democracy of the West'." Of course, as we know now, they never intended to do anything of the sort, but in spite of their elaborate precautions against the possibility of such a thing coming to pass through the malice of time and the propensity to evil of a reprobate human nature, their hopes were vain. Within a generation, decomposition of the body of their wisdom set in, to continue by process of mathematical progression until life had departed and a new and, so to speak, fungoid growth had insensibly taken its place.

This, the current type of democracy, founded on certain recently promulgated dogmas, none of them much more than a century and a half old, has little, if any, relationship to that ideal estate which in the past served as inspiration to the protagonists of the democracy of realization. It was based on a variety of doctrines that cannot be authenticated biologically, historically, or philosophically. Amongst these was that particularly disastrous dogma of "progressive" evolution whereby man was assumed to be engaged in an automatic and irresistible advance towards some "far-off, divine event," based on inherent perfectibility, with free, secular, universal, and

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compulsory education as the assured guaranty of this desirable result, and as its effective power. Bracketed with this was the amiable and humanitarian theory that all men are created free and equal.

Deriving from these pious aspirations, as of necessity, came the plausible scheme of representative, parliamentary government, founded on universal suffrage, with, as its own original contribution and essential quality, the Reconstruction Era principle that the electoral franchise is not a privilege (as it was prior to that Witches' Sabbath of corruption, infamy, and disgrace) but an inalienable right, inherent in man as man, and of equal validity with the incontestable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Finally, and in a way, the most curious (but imperative) of all, the dogma that the majority was practically sure to be more nearly right on all possible subjects than any minority, and that, anyway, the decision of the majority, right or wrong, wise or otherwise, must implicitly be accepted and obeyed.

This is the bastard form of an originally sane and fine idea. It has had to be abolished as a public nuisance in most of the countries of Europe. It still lingers in the fullness of its futility in France, with a number of inopportune devices added for full measure, while, under sufferance, it precariously exists in the Iberian peninsula. In Great Britain and the admirable Scandinavian kingdoms it still manages fairly well, partly because these countries are monarchical in form, partly because some of the worst features of modern democracy have never found lodgment there, partly because the subjects of the several sovereigns have been blessed by God with an unusual amount of good sense. Here in the United States we had, to start with, a great and preservative Fundamental Law that worked well until it became progressively vitiated by ill-considered Amendments, while some of the silliest features of the later parliamentary systems of the Continent were never taken over, though the suggestion has been made from time to time that we might well indulge in this wild adventure. It is true we have troubles enough of our own, but what remains intact of the Constitution of 1787 has saved us thus far from the particular disasters that have brought the European democratic-parliamentary house of cards to destruction and established in its place communistic, military, or political dictatorships.

There are none too many citizens of these despotisms who would have the old system back. Whether they like the new autocracies or not, and probably the majority are not any too well pleased with what they have, they have had enough of parliamentary democracy and are vociferous in their denunciation of this, which has now become a sort of second and equally distasteful *Ancien Régime*. And the pathos, even the tragedy of it all, is that they themselves, these denouncers of democracy, are the very ones (or their immediate forebears) who made the old democracy what it is today — or was yesterday. To quote G. K. Chesterton: "They will first take a natural thing, then daub it and disguise it and deface it with artificial things and then complain that it is an unnatural thing, and throw it away. At the beginning each alteration must be accepted as an improvement. By the end each improvement is used to show that the thing should be not so much altered as abolished." In the greater part of Europe the daubed, disguised, defaced thing has already been thrown away. The same may happen here unless alteration is put in process. The wisdom of this course leaps to the mind.

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The really vital and insistent question today is just such drastic alteration, in what it is to consist, and how it is to be accomplished. If we are to avoid that vain repetition of history which has been the way of the world since time out of mind (there are, admittedly, few historical precedents that would indicate such a possibility) and escape the Nemesis of their foolish ways that has at last caught up with the several states of Europe (not to mention the *ersatz* republics of South and Central America and China), these questions will have to be solved in short order. These are the vanishing volumes of the Sibylline Books. Only three are left, those earmarked for England, France, and America, and the price is steadily rising.

We have had no lack of warning during the last ten years. Indeed it is astonishing how many and how significant are the books that recently have appeared, all showing in varying words and from different points of view just where we are and how we got there. A century ago William Cobbett warned of what would happen if society kept on the way it had begun, and he did not nor could not have known the half of it; or the tenth. Others followed after him down to the time of Carlyle, Ruskin, and Morris, but the ethos of the nineteenth century was in full control, and no one for a moment believed a word of these discredited Cassandras. Now that all has happened that they predicted — and more — diagnosis has taken the place of prognosis. Spengler began it, I suppose, and following him have come Hilaire Belloc, G. K. Chesterton, R. H. Tawney, Ortega y Gasset, Nikolai Berdyaev, William Aylott Orton, W. G. Peck, Herbert Agar, Albert Jay Nock, Alexis Carrel, Christopher Dawson, and a score of others all following along the same line. And the two great Papal Encyclicals, *Rerum Novarum* and *Quadragesima Anno*, have their part here as well.

So far as the diagnostical works are concerned, most of them might not unjustly be called defeatist. For them it is "Under which king, Bezonian, speak or die!" since for them there seem but the two alternatives, communism or dictatorship, once contemporary democracy is liquidated; a consummation they confidently and unanimously look on both as devoutly to be wished and as inescapable. For their convictions there is, it must be admitted, ample justification in conditions as they are and as they hurriedly progress, but to accept such disaster without at least a struggle, is, as I say, a defeatism that borders on Moslem fatalism. As Ortega y Gasset says, "A hurricane of farcicality, everywhere and in every form, is at present raging over the lands of Europe," and it may be the nations that have not as yet had to make the terrible choice, may ultimately join the general debacle, with the second Dark Ages that the great Spanish philosopher envisages following after. It is neither easy nor pleasant to anticipate the same fate for the United States. With the great model of our original Constitution before us, and with the mental ingenuity of our inventors and discoverers turned to more really creative concerns than have been their prepossession during the past fifty years, we surely ought, by taking thought, to find a third alternative to communism and dictatorship.

II

The Great War was fought, we were told, to make the world safe for democracy, but we are beginning now to realize that it was the wrong sort of democracy. It was a thing not worth the saving. It was only a hundred years old anyway, but it had lived

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long enough to reveal its fallaciousness. Behind it stood another democracy of very different temper and it would seem to be the part of wisdom, first of all to go back to that and see if it might not serve as a basis to build upon.

The use of the word *democracy* is a little ambiguous. If what we have is that, then what we had before was not. A dictionary definition means nothing. The People never have governed and by their nature they never will. From town meeting to Congress, government — legislative, executive, and judicial — is determined, directed, and administered by small oligarchies of statesmen, professional politicians, money barons, industrialists, spellbinders, shysters, and gangsters — to cover the field from one end to the other — and its quality depends on the combination of these varied elements and the preponderance of one or the other. The people have very little to do with it, especially along constructive lines. They do not vote *for* a policy or candidate but *against* a candidate or policy. When mob psychology is aroused, they have a certain veto power that is effective through its very mass, and this, like all veto power, whether of a chief executive or a court, is as often used unwisely as wisely.

This is very far from being democracy, either in theory or practice, and if there were nothing more to it than the right to vote, representative, parliamentary government, rotation in office, free, secular, public education and social egalitarianism, and no standards of value, culture, or conduct determined and imposed from superior sources either human or divine, then the word could not be used in the sense in which I propose to use it. As a matter of fact, this is all no more than a pseudo-democracy, a sort of changeling foisted on a naïve and unsuspecting public. Rightly it has no claim to the title. Is there, then, or has there been, a true democracy? If so, what are its distinguishing marks?

In the first place there are certain things true democracy definitely is not. It is not universal suffrage, the parliamentary system of government, direct legislation or those pet panaceas of democratic corruption and inefficiency recommended to a very sick body politic in the time of Roosevelt the First, the initiative and referendum. The *forms* of the governmental machines are not implied by democratic ideology nor are they determined by its principles. There have been and are "democracies" that are tyrannical, oppressive, and destructive of legitimate human liberty; there have been and are "monarchies" that stand for and enforce the basic principles of the higher democracy.

Democracy is not the abolition of status, the elimination of grades or rank in the social organism, the establishing of one dead level of uniformity by pulling down from above and pushing up from below. Aristocracy and monarchy are not inconsistent with its ethos — but they must be of the right type. The contemporary aristocracy of wealth and the monarchies that followed the end of the Middle Ages and held pretty well down to the time of the Great War, are inconsistent with high democratic principle.

What is this "Higher Democracy" of which the current and dissolving type is little more than a caricature? As there has never been any authoritative and dogmatic revelation on this point, each individual must, I suppose, construct his own definition. What follows can only be the statement of a personal conviction, but I think it has some justification in history and in philosophy.

Democracy is that form of social organization which endeavors to assure to

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mankind Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness.

This sounds axiomatic, indeed platitudinous, but it is worth repeating here simply because it has so completely been forgotten, that all democratic or pseudo-democratic communities have either completely lost, or are by way of losing, power on the part of the individual so to live his life as to make possible the achievement of these ends. In this respect the United States stands on a level with Italy, Germany, Mexico, and the U. S. S. R. As a matter of fact, our social, economic, and political estate is now, and has been for seventy years, the antithesis of a true democratic polity and state. Not only does it negate all the principles of the Higher Democracy, it has lost even the reality of its modern degenerate form. Let us see wherein some of these antitheses exist.

In a very suggestive book called *The Crisis of the Middle Classes,* Mr. Lewis Corey says, in estimating democracy, that "its form of expression and substantial reality was the liberty and equality of men owning their independent means of livelihood." This is pretty fundamental. What price money-capitalism, big business, mass production, and trustification? The anonymous author of *Our Lords and Masters* has put into very concise form what we already subconsciously knew but were laggard to realize — the actual nature, the cosmic sweep, the inclusive and dominating power of the controlling factors in current society. Exercising, as they do now, complete control of the life of the civilized portions of the planet, they made this first qualification of democracy impracticable. A century ago seventy per cent of the American people lived in accordance with this first principle; they were free, independent, self-supporting, self-respecting citizens, owning their own land, practicing their own craft or trade; in a word, freemen. Today seventy per cent of the populace are proletarians, whether they wear white collars or blue overalls. They have no means of support except the sale of their mental and manual services in a market daily becoming more and more congested and now close to the saturation point. They are unfree men. This is not democracy of any sort.

A stable democratic society must be based upon a populace, sixty per cent of whom live on land which they own, or make their livelihoods from subsidiary craft and shop work, also individually or communally owned. Incidentally, such a social order offers the only visible cure for current unemployment. As William Green of the American Federation of Labor says, "While technological improvements in industry are steadily reducing the number of workers necessary to provide all the goods and services industry can market, the number of men and women who want work is steadily increasing." At one time it looked as though this very obvious solution of a critical social problem had suggested itself in Washington, but as soon as subsistence homesteads were tentatively put in process, the vested interests that so largely energize judicial opinion took alarm, and the Comptroller General found the scheme as unconstitutional as the Blue Eagle.

Very soon it will be necessary to decide whether we shall restore a truly democratic state of the original sort, or go on (there is no other alternative) to the corporative, totalitarian state or to that state socialism which is the negation of all democracy, whether original or derivative.

III

The original democratic idea has been transformed, distorted, and finally nega-

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tived by the measures adopted to implement it. The process was dual and reciprocal. The *zeitgeist* has for a century or more been busily at work inculcating what is known (and widely observed) as "democratic doctrine". This had a determining influence on the progressive changes necessarily taking place in the fundamental law and in the instruments and mechanism of the governmental organization, while each new modification of technical and operative methods intensified and exaggerated the "spirit of the age", whose workings were mysterious but actual and possibly irresistible. An example of this is the progressive amendment of the American Constitution where every change made since the promulgation of the Bill of Rights has been in answer to this — again so-called — democratic impulse. The original Constitution was conservative, constructive, anti-revolutionary, and anti-democratic, in the sense later manifested in the French Revolution. Once this epic event had occurred, the repercussions were universally widespread, and almost unconsciously it affected the whole course of later political development.

In the beginning, *i.e.*, 1787, there was no clear conception of, or provision for, party government, partly because at that time political parties did not properly exist. Shortly thereafter they were in full swing, dividing the electorate on what became the standard bi-partisan, Conservative-Liberal lines. It was a foolish system, since it resulted in permanent warfare for office between the factions, a generally regular oscillation between two powers (except when war and the suppression of a conquered people and the party of their allegiance left the other party in power for a long period, incidentally with worse results than had followed the older system of rotation) which meant a complete lack of continuity in policy, domestic and foreign, and an unwholesome state of feverishness and uncertainty in society. The *reductio ad absurdum* of this plan, which finds its parallel only in *Alice in Wonderland*, is the parliamentary system of the Continent, where there were no plausible political parties, not even of the ins and outs, as in recent years in America, but anywhere from six to twelve personal and feudal followings. The result in point of conspiracy, corruption, and impotence through the shuffling of blocs in order that a government might achieve a brief lease of life, was on a par with *Of Thee I Sing* and would have been equally farcical and amusing if it had not had such tragic consequences. The spectacle of once reputable countries such as France, writhing under three or four ministries in a year (Portugal was even more phrenetic), was one to make the high gods grin acridly, and philosophical evolutionists cry *peccavi!* This three-ringed circus of Continental parliamentary government was in itself enough to explain, if not to justify, the advent of Mussolini, Hitler, Pilsudski, and the daily dozen of other dictators from King Zog to Mustapha Kemal.

Now the parliamentary system based on political, partisan divisions is no essential part of sound democratic doctrine. It was a plausible device to implement a democratic doctrine that was rotting as it ripened. And it was a bad one. *Si quiere monumentum, circumspice.* Fascism, Bolshevism, Nazi-ism, have produced substitutes, but day by day and in every way it begins to look as though the last state would be worse than the first, though such a result rather staggers the imagination. If this Republic had ever taken over the Continental idea of governing ministries responsible to the legislative bodies, and

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bound to fall on an adverse vote, *finis* would have been written long ago. Back to the parliamentary system, either Continental or American, we cannot go, for we now have seen what it means and why and what are its results. Onward (or backward or sideways, whatever it is) we cannot go to state socialism or the totalitarian state. The discovery of a saving alternative is the precise issue before us today.

Social equality, *i.e.*, a leveling of all human life and its component parts to the basic grade of those that are least distinguished in point of intelligence, character, and capacity for creative work, together with a similar leveling off of standards of value, is equally no part of sound democratic doctrine. Three things are essential: abolition of privilege; equality of opportunity; utilization of ability. What is the application of these principles to the Modern Age?

To quote from Dr. Carrel, who of late has added to his high position of scientist that of a constructive philosopher:

> Another error, due to the confusion of the concepts of human being and individual, is democratic equality. This dogma is now breaking down under the blows of the experience of the nations. It is, therefore, unnecessary to insist on its falseness, but its success has been astonishingly long. How could humanity accept such faith for so many years? . . . Indeed human beings are equal, but individuals are not. The equality of their rights is an illusion. The feeble minded and the man of genius should not be equal before the law.* The stupid, the unintelligent, those who are depressed, incapable of invention, or effort, have no right to a higher education. It is absurd to give them the same electoral power as the fully developed individuals. . . . The democratic principle has contributed to the collapse of civilization in opposing the development of an élite. . . . The standardization of men by the democratic ideal has already determined the predominance of the weak. . . . The myth of equality, the love of the symbol, the contempt for the concrete fact are, in a large measure, guilty of the collapse of individuality. As it was impossible to raise the inferior types, the only means of producing democratic equality among men was to bring all to the lowest level.

* I assume that Dr. Carrel means under *statutory* law, not before courts of law. The difference is radical.

The first law in the Book of Man is inequality. Individuals vary in intelligence, character, capacity for doing one thing or another, and well or ill, far more than they do in their physical characteristics. From the Australian blackfellow, the writer of popular songs, or the publisher of a tabloid newspaper, to Akhnaton, Leonardo da Vinci, or Pope Leo XIII is a space that almost needs to be measured in astronomical terms. Any society that does not recognize this and attempts to liquidate this disparity can last but a short time and is doomed to quick dissolution after a sad and unsavory record. As a matter of fact, none has seriously made the attempt. The destruction of an aristocracy of Praetorian Guards of blood and breeding, of knighthood nobility, of great land-holders, of scholars and artists and poets, simply means that its place is immediately taken by something worse: party politicians and their subsidizers, multimillionaires, great industrialists, or the manipulators of securities on the stock exchange, and international money lenders. Where status is eliminated, caste takes its place and democracy is no longer attainable. There is only one equality that democracy demands, and that is equality before the courts of law.

Abolition of privilege, equality of opportunity, utilization of ability, are thus the three foundations of the democratic state. "Privilege" in this sense means power

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bought by money, control of natural resources or the means of production, or any other monopoly that is gained by force of any kind, not by merit of any kind. The present degenerate democratic society is shot through and through with this sort of privilege, just as the social system is dominated by an aristocracy of money lenders, tycoons of big business, cinema stars, and the publishers of amoral (and immoral) newspapers.

Democracy demands equality of opportunity. This means that the definite (but limited) potential inherent in every man must be given opportunity to develop to the full. Here is where the fact of fundamental human inequality comes into play. Free, secular, compulsory public school education may be the best way to ascertain just what this potential may be, as between one and another (the point is debatable), but beyond the beginnings it is worse than useless.

From one-half to two-thirds of the students now pushed through high schools, preparatory schools, technical schools, and colleges are not gifted with a potential that can be developed beyond a certain fairly low point, say that of the junior high school. Tempting them further is unfair, even cruel, to them and to those who can do better. The schools today are yearly turning out thousands of graduates who have been spoiled for doing the sort of thing they were by nature fitted to do. Either they crowd out those of real ability, working for lower pay and doing their job indifferently well, or else they join the cohorts of the white-collar unemployed. This is the bankruptcy of the idea of equality of opportunity.

Utilization of ability is closely tied up with this. Democracy should mean that every man would find and hold that place where his inherent and developed capacity can find its clearest field and where all that he is can best be used for the good of society, the community, and the larger synthesis of the race itself; incidentally, that he may participate, through self-expression and self-fulfillment, in that pursuit of happiness avowed by the Declaration of Independence as one of the rights of man. Under deformed and vitiated democracy, this desideratum becomes increasingly unattainable. The transvaluation of values and the progressive lowering of standards of value (not to say those of right and wrong) minimize these opportunities because the people (or those who control opportunity) are not interested.

Under our contemporary democratic government, employment, like kissing, goes by favor. The doctrine that to the victors belong the spoils, initiated by General Jackson, that veritable Nemesis of true democracy, still obtains in full force, in fact if not by avowal, and in spite of civil service reform and similar well-meant but ineffectual panaceas. Today professors and teachers fight for their scholastic lives against bigotry and political tyranny in high places; potential statesmen must become party politicians or must hire themselves out to money to get a hearing; Hollywood seduces the actor, the writer, the artist into selling his soul if he would gain recognition, fame, and a competence; the Hearstified press reduces to the lower depths the literary and moral standards of men who would follow the high profession of letters; the radio and broadcasting lay their heavy, deleterious hand on all forms of the creative instinct. Religion is becoming ballyhoo, and philosophy the pragmatic doctrine of whatever will work and whatever the People are willing to take. This is not democracy in any rational sense.

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IV

The new democracy is cancelling the freedom that was to have been guaranteed us by the old. We may perhaps be able to recover some of this through the material means of new laws, revision of the implements of government, or other technical action. Whatever we might accomplish would in the end prove both hollow and ephemeral, unless it were energized by a corresponding reorientation of the individual parts of the community. Says Dr. Carrel:

> The day has come to begin the work of our renovation. We will not establish a program. For a program would stifle living reality in rigid armor. It would prevent the bursting forth of the unpredictable, and imprison the future within the limits of our mind. We must arise and move on. We must liberate ourselves from blind technology and grasp the complexity and the wealth of our own nature. The sciences of life have shown to humanity its goal and placed at its disposal the means of reaching it. But we are still immersed in the world created by inert matter without any respect for the laws of our development. In a world that is not made for us, because it is born from an error of our reason and from the ignorance of our true self. . . . For the first time in the history of humanity, a crumbling civilization is capable of discerning the causes of its decay. . . . Our destiny is now in our own hands. On the new road we must now go forward.

From Berdyaev's latest book, *Freedom and the Spirit,* I will add this:

> Self-determination is precisely that which proceeds from the inmost depths of the spirit when spiritual forces are at work, and not from some exterior natural impulse, nor from man's own nature. In a state of freedom, man is not determined from without under the compulsion of a nature alien to himself, but he is self-determined in the depths of his spiritual life and out of his own spiritual energies; he finds himself in his own spiritual world.

As a result of the rushing and cumulative events that have driven him onward for the last three hundred years, man, searching avidly for freedom both of body and spirit, has lost the reality of both. Losing this he has paid too high a price for bodily comfort, money values, and technological triumphs. Without spiritual liberty he becomes enslaved to the plausible subterfuges of the low, but materially successful, grades of the mass-man, accepting his reversed standards of value and so in time becoming not only a participant in his degenerative actions, but unconscious even of his own enslavement.

My memory goes clearly back to that Presidential campaign when Tilden, the Democratic candidate, was counted out, and Hayes, who had lost the election, was made President by the Republican cabal. I think it safe to say that since that time public opinion, standards of value, and overt activities have scarcely ever reached a lower level than now. I offer as substantial evidence three of the many recent examples that force themselves on our attention. The Hauptmann case, Huey Long's Louisiana, and the Veterans' Bonus.

If these instances of public intelligence, mob-psychology, and mass action, with their other unnumbered panaceas, are indeed indicative, as they appear to be, of the downfall of the American Idea as this was envisaged by the Founders of the Republic, then are we justified in expecting any wide support for material changes in the social framework or that of the political organism? I answer yes, but only if our people can regain their spiritual liberty. If this is accomplished, anything is possible; if we fail of this, then we must take our place with the disintegrating states of Europe.

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CONFESSIONS OF A POETRY TEACHER

BY C. M. WEBSTER

If you ever start teaching English in an American college you'll find yourself directing one of those "survey courses" where the class goes from *Beowulf* to Wordsworth the first semester and from Wordsworth to Hardy the second. In American literature you'll teach even more efficiently, and progress from Michael Wigglesworth to Robert Frost in one semester. In this way you give your freshmen or sophomores their required amount of literary inspiration, and a hard job you'll find it to be.

The first year or two you are confident, even arrogant, and believe you are teaching supremely well. Probably you believe the Educator who told you: "Any class will respond gratifyingly to any poem if it is properly taught." But gradually you begin to realize that something is wrong; you are either using poor methods or your classes are unnaturally stupid. At this period in your mental development you do not suspect the worth of the poetry itself; that would be blasphemy, for you were taught the same gems in the same way when you were in college. So you begin to read articles about how poetry can be taught by projects, dramatizations, appeals, visualizations, graphic analyses, maps of the voyage of the Ancient Mariner, and postcards of the English Lake Country. Your mind aches trying to coordinate all the methods into one which will enable you to teach Spenser and keep the class awake. You also have in mind, however, a snappy little paper describing your way of getting results which you can give before the National English Teachers' Association. Early in your career you were an Apostle; now you, too, are an Educator.

But after you have been teaching ten years, you begin to doubt students, educators, poetry, and even yourself. You know now that you are not teaching poetry as it should be taught; at least you are not getting results that satisfy you. Yet you remember days when the class stayed awake and seemed to understand and enjoy the poetry they read. Then you realize that you've never come across a plain, honest account of what kinds of poetry students respond to in a way that justifies your teaching them any poetry at all; that for ten years you've been studying theory and not human beings. So you look back over your years of teaching and try to see how the Average Class reacted to the poetry you gave it.

You are old enough now to know that students will lie most awfully about their literary loves, and you discount any enthusiasm shown for the message of Crashaw. Dull and brilliant individuals merge into the mass, and you know the normal reaction. The Average Class is composed of twenty boys and fifteen girls. Three are Hebraic; two are Italian; there is one Polish football player — the others are a composite of Irish, German, Scotch, Scandinavian, and English blood. Five boys and one girl have low I. Q.'s; one boy

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and one girl have very high ratings. Eight of the boys are working their way through college, and two are miserably poor. Three girls are so pretty that a susceptible instructor must watch himself or he'll be giving them A's. About one-fourth of the class is from the country, and one-half from small towns or cities. One girl has been abroad, and eight boys and three girls have been more than five hundred miles from home. Eight students are Catholic; most of the others are evangelical in their church preferences. Only two intend to specialize in English. The class is a typical cross-section of American college life. You like the students in it; in the words of Artemus Ward, they are "amusin' little cusses", and one of their most interesting mental traits is their attitude toward poetry.

II

You begin the semester's work with a lecture on "How to Get the Most Out of Poetry." The head of the department demands it, and you keep on hoping it will do some good. It never does. Then you start the class on selections from *Beowulf*. They laugh when you speak the original Old English, and the "majestic descriptions" leave them cold. The students read the poem carefully, and some have an intelligent grasp of its historical significance, but they show no emotional or intellectual responses, although at least one boy will argue that it's all a lie about Beowulf's swimming so far. This is a type of reaction you will encounter often.

You will waste your time if you do not skip from *Beowulf* to Chaucer. A few medievalists assure you that *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight* and even *Piers Plowman* and gems from Gower can be made thrilling; but you remember the year you tried to do it and wasted a week. The *Prologue* to *The Canterbury Tales* interests the class, but you must work carefully over every line. The Head will probably insist that you drill the class in reading Chaucer aloud in the original pronunciation. You waste two days on this before you begin to understand why all English teachers are a little mad. The second year you limit your phonetic experiments to reciting in a nasal tone: "Whanne that April with his shoures sote", and hope the Head won't hear of your treason. Such a tale as *The Pardoner's* is also appreciated in direct proportion to the time and intelligence spent in teaching it. If you are wise you hint that some *Tales* are not for the pure-minded but are in the library. A surprising number of the students will thereupon go in for Outside Readings. . . .

The old ballads are interesting, and so are a few of the pre-Shakespearean lyrics, with *Back and Side Go Bare* the favorite; and the songs from the Elizabethan plays go over big. The class apparently loves music, but it doesn't appreciate the flowery love songs, and such a lyric as Southwell's *The Burning Babe* leaves it bewildered. And then, just as you fancy yourself as a teacher, you strike Donne, Crashaw, Vaughan, and Herbert, and you spend a week trying to keep the students awake. With a sigh of relief you turn to Herrick, who is considered effeminate but whose music always pleases.

Your teaching schedule gives you one day for "Lyric Poetry from Spenser to Milton", but experience has told you that a lot can be done in that one hour if you choose a few of Shakespeare's songs; one sonnet, perhaps the fifty-fifth; *Corinna's Going a-Maying;* and *To Celia.* Conclude with the Fool's song at the end of *Twelfth Night*, and if you can read it aloud halfway decently the class will never forget the

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days of Elizabeth. This one hour pleases you and the class a damn sight more than the week you gave to the metaphysical poets.

Of course you spent a week on Spenser, but you like to forget it, along with the one you're going to waste on another equally great "master of verse". The average student is bored by all of Spenser and all of Milton except a few short descriptions and one or two speeches in Book Two of *Paradise Lost*, and you have to expound them in the light of modern political speeches. Although it is rather fun to fit Belial and Mammon to present-day statesmen, you know very well that you'd much better be discussing politics *via* Dryden. It took you ten years to forget your old shame at any neglect of Spenser and the blind poet, but now you steal every moment you can from the hours assigned them.

Dryden's satirical portraits and Pope's attack on Addison interest the students, but their other works are dull teaching. Gray's *Elegy* is a traditionally accepted poem; the class expects it and is dully acquiescent and admiring. Collins and Cowper are just poets, and so too is Blake, whose strange interest in tigers is dismissed with a shrug. (Remember that the average of the class's response is being given.) The violent partisanship of Mr. Bernstein for Blake is offset by the indifference of Fullback Doe to anything but *The Miller's Tale*.

Just as the semester closes and you are despairing of ever getting across the message of poetry and becoming more cynical than ever, the class comes to Robert Burns and wakes up and reads poetry. Every year this miracle happens, and it is ever fresh and welcome. If the Educators some day compile one of those scientific anthologies and leave Robbie out, there will be a lot of new faces in the English departments of every college. You can stand just so much without some sort of relief. Jew and Gentile, Methodist and Catholic, debutante and hill-billy, they all react in some way to everything you can give them of Burns' poetry. At least a dozen follow your suggestion (although you have made it about every poet) and go over to the library and read more of him. Of course some good souls wince at Holy Willie, but they are thrilled by the more conventional poems. In your delight at any response you can forgive the inevitable choice of *The Cotter's Saturday Night* as the best poem.

When you were younger you regretted and fought against this adoration of Burns; but now, as a plain, humble teacher, you cut down on the time assigned to lesser men such as Spenser, Donne, and Milton so you can have an extra hour for a man the class will read and like.

III

The second semester opens with a futile struggle to define romanticism, but then comes Wordsworth, and the class surprises you by rejecting the *Lucy Poems*, *Michael*, *The Ode to Duty*, and *The Prelude*, and liking the sonnets. And it actually responds to parts of *Tintern Abbey* and *Intimations of Immortality*. Probably the most perfect silence a class can give you will come after a good reading of that passage beginning: "and I have felt a presence", or the other: "Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting."

The class thinks Coleridge's *Odes* are hopeless, and it has had the *Mariner*, *Kubla*, and *Cristabel* in high school, so he is taken as assigned and enjoyed mildly for the old familiar poems. No one works up any enthusiasm about his dejection or what

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he thought of France, although the inevitable mention that he "took drugs" helps convince the class that all poets except Shakespeare and Burns are strange creatures indeed.

Byron thrills the class far more than Shelley does, but certain parts of *Adonais*, *e.g.*, from stanza 38: "Nor let us weep that our delight is fled" to stanza 43: "He is a portion of the loveliness — " hold them as well as anything in English literature. But *The Cloud, To a Skylark,* and the *Hymn to Intellectual Beauty* fall on deaf ears; the class prefers *The Destruction of Sennacherib* and *The Prisoner of Chillon*. Keats is liked for his *Lines on the Mermaid Tavern*, but *Hyperion, Endymion, Lamia*, and any ode or sonnet are ranked with that funny poem about beautiful intellectuals.

Then the great Alfred Lord Tennyson. Without any trouble the class picks out as its favorites the lushest and most resplendent poems. It is easy, however, to make it appreciate the two *Northern Farmer* poems, *The Lotus-Eaters,* and *Ulysses*, and see that *The Revenge* is better than *The Charge of the Light Brigade*. Of course *In Memoriam* and the other philosophical poems are rejected utterly.

Browning is a hard poet to teach, but you can get results if you try hard enough. As in the case of Chaucer, results follow intelligent and careful reading of a few poems with the class. If you tell them what to look for, the students will respond to *Andrea del Sarto, My Last Duchess, Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister*, and one good speech from *The Ring and the Book*; in other words, the best of Browning's character analyses. *The Statue and the Bust* stirs up some comment, but the religious, sentimental, and musical poems are best left alone; you need all your time for the ones you *can* teach. Then you try a little of Arnold and fail to get much response, and you are through with English poetry for the year.

But while you are teaching the second semester of English literature you are also running through American prose and poetry. After a day on Trumbull, Dwight, Barlow, and Freneau — none of whom interests the class — you start Bryant. *Thanatopsis* and *To A Waterfowl* are familiar, so you try to work up some enthusiasm for *A Forest Hymn* and *Inscription for the Entrance to a Wood*, but it's a hopeless task. Nature isn't grand. Remember that while the class is having Bryant it is also studying Wordsworth, and it is capable of comparing the two and deciding that the First of the Bearded American Poets is a third-rater.

Poe comes next and the class rejoices. Of all American poets he is the one who is at once accepted as an authentic genius. Students will read him without being told to, and they will even go to the library and take out a biography of him. Emerson bores them, and those poets grouped as Minor Transcendentalists are anathema. Of course you can stir up an argument about some of their ideas if you try hard enough, but the class's real enjoyment of poetry is another matter.

Longfellow has a reputation you cannot hope to ruin, but the class doubts whether the *Psalm of Life* and a few other poems are really college material; therefore it accepts *The Birds of Killingworth* and *Sandalphon* as more sophisticated. The sonnets are not half as popular as *Victor Galbraith*, and *Giotto's Tower* less moving than *The Warden of the Cinque Ports*. And yet these same students were awed by the best of Wordsworth. Why are they so wise one day and childish the next? Probably because they have been taught Longfellow ever since they were young.

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Lowell's poems are accepted as part of a tradition, but you rejoice when the class sees no humor in the *Bigelow Papers* and brands the famous Harvard *Ode* as old and dry stuff. It laughs at Holmes' light verse and likes *The Chambered Nautilus* as it likes Edgar Guest. A few of Whittier's ballads get response, but for some reason the class thinks of him as a minor poet.

Then the battle of the semester occurs over Whitman. If you are strong in the faith you try to teach more than *When Lilacs* — and *O Captain! My Captain!*, and you have at least two students who seem to understand *Song of Myself* and *Pioneers! O Pioneers!* This is the class average over the years: two out of thirty-five have adored Whitman; the others think him no poet. Of course there is likely to be some strange fanatic about almost any poet, but he or she occurs so seldom that the class's average reaction is not disturbed. Whitman, however, splits it up into a bored majority and a very articulate Left-wing minority.

Lanier is a neglected poet who stirs the students in a way that makes you wonder if he has not been neglected by the critics. But the class is disappointed in Emily Dickinson and Stephen Crane. Carmen and Hovey are romantically thrilling and Miller less so, while Moody arouses more comment than you might expect. Of course *The Man With the Hoe* is another landmark that must be respected.

The last two weeks of the semester are devoted to Robinson, Frost, Amy Lowell, Edgar Lee Masters, Lindsay, and Sandburg — an hour to each. Lindsay catches the students' fancy; they snicker at *Spoon River*; are bewildered by Amy Lowell; see little in Sandburg; and like the narrative quality of Robinson and Frost, but do not think of their poems as legitimate examples of the art of Tennyson, Burns, and Poe.

IV

At the end of the year you have earned your money by teaching the class "the masterpieces of English and American poetry". You have worked hard; pounded your notes into compact form; learned to read the poems fairly well aloud, and studied the recent Lives and books of interpretation. The anthology has sensible and accurate notes. On the whole you have been objective and conscientious in your presentation of the poetry in such a way that the students can form a just estimate of it; yet you feel that you have failed in your task, and it troubles you.

The problem worries you all summer, and you can't seem to find any logic in the whole situation. Then one day the second bottle of ale soothes and mellows you, and you realize the simple truth — that students react best to the most obvious and trivial and to the most superb poetry. They liked the *Lady of Shallot* and *The Chambered Nautilus*, but the great lyric outbursts, the best character sketches, the wittiest verse, the hardest hitting satire — these also meant a lot to the class. You didn't need to turn clown and actor in order to put them over — you simply read and interpreted them.

You have found the truth — the starkly simple fact that only a little of the very best poetry can be taught the Average Class in a way that will interest it and at the same time satisfy your own intellectual integrity. You know now that no amount of teaching will produce anything but hypocritical acceptance of the poetry which the aesthetes, the scholars, and the educators insist is necessary. You open another bottle and drink to the damnation of anyone who makes you teach your class *Rabbi Ben Ezra* when what it really wants is *The Jolly Beggars.*

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CANADA WON'T GO YANKEE

BY STEPHEN LEACOCK

EVERY now and then — and again quite recently — English newspapers break out into a discussion of what is called the "Americanization of Canada". The basis of the discussion is always a sort of underlying fear that Canada is getting a little too close to the United States. It is the same sort of apprehension as is felt on a respectable farm when the daughter of the family is going out too much with the hired man. The idea is that you can't tell what may happen.

In the case of Canada, the danger symptoms of what may happen are supposed to be that Canada is "flooded" with American newspapers and magazines; that Canada is "deluged" with American broadcasts, "saturated" with American tourists, and "permeated" with American ideas; that American tourists cross the border in an unending stream, and Canadian tourists go back with them like a receding tide; that conventions and reunions assemble indifferently on either side of the line; that education is almost indistinguishable as carried on at Harvard or at Toronto. All these things, and a hundred more, are produced as a terrible warning of what may follow next — the handwriting on the wall that signifies that our Belshazzar's Feast of Friendship is nearly at an end. In other words, a relationship which should stand as a bright and conspicuous example for less fortunate nations, as an ideal and hope for distracted Europe, is turned against us as a mark of under-patriotism and lack of national spirit.

To my mind, the situation is exactly the other way. If Canada is being Americanized, then what England needs is to be Frenchified, and what France needs is to be Anglicized — and both of them to be Germanized. If then one might take the resulting amalgamation and Italianize it a little, and even give it a touch of Czechoslovak shellac rubbed on with a piece of old Russian Soviet, the world would be on the way to peace on earth. That is to say, the best hope for the European countries is to get into the kind of mutual relationship now fortunately held between the United States and Canada.

That this relationship is likely to end in, or even move towards, a political union, is just a forgotten dream. For those of us who best know this North American continent, on both sides of the line, know also that there is not on the present horizon, nor in the furthest vision possible, any prospect of a political amalgamation of the two countries. Long ago, of course, things were different. When the Loyalists from the United States came to British North America in 1784-1790, the French Canadians were only a handful (about 75,000 in 1784). It was naturally the pious expectation that they would follow the path of other little handfuls — fade out, or go away, or talk English, or something. Hence the future union of English-speak-

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ing North America was a natural idea. Even in the War of 1812 some of the settlers of Upper Canada were only half-minded about the British flag. And naturally the idea of annexation grew during the free-trade period of the great peace. It looked like part of Cobden's universal brotherhood. Many British statesmen, so called, thought of the dissolution of the Empire as its manifest destiny. The relative poverty and stagnation of Canada in the days of Lord Durham and Lord Elgin contrasted with the on-rush of civilization in the United States — the hip-hurrah of the roaring 'Forties with canals building, cities rising, forests falling, banks breaking — a vociferous age, shouting with conscious potentiality. No wonder that many merchants of Montreal signed a petition for annexation in 1849, or that many farmers of Upper Canada — of Massachusetts and of Virginia stock — would have taken annexation gladly if it came with peace and honor. The Maritime Provinces, too, were close to the United States in those days, both in thought and in intent. They sold their fish in Boston and bought their education at Harvard, though they kept their souls in Scotland.

But history has left all that behind. The French refused to disappear. Confederation opened for Canada a new horizon — leadership in a Canadian Commonwealth in place of absorption in an American. The curtain that had concealed the vast resources of the Canadian Northwest was drawn aside. There rose the vision of a Commonwealth as wide as a continent. The Red River settlement appeared as the keystone of an arch. The whistle of the locomotive in the Rockies — heard first in a wild flight of rhetoric by Joseph Howe — echoed in the mountain passes. Beyond that was a vision of the Pacific, and of the sunset over Japan. People with all that before them do not amalgamate with anything. Confederation opened new ambitions, and Canada — in the old sense of the word — planned to take a lead, not to follow. It began to fill the West with the Ontario emigrants of the Manitoba boom. It reached out to pluck the Maritimes from the commercial embrace of the United States. It saw a new idea in the Union Jack; not subservience to England, but single sovereignty across a continent.

With all that, the prospect, even the idea, of annexation drifted away. It was an actual possibility in 1850. In 1891 when Sir John Macdonald said he would die a British subject, and did, it was still a factor, convulsing the country in a Reciprocity election. In the next Reciprocity election, 1911, it was still at least a ghost, which those of us in politics against Reciprocity made to walk for all it was worth. But in retrospect it is doubtful how much of that was reality, and how much just political humbug — that genial side of politics which gives it, ever since the Pickwickian days of the Eatanswill election, its great attraction. But now it is not even a ghost — or only of the dignified ancestral kind which gives honor to an old mansion. Anyone starting an annexation discussion in connection with the present reciprocity deal will merely start a laugh.

II

Now I do not mean by anything I have said that the people of Canada are less friendly to the United States than they were in 1891. They are probably far more so. In 1891 there were still outstanding recollections of evil times, still smoldering ashes of bygone quarrels. There are none now. But each country in its own way has firmly embraced its political ideal and means to keep it. It is inconceivable that

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the United States should cease to be a republic: its worst detractors only picture it as a republican dictatorship. Equally out of the question is it that Canada would abandon its monarchical government. We don't want to blow about it or make other nations feel mean or small, but we look on the peculiar development of British monarchy as one of the happiest and most beneficent factors in the history of mankind. For ourselves, without it we'd be not one Empire but at least seven.

But just because the political destinies of America and Canada lie apart — till they join perhaps in a world union — so our social and cultural relations can be all the closer. This follows as a matter of geography and history. We buy and read a flood of American newspapers, because to us an American newspaper is today's, and an English paper belongs to the week before last. Our cities lie side by side. We read the news over one another's shoulders. English news, in this rapid world, is too old. What is the use of reading that Mr. Anthony Eden may become Foreign Secretary when we know he's Foreign Secretary already, or has been for ever so long — for ten days — as far back as anyone can remember politics? Why read about the proposals of the Prime Minister of France when there have been two more Prime Ministers since the paper went to press? In other words, English newspapers are history: American papers from straight across the line are news.

More than that, a lot of our news is common property. We share the weather. If the barometer falls to a new low in Montana, we have to watch out. If a farmer is reported frozen in Kansas, we may lose a couple up near Sudbury. If the Ohio floods the lower section of Cincinnati, it is likely that the Grand River will flood the lower section of Galt, Ontario. We *have* to watch the American papers or we might get drowned in our sleep.

Even apart from the weather, a good deal of the American news is as much ours as yours. Take the criminal news, which is the chief part of any civilized journal. Our crooks go back and forth across the border: we even designate them "international crooks" and "international gunmen". We hear that one of them is coming across to kidnap us and we shudder. We catch him, and the Americans applaud. We hang him and there's excellent feeling all round, because your law doesn't permit the hanging of conspicuous characters.

Back and forward with the gangs of crooks go flocks of students to play hockey against Harvard or Dartmouth. Often you can't tell them apart, except that the crooks are quieter than the students. A little later hordes of Canadians go to spend Easter in New York, and in return we get a rough-looking lot of apparent criminals with firearms and knives in their belts, who are rich Americans going to fish in the Gatineau. Why don't the English fish in Germany and the French play hockey in Berlin?

And even more than all that — for those are things on the surface — our language and our culture run close together. Let us make no pretense to talk the best English, because everyone knows that that is spoken only by the Scotch — or even to talk good English. But at any rate we can talk the same kind of bad English. The Maritime Provinces people speak just as incorrectly as the people in New England. Ontario people mispronounce English just as they do in New York State. A lot of our local manners and customs in Ontario came with the Loyalists from the American provinces and are with us still

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— our school system, our land survey, our local government, our Thanksgiving Day, our old York Shilling, our New Year calls, our paring bees and logging bees and spelling bees. Why fret and fume against a past that we have in common? . . .

The truth is that what we have in Canada and the United States is what all the world must get or perish. It is universal peace or nothing. Machinery prohibits war. Out of war, courage is vanishing as its supreme asset; personal size and physical power went long ago; soon there will be nothing left but machine equipment. Have it, and you win. Lack it, and you lose. For proof, look at any of the current pictures of the effects of Italian gas. I would like to inscribe a monument with the picture of one of those torn bodies on the burnt heath of Ethiopia, *The Death of Courage*. It is not a triumph of civilization over savagery. It is a triumph of machinery over both. Our turn is next.

The union of the world can never be brought about by treaties, sanctions, and the *ultima ratio* of war. All that, in the words of Tacitus, can make a desert but not peace. World solidarity can only come through unity of ideas, of interest, of understanding. Most powerful of all is language, if we could but have it. The greatest bond of union today is the English language, as far as it spreads, whether pronounced as the King pronounces it or as I pronounce it. Without the fortunate unity of language our North American continent could easily be not one but a dozen states: a Spanish west, a German center, a Scandinavian north. This unity was achieved by the happy policy of not trying to achieve it, nor to prevent it. Nature did it. Mankind, said Aristotle, is a political animal. (He meant a "get-together" animal, but his command of language couldn't reach it.) Leave mankind to its own impulses and peoples will come together in all sorts of economic and social ways. The Rotary Club is the expression of an age-long desire. There must have been Rotary Clubs in Egypt under Rameses, and Ladies' Nights among the Pygmies of Herodotus. Men would rather associate than stay apart, rather be good than bad. That is why we are here.

In past history, association and union did not go very far. They were blocked by all kinds of hindrances — physical, geographical, personal, spiteful. But they didn't need to go far. Distance did the rest. Men out of arm's reach could not hurt one another. A little nation in a valley sat snug: a people on an island lived in peace; a castle gathered in its brood like chickens.

All this is gone. An island is nothing. A valley is a grave — as in Ethiopia. Men must unite or die: and for their union a written compact is nothing but a rope of sand. The only hope lies in what would be academically called "the inter-permeation of culture". In other words, nations have got to know one another.

Now the Canadians and the Americans know one another. That places the Canadians as a sort of half-way element between the Americans and the British people — creates as it were the nucleus of a world union: not in the sense of an alliance to challenge and menace the world, but as a first area of solidarity from which it may spread abroad. If we could only send over to Europe a few of our students to play hockey, or some of our international crooks, the union might start and spread at any time.

We Canadians have the lesser part. Of those concerned, we are the least important. But in the great arch of British-American solidarity we are the keystone. Don't shake us out.

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TURGENEV, THE BEAUTIFUL GENIUS

BY FORD MADOX FORD

HENRY JAMES once said to me: "Ah, he was the real . . . but a thousand times the only — the only real, beautiful genius!" He added: "One qualifies it with 'Russian' for immediateness of identification by the unknowing. But for you, for me, for us . . . for all of us who are ever so little in as you might say the know, of literary values, he must be always just that, *tout court* . . . the beautiful, beautiful genius."

He was talking of Ivan Sergyeevich Turgenev.

For me, my life is glorified as by nothing else by being able to state that I once offered that white-haired, white-bearded, and surely beautiful colossus . . . a chair. He was immense of stature in spite of the fact that his legs — though I don't remember the fact — are said to have been disproportionately short. But that gave him the aspect, when he was seated — because his trunk was naturally proportionately-disproportionately long — of something awesomely fabulous in bulk. I only remember once else in my life being similarly awed by a sense of incredible size in a created being — and that was when, in Paris, a young prize fighter offered me as a present an Irish wolfhound that measured exactly twelve feet from muzzle to tip of tail. . . .

When one is suddenly introduced to such immensenesses one — or at least *I* do — gulps in one's breath in awe, and for the moment believes that one is being visited by some supernatural manifestation. Thus when I saw that wolfhound I felt some touch of the fear of the death that visits one when one sees gods . . . as if, in the gray beast, with outlines rendered dim by its length of gray hair in a rather dim Paris *salon* that it seemed completely to fill from side to side, I were confronted with a dog specially built for the needs of the Irish gods of a day when that was a land solely of kings and heroes.

But it was no doubt symptomatic that, in spite of the fact that, short though his legs may have been, I can't have reached much above his knees, I did not feel any awe at all in the presence of the beautiful genius. I had certainly the feeling that he must have come from among the *roosalki* and strange apparitions that swung from tree to tree or loomed in the deep shadows of Russian forests and could only be dismissed by making the sign of the cross in the elaborate Russian fashion. But I was conscious simply of a singular, compassionate smile that still seems to me to look up out of the pages of his books when — as I constantly do, and always with a sense of amazement — I re-read them. I felt instinctively that I was in the presence of a being that could not but compassionately regard anything that was very young, small, and helpless. The year was 1881; he, sixty-three.

And I certainly can't have been awed, for I brought out in a high, squeaky voice and with complete composure, the words:

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"Won't you and your friend be seated, Mr. Ralston?"

Mr. Ralston, Turgenev's first translator, almost the only English friend of any intellectual closeness that he had and the only foreigner who ever visited him at Spasskoye, was another man exactly as tall and as white-headed and -bearded as Turgenev himself. But, though he was an intimate friend of my family's — in which capacity he had brought Turgenev to call — and though, for night after night he had told me the fairy tales of Krylov — which is how I came to know of the *roosalki* with the green hair who swing from tree to tree — Mr. Ralston himself comes back to me as being the merest pale shadow beside the shining figure of the author of *A Sportsman's Sketches*. It was perhaps a merely physical fact. Mr. Ralston's hair, white as it was, had a bluish quality in the shadows whereas Turgenev's had that tawnyish glow that you see in the foam of tidal estuaries. Or it may have been because the shadow of Mr. Ralston's approaching suicide — for one of the most preposterous reasons of misery and shyness, after a fantastic *cause célèbre*, that I have ever heard of — was already upon him.

At any rate, there I was all alone in my grandfather's studio in the great house once inhabited by Thackeray's Colonel Newcome — who I daresay might physically have resembled either Mr. Ralston or Turgenev. And I come back to myself as being a very small boy in a blue pinafore, with long pale golden curls — as befitted a pre-Raphaelite infant — standing on tiptoe to look in at the newly-hatched doves in my grandmother's dove-cage. It had, as it were, a private apartment for the children. And suddenly I was aware of being walled-in and towered over by those two giants — who looked down on the pink panting morsels in the cage-box . . . with even more curiosity and enthusiasm than I myself was showing.

So I asked them to be seated.

I don't pretend that Turgenev discussed literary technique or the nature of things with me, sitting on his knee. . . . The only thing that comes back to me is that he talked about the doves and then about grouse and that I called him to myself a birdman.

Indeed it does not really come back to *me* that I even asked him to be seated. I know it because he told my mother and my mother frequently afterwards told me, imitating Turgenev's imitation of my squeaky voice. For my mother — who along with her sister and Mrs. Stillman was one of the belles of the then pre-Raphaelite day — he fell with the heaviness with which, till his dying day he fell, for any charming young woman in or near her early thirties. He was then, as I have said, sixty-three, and my mother not quite thirty. . . . I remember her later, standing in the space between the front and back studios that were lit with branch candlesticks against a Spanish leather gilt wall covering, with her back against the upright of the door, extremely blonde, talking with animation to Liszt, Bret Harte . . . and the author of *A House of Gentlefolk*. . . . And I remember her, too, with her eyes red with tears as she read and re-read that book of the beautiful genius. . . . She knew it as *Lisa*, in poor Ralston's translation.

So that, from my earliest age, I was aware that that book was the most beautiful book ever written, and I was, as it were, transfused with a sort of rapturous admiration for that Master that has never left me. So that today, after fifty years, his image is as much as ever a thing of light to me — as it were of the light of candles

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in branched silver sticks shining against a golden surface that had embossed on it grapes and vine leaves with their twisted tendrils. . . . And I am sure that if I ever — and how many others! — committed myself to little, good, and kindly actions or courses of life, it was because in my youth I fell under the influence of that beautiful and lambent spirit. . . . His work had that effect on the world. . . . Do not forget that one single book of his brought about in three days a revolution such as cost the United States years of fighting and an infinite outpouring of gold and the lives of poor men . . . and such as only yesterday — and still today — is a pretext for international convulsions that for years to come will endanger our whole civilization. One single book!

II

For me, when I read in that book, *The Singers*, or *Tchertop-Hanop and Nedopyushkin*, or that most beautiful of all pieces of writing, *Byelshin Prairie*,* I am conscious, as I have said, always of Turgenev's face looking up out of the pages — but also of a singular odor, sharp and rather pinching to the nostrils. It is that of smelling salts. The phenomenon had always puzzled me until only the other day the explanation came to me when reading one of the innumerable, not too sympathetic, Russian biographies of Turgenev. I was conscious, that is to say, when I had sat on the knee of my Birdman and he had told me something about the grouse that he had come to England to shoot, that he had seemed to have about him that particular odor. I had always thought that that had been an illusion of my olfactory nerves. It seemed incredible that so male a giant should carry about with him a specific so feminine. Or I would put it down to the fact that so inveterate a sportsman, who at an advanced age came all the way to England to shoot grouse, must have been wearing Harris tweeds which are impregnated with the queer musty odor of the peet-reek of the cottages in which the fabric is woven. . . . But yesterday I had my explanation. It would appear that Madame Pauline Viardot had, in the first place, prohibited for him the use of cigars to which he was much attached . . . and then that of snuff-taking which he had adopted as a substitute. So to titillate his poor nose he had taken to sniffing smelling-salts. . . . And it was typical of him that, unlike me or you or the milkman, even when the rolling seas divided him from that sister of the divine Malibran, he did not indulge surreptitiously in tobacco, but carried about with him his smelling bottle and, when the longing for nicotine came over him, took, rather sadly, a long whiff. . . . Perhaps, even, the singular aroma may have served to keep off from him the attentions of the predatory charmers to whom his susceptible heart fell always so easily a victim.

It is not wonderful that he should have made so profound an impression on that child of eight. Indeed, of all the numbers of celebrated and great men that it was my rather mournful privilege at that date to see, it is he who most vividly comes back to me. . . . As a painter of French birth and tradition, as the so-called Grandfather of the English pre-Raphaelites, as the father-in-law of the redoubtable cham-

*May I pay my tribute to Mrs. Constance Garnett's matchless translation of the works of the Beautiful Genius. The true Russians say that Turgenev wrote very badly in Russian. He may have, but in Mrs. Garnett's achievement you have a monument in the sort of beautiful writing that deserves, if anything can, to outlast Time. For it, I at least shall never have sufficiently expressed my gratitude, for without it I could hardly have known Turgenev.

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pion of the Music of the then Future, and as being reputed to be one of the best *raconteurs* in London, my grandfather let his studio become on Thursdays a *salon* to which it was almost obligatory for any distinguished foreign celebrity to come during his visits to that metropolis in the 'Seventies and 'Eighties. So that the program of my childish contacts has the aspect of something fabulous in the way of tuft-hunting. . . . Why, I remember . . .

But that perhaps can wait indefinitely . . . for the point is that nearly all those other figures are dim enough . . . the pre-Raphaelite poets and painters, and Wagner and the *Zukunftsmusikers*, and the French critics, and the German and American illustrious. Only Turgenev stands before me at this minute with a vividness that obscures the objects before my eyes . . . Turgenev, and perhaps Liszt. But the note of Liszt was not of quite the same naïve luster. He had a greater self-consciousness and that gave him in my eyes a touch of what I should today call the *cabotin*. He stood still or advanced slowly, with his dark brown face beneath its great carpet of white hair . . . he stood still or advanced slowly through salvos of applause, always making slight, hushing movements with his right hand, his enigmatic lips forming his famous Jesuit smile and moving as if they wanted you to believe that they said that all this praise should be given not to him but to the Deity Who had given him his gifts. What he expected that to mean to the four-wheel cabmen who, as I once saw, when Liszt was descending the steps from St. James' Hall after a concert, climbed up the lampposts of Piccadilly and, waving their top hats, demanded three cheers for the Habby Liszt . . . what he thought it or he meant to them, there is no knowing.

But about Turgenev at that date there was no mistake. Standing, or rather reclining on one elbow on a divan, he was a Deity, all of himself. He had at that moment reached the height of his illustrious, world-wide fame . . . and, for the first time in many years, he was feeling physically fit. He was quite complacent on the subject of his health in the letters he wrote to Mme. Viardot; he had no fear of cholera in London; he had for the first time in his life succeeded in pushing aside the fear of death . . . and, although he complained that in Cambridgeshire he had missed a number of partridges, yet he could boast that he had hit a great many, too. So he seemed to radiate happiness and, leaning on his elbow, resembled one of those riverine deities who, in Italy, with torrents of hair and beards, recline in marble above the sources of streams, and let their waters render fertile the smiling valleys before them.

I prefer so to consider him. And always, except in the act of reading one or other of his lugubrious Russian biographers, my image of him swings back to that picture. His Russian biographers prefer, for as it were political reasons, to present always the reverse of that medal. They have to present him as a miserable expatriate from Russia, bound to the girdle of a tyrannous French harpy, groaning forever that he was not in Russia, detesting the French literary colleagues, detesting France where he was forced to live . . . and groaning, groaning, groaning.

Turgenev of course groaned . . . in a groaning world which was in the backwash of the Byronic-Romantic movement. Everybody in fact groaned, particularly in his letters. Reading the correspondence of the middle two-thirds of the nineteenth century is like sitting on a broken column by some grave beneath a weeping willow. Carlyle groaned, Flaubert howled groans,

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George Sand groaned, Sainte Beuve was perpetually depressed. Tolstoi, Maupassant, Dostoevski, Queen Victoria, Schopenhauer, Bielinski. . . . But everyone that Turgenev knew or ever heard of . . . they all lamented their miserable lots; the injustices to which they were subject; the unpicturesque figures that they imagined themselves to cut; the world, and they with it, that was going to the dogs!

Nevertheless, George Sand's apartment in Paris roared and rocked with the laughter of Flaubert, Turgenev, the Goncourts, Zola, Daudet, and Pauline Viardot when the depressed Sainte Beuve on a Sunday would turn himself into a whitened sepulcher in the attempt to pick with his lips a wedding ring off a pyramid of flour; one Paris restaurant after another asked the five Hissed Authors — Flaubert, Daudet, Turgenev, Goncourt, and Zola, and now and then the youthful James — to take their weekly dinners elsewhere because their gargantuan laughter and titanic howls of derision at the style of their contemporaries disturbed the other diners. Yasnya Polyana — or whatever Tolstoi's lugubrious abode comes out when it is correctly transliterated — that hermitage then rocked to its foundations with scandalous mirth when Turgenev, aged sixty and declaring himself crippled with the gout, danced the *cancan visá vis* of a girl of twelve. . . . Tolstoi notes in his diary: "Turgenev; *cancan*. Oh *shame*!" Similarly in *her* diary, the German Empress Victoria — *Die Englaenderin* — makes, after the private first night of an operetta that Turgenev had written for the music of Mme. Viardot and for performance by himself and the Viardot children, the note that the operetta was charming but Turgenev himself not quite *dignified*. . . . And Turgenev himself, lying on the floor, in the costume of a Turkish sultan, and crawled over by adorable odalisques, was aware that there was passing over the great lady's face that singular English expression that we put on when we ask: "Isn't he being rather a Bounder, my dear?" But Turgenev just says: "Bedamn to that!" . . . And the Empress sends down two or three times every week to the Turgenev-Viardot villa to ask them to give another performance soon or that Turgenev should write another operetta for her at once. . . . And didn't someone once hear Bielinski, or it may have been Bakunin or Herzen or any other of those cheerful "true Russians", say to Turgenev after they had talked from eight in the morning till past three in the afternoon: "You, Turgenev, are an incredible materialist. Here we have not yet finished discussing the nature of the Deity and you are already talking about lunch." . . . But the more usual true-Russian complaint of Turgenev was that after he had been sitting with one of them for not more than half a day, he would begin to exhibit signs of uneasiness and would say that Mme. Viardot's daughter or Mme. Viardot's daughter's baby might be ill and he might be wanted to run to the doctor's or the chemist. . . . The true Russians would declare that showed how cravenly Turgenev subjected himself to the yoke of Pauline Viardot. But, knowing Turgenev and knowing what true-Russian conversation was then like, one might be pardoned for imagining that what Turgenev really wanted was either his lunch or an interval of blissful silence.

It is a good thing that no one ever did know what was the exact relationship between Turgenev and the great Pauline, and that for the world at large and Russia in particular it must remain in Turgenev's own enigmatic phrase an "unofficial marriage". That he was absolutely chained to

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the lady's apron strings is obviously not true or even that he was in the technical sense of the word today an unhappy expatriate. His contacts with Russia — the as-it-were strings of interests that went from him to her — were innumerable and forever undissolved. His interest in her fate was as constant as his interest in his own estate . . . and that was really unceasing, if the results were never very satisfactory. He once told one member of my family — I forget which, either my father or my grandfather — that they must not think him merely frivolous if at his age he came as far as England merely to shoot partridges. Actually he could have shot partridges anywhere — except perhaps round Paris where the *chasse* was very expensive. But he came to England to study on the spot the English management of great estates and agricultural methods which he declared to be by far the best in the world. The immediate results of the emancipation of the serfs in Russia had been an almost boundless confusion and the only pattern of which he could conceive as being a fitting or even a possible solution for the Russian situation was something like that practiced on the semi-feudal, semi-libertarian, great estates in the English dukeries and their purlieus. Today that seems like irony; but for a liberal thinker of that day it was something very like common sense. . . . At any rate he never went back from England without carrying with him some specimen of agricultural machinery or some detail of the estate-management of the Dukes of Norfolk or Northumberland. . . . I remember — I must have been told it by my mother — poor Ralston's agitation at not being able to find the manufacturers of some miraculous new plow of which Turgenev had heard and which he imagined might go far to solve the agricultural difficulties of his country.

In any case, if thinking of the interests and problems of one's native land suffice to prevent one's being an expatriate, Turgenev was none . . . and it is to be remembered that Czar Alexander II ordered the emancipation of the serfs three days after he had finished reading *A Sportsman's Sketches.*

III

It is of course as impossible to know anything real about a novelist as to know anything real about a sovereign, both being so surrounded. One knows nothing about Turgenev. One knows less about him even than about Shakespeare. He moves surrounded by the cloud of his characters as a monarch by his courtiers; and, once more like a monarch, surrounded by crowds of admirers and detractors who all view him in the light of their own images, preconceptions, and desires. The result has been a cloud of witnesses all going to prove that Turgenev would have been a better Russian if he had never been out of Russia — with the implication that, in that case, he would have suffered less from the gout, not fallen under the influence of Pauline Viardot, and would, according to the political predilections of the particular writer, have been a better Terrorist, Slavophile, or Czarist. Certainly you can prove all those things, and out of Turgenev's own mouth and writings.

That is because he was the supreme creative writer. And, no doubt unconsciously enough, society exacts of its creative writers that they shall have no personality. . . . So perhaps one must confine oneself to one certainty . . . that he was not a journalist. . . . By that I do not mean to utter an insult to my confreres of the periodical press: I mean merely to say that a journalist of genius is of a genius

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different in species and especially in production from that of the creative writer who desires to leave to posterity an enduring image of his world and day. The journalists go to things to look at them and use their genius in *reportage*. The great imaginative writer lives . . . and then renders his impressions of what life has done to him. He lives in, if possible, a fine unconsciousness . . . but certainly in an unconsciousness. He will not, that is to say, go to the Ukraine or Cambridgeshire in order to see what there is to see with the intention of writing about it. He will go to Spasskoye to set his estate in order, to Cambridgeshire to shoot grouse, to Bougival to continue his rather desultory courtship of Mme. Viardot, or to the limits of the Ukraine in momentarily passionate pursuit of some intelligent actress or some peasant girl of a pure heart. . . . Then, protesting that he will never write another word — and passionately believing that he will never write another word — he sits down and writes a masterpiece . . . not about the last passion or the latest trip to Spasskoye, but about the last but six, or the last but twenty. . . . Or about one that took place twenty years before he was born.

That is why the creative artist is almost always an expatriate and almost always writes about the past. He *must*, in order to get perspective, retire in both space and time from the model upon which he is at work. . . . Still more, he must retire in passion . . . in order to gain equilibrium.

Turgenev carried the rendering of the human soul one stage further than any writer who preceded or has followed him simply because he had supremely the gift of identifying himself with — of absolutely feeling — the passions of the characters with whom he found himself. . . . And then he had the gift of retiring and looking at his passion — the passion that he had made his . . . the gift of looking at it with calmed eyes. It was not insincerity that made him say to the French *jeune fille bien élevée*, that her convent and home influences had made her the most exquisite flower of tranquillity and purity and refinement and devotion . . . and of course, that as a corollary, the Russian *jeune fille* was by comparison gross, awkward, ignorant, and sensual. That was his passionate belief in the presence of the daughters of his Pauline . . . who certainly were not his own daughters. . . . And yet it was equally his passionate belief, three weeks after in Spasskoye, when talking to a daughter of one of his princely neighbors, that the Russian young girl was limpidly pure, pious, devoted, resigned — was all that he had projected in his Lisa — whilst, in contradistinction to her, the *jeunes filles bien élevées* of Bougival were artificial products, *fades*, hyper-civilized, full of queer knowledges that they had picked up behind the convent walls . . . sophisticated, in short. . . . No, he was not insincere. It was perhaps his extreme misfortune . . . but it was certainly his supreme and beautiful gift — that he had the seeing eye to such an extent that he could see that two opposing truths were equally true.

He was by turns and all at once, Slavophile and Westerner, Czarist and Nihilist, Germanophile and Francophobe, Francophile and Hun-hater, insupportably homesick for Spasskoye and the Nevsky Prospekt and wracked with nostalgia for the Seine bank at Bougival and the rue de Rivoli. All proper men are that to some degree — certainly all proper novelists. But Turgenev carried his vicarious passions further than did anyone of whom one has ever heard. He would meet during a railway journey some sort of strong-passioned

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veterinary surgeon or some sort of decayed country gentleman . . . and for the space of the journey he would be them. . . . And so we have Bazarov — whom he loved — and the Hamlet of the Tschigri district . . . whom perhaps he loved too.

It is because of that faculty that he made the one step forward. Flaubert — whom he also loved and who perhaps was the only man whom he really and permanently loved, since they were both mighty hunters before the Lord of one thing or another — Flaubert, then, evolved the maxim that the creative artist as creator must be indifferently impartial between all his characters. That, Turgenev was by nature . . . because of his own very selflessness. Like Flaubert he hated the manifestations and effects of cruelty produced by want of imagination . . . but he could get back from even that passion and perceive that unimaginative cruelty is in itself a quality . . . a necessary ingredient of a movemented world. To noble natures like those of Flaubert and Turgenev, the mankind that surrounds them is insupportable . . . if only for its want of intelligence. That is why the great poet is invariably an expatriate, if not invariably in climate, then at least in the regions of the mind. If he cannot get away from his fellows he must shut himself up from them. But if he is to be great he must also be continually making his visits to his own particular Spasskoye. He must live always both in and out of his time, his ancestral home, and the hearts of his countrymen.

So having lived, he must render. And so having lived, the supremely great artist who was Turgenev so rendered that not merely — as was the case with Shakespeare — did he transfuse himself into all his characters, so that Iago was Shakespeare and Cordelia Shakespeare and Bottome Shakespeare and Hamlet. . . . Not only then are Lavretsky and Bazarov and Lisa and the Tschigri Hamlet and the Lear of the Steppes all Turgenev but — and that is the forward step — they are all us.

That is the supreme art and that is the supreme service that art can render to humanity . . . because, to carry a good-enough saying the one step further that we have got to go if our civilization is not to disappear, *tout savoir* is not only *tout pardonner* — it has got to be *tout aimer*.

The humane Czar lying down on a couch . . . I don't know why I imagine him lying down . . . perhaps because humane people when they want to enjoy themselves over a good read in a book always lie down . . . the humane Czar, then, lying down with *A Sportsman's Sketches* held up to his eyes began to read what Turgenev had observed when shooting partridges over dogs . . . with the ineffable scapegrace serf Yermolaî at his heels. . . . And suddenly the Czar was going through the endless forests and over the endless moors. He had the smell of the pines and heather in his nostrils, the sun-baked Russian earth beneath his feet. . . . Yermolaî did not have the second gun as ready as he should; Yermolaî had not even loaded the second gun; Yermolaî, the serf, had lagged behind; serf Yermolaî had disappeared altogether; he had found a wild bees' nest in a hollow tree; he was luxuriously supping honey, ignoring the bee stings. . . . And suddenly the Czar himself was Yermolaî . . . he was a serf who might be thrashed, loaded with chains, banished to a hopeless district a thousand miles away, put to working in the salt mines. . . . The Czar was supping the heather-scented brown honey in the hot sun. . . . He saw his Owner approaching. His Owner was fortunately a softy. Still, it was disagreeable

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to have the Owner cold to him . . . and quickly the Czar sent his eyes over the country, through the trees in search of a hut. If he saw a hut he would remember the story of its idiotic owners. He would tell the idiotic story to the Owner and in listening to it the Owner would become engrossed in the despairing ruin of those idiotic creatures and would forget to be displeased, and the Czar would have two undeserved pork chops and the remains of a bottle of champagne that night in the wood-lodge.

And so the Czar would become a woodcutter in danger of being banished for cutting the wrong trees, and a small landowner being ruined by his own ignorance and the shiftlessness of his serfs . . . and a house-serf dressed as a footman with plush breeches to whom his Owner was saying with freezing politeness: "Brother, I regret it. But you have again forgotten to chill the Beaujolais. You must prepare yourself to receive fifty lashes. . . ." And the Czar would be Turgenev shuddering over the Owner's magnificently appointed table whilst outside the footman was receiving the fifty lashes. . . . And Alexander II would become the old, fat old maid, knitting whilst her companion read Pushkin to her, and crying over romantic passages and refusing to sell Anna Nicolaevna to Mr. Schubin, the neighboring, noble landowner who had fallen incomprehensibly in love with Anna Nicolaevna. . . . And the Autocrat of All the Russias would find himself being the serf-girl Anna Nicolaevna, banished into the dreadful Kursk district because the incomparable noble landowner Mr. Schubin had fallen in love with her. . . . And the great bearded autocrat with the hairy chest would be Anna twisting her fingers in her apron and crying . . . crying . . . crying . . . And saying: Is it possible that God and the Czar permit such things to be?

And so, on the third day, the Czar stretches out his hand for his pen . . . and just those things would never be any more. . . . There would be other bad things, but not just those, because the world had crept half a hair's breadth nearer to civilization. . . .

. . . You may imagine how Turgenev's eyes stood out of his head on the day when he met Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, who, for her part, had never been below the Mason and Dixon Line . . . and who was introduced to him as being the heroine who had made the chains to fall from the limbs of the slaves of a continent. . . . He said that she seemed to him to be a modest and sensible person. . . . Perhaps the reader will think out for himself all that that amazing meeting signified.

IV

The reader will also observe — perhaps with relief — that contrary to the habit of writers of my complexion, I have here said nothing about the "technique" of my subject. It can't be done. No one can say anything valid about the technique of Turgenev. It consisted probably in nothing but politeness . . . in consideration for his readers. He must have observed that the true Russians of his day, living amongst lonely vastnesses, were all perfect geysers of narration and moral deductions. They were incredible, overwhelming, desolating. From the lowest peasant up to Tolstoi, everyone, at a moment's opportunity, would burst into un-dammable spoutings of stories accompanied by insupportable indulgences in the way of moralizings . . . and self-analyses. It was the very genius of the people. . . . He must have waited on a thousand aching days for his lunch,

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and then have removed himself from Russia with the oath never to make anyone else go hungry whilst he told a tale; never to draw morals; never to analyze his own or anyone else's psychology. So you have his incomparable projections of his world put before you with an unapproached economy of words . . . and, because his temperament was very beautiful, with great beauty.

No, of Turgenev's technique one can say with assurance no more than one can say with certainty of his personality or of his relations with Mme. Viardot. The most you can say is that he was that fabulous monster, a natural genius; when you have said his name and those of Bach and Cézanne — and one other that you can suit yourself about — you have exhausted the catalogue, since the Crucifixion. As with Hudson, as stylist, the dear God made Turgenev's words to come, as He made the grass to grow. It is there and there is no more to say about it.

For myself I prefer my own undepressed version of the Beautiful Genius's personality . . . the giant, indulging in night-long verbal pillow-fights at Croisset, with the nearly as gigantic Flaubert. . . . Flaubert's patient niece told me that when Turgenev came to Croisset, Flaubert always surrendered his own bed to Turgenev and had one made up for himself in the attic. . . . But fortunately they never went to bed, preferring to talk all night about the assonances in Prosper Mérimée. Fortunately, because Turgenev's feet would have stuck far out over the end of Flaubert's bed and her uncle would never have slept on the shakedown under the tiles.

Talking all night with Flaubert then; next morning taking a walk with a true-Russian visitor and telling him that Goncourt was a bore, and Zola ill-mannered at table, and all French writers hard materialists, and little Henry James too soft and the Terrorists heroes and the Czarists fiends . . . or the Czarists God-given if ineffectual statesmen and the Terrorists the spawn of the Devil; and taking a day's rest, missing hundreds of partridges but killing hundreds too, and spending the night copying out Pauline Viardot's music for his operettas whilst sitting by the bedside of her sick grandchild who certainly wasn't his. And going to a tea-fight in some studio — and wallowing in adoration and adoration and adoration. And groaning that Life had no purpose and writing had less. And telling some child about grouse to the acrid accompaniment of the odor of smelling salts. And calming Ralston, in hysterics because the new steam plow was undiscoverable. And swearing to a pretty lady that he would never write another line . . . never . . . never . . . never. . . . And writing, somewhere, anyhow, on any old piece of furniture with the dregs at the bottom of any old ink-pot . . . any old thing . . . *Fathers and Sons* or *A Lear of the Steppes* or *The Death of Tchertop-Hanop*. . . .

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SALUTE TO AUDUBON

BY AMANDA BENJAMIN HALL

Beyond the legend of the George
Of Georges, standing clear of time,
Lit by the fires at Valley Forge,
And framed in winter's snow and rime,

Beyond the sagas and the tales
Of rough-hewn pioneers and gentry,
And of a Lincoln splitting rails
To mend the torn house of a country,

This lore of one who followed far
Across a menacing expanse,
The eagles of America,
The while the eagles of his France

Were all forgot — one bold to pierce
Through that lost virgin land we dream of,
Knowing its forests and its fierce
Recesses, knowing every stream of,

With strange, unflagging passion bound
To hunt the bird and to acquaint him
With all its ways, its look, its sound —
To be the bird and so to paint him —

The fork-tailed petrel in the wind
Above the perilous white billow,
Caught while the air was stretched and thinned,
(Ah, lovely, lonely peccadillo!)

He drew as privy to its plight,
And, out of love, the white egret,
As elegantly plumed and dight
As ever Marie Antoinette!

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Ohio mornings saw him skim
Down the broad river days together,
And Mississippi welcomed him,
Apostle of the wind and weather,
And of the hard-won, hoarded feather. . . .

Kentucky, Florida. . . . The man
Wore down the strength of teal and loon,
And wearied out the Indian,
And was the friend of Daniel Boone,

And joyed to see the cardinal
As warmly crimson as a canna
In Southern woods where, spring and fall,
He haunted bayou and savanna.

Or through lost forests dared to press
On horseback, tranced and lonely rider,
Or, marsh-wide, sought for the address
Of some rare gull, some beauteous eider. . . .

A vagrant, yet his love remained
His Lucy's! Mated without flaw,
However much long absence strained
Between them, they would find some straw

To build their nest anew. And as
A bird is torn by two desires,
To go, to stay, his spirit was
A thing of home and distant shires!

I wonder were his spoken words
Soft with the accent of the thrush,
And was he brother to the birds,
This fellow of so true a brush,

Who trailed the marsh-hen and the goose
Lifelong, by flatboat or by dinghy —
A man with foot so free and loose,
And with a soul so wild and wingy. . . .

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I KNEW WHAT I WAS DOING

A Story

BY JEROME WEIDMAN

THEY thought they were tossing me around like an adagio dancer. But as long as I knew what *I* was doing, I figured they could think what they wanted. It sounds dangerous, but it isn't. All you have to do is learn how to fall.

I didn't realize he was going into an act until he followed me into the models' dressing room as though he had been watching for me, and said: "I wanted to tell you about tonight."

I didn't like the way he said it.

"What about tonight?"

"I'm sorry, Myra," he said, "but we'll have to call off the date for tonight. Mr. Weiss just told me he's taking me along when he goes out with the spring line. We're leaving tonight." He should have given himself the benefit of another rehearsal. He was running his speeches together. "You know how those things are, Myra. A guy doesn't want to be a shipping clerk all his life. I been pestering Weiss for months he should take me along when he goes on the road. Now I got the chance, I can't turn him down. See, Myra?"

"Of course," I said. If he expected me to act sore, he was crazy. You miss too many tricks that way. "I know how those things are."

"If only I'd known before," he said, "I'd've told you. Or we could've gone out last night or something. But Mr. Weiss only told me this morning."

There was no question about it. One or two extra rehearsals would never have hurt him.

"That's all right, Jack," I said, smiling a little and letting the disappointment come through just enough for him to see it. "I wouldn't want you to pass up your big chance just on account of a date."

"I knew you'd understand, Myra," he said. That's what I like in a person, confidence. "It's funny, though," he said, shaking his head, "how those things work out." He didn't know how funny it was. "Here I been looking forward to this date for a week now and then *this* has to come up."

Sure, just like I was looking forward to going to the dentist.

"We'll make it some other time, then," I said.

"You bet," he said quickly, "some other time," and went out.

I drew the curtain between the dressing room and the showroom and took off my smock. Then I began to dress carefully. I put on the new brassiere I'd bought when I went out to lunch, and I slipped into the dress I'd had one of the operators in the back press for me. I took my time with the make-up too. Everything had to be just so. I gave myself a good shot of eye-shadow and a sweet coat of lipstick. I straightened the seams in my stockings and pulled the hat far over one eye. I couldn't make up my mind for a minute about the coat, but then I decided to carry it on my arm. What's the sense of investing eighty-nine

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cents on a new uplift if you're going to hide your figure under a coat? One more look in the mirror, and everything was set.

I walked around through the back to the front entrance to the showroom and pushed the door in quickly.

Weiss and Jack both turned around to face me.

"Hello, Jack," I said.

He gave an imitation of a deaf mute pretending to be tongue-tied.

"Well, I'll try once more," I said. "*Hello,* Jack."

"What are you doing here, Myra?" he said.

"I'm playing ping-pong," I said. "What do you *think* I'm doing? We've got a date, haven't we?"

"But didn't I tell you it was —?"

"Listen," I broke in, "is this Thursday, or isn't it? And is it a quarter to seven, or am I cockeyed?" He kept opening his mouth to say something, but I wouldn't let him. I was looking and talking in his direction, but I wasn't saying a word to him. The party I was really addressing was a gentleman by the name of Weiss. And if Mr. Weiss had the brains and the eyesight of the average dress salesman, he'd get the drift before long. "And does that mean you and I have a date, or doesn't it?"

"But *Myra,* I *told* you —"

"Wait a minute. Wait a minute. Wait a minute." Mr. Rudolph Weiss tuning in. "What's going on here, anyway?"

I turned to face him, as though I hadn't seen him before.

"Oh, hello, Mr. Weiss," I said, smiling. "I didn't see you before."

"Lady," he said with a grin, "I wouldn't miss *you* like that." I didn't mean he should. "How'd you know my name? And what's yours?" He turned to Jack. "Say, why don't you give a guy a knockdown to your girl friends?"

No question about it. There was nothing wrong with his eyesight.

"Ah, quit kidding, Mr. Weiss," Jack said. "You know her. It's Myra. Miss Gross, our model."

"What?"

He came over and looked under the hat.

"Well, I'll be a so and so," he said, holding my arm.

I'll bet he could, too.

He stood off and looked me over. I could tell from where his eyes stopped that the eighty-nine cents was a good investment.

"Well, I'll be a such and such," he said.

Who should know better than he?

"I swear I'd never've recognized you with all the fancy clothes on," he said. He slipped his arm around my waist. "Without that smock you're always wearing, and in these clothes — saaay, you know, you're a knockout!"

It's nice to be told.

"Thanks," I said, sounding a little peeved. "A lot of good that's going to do me tonight."

"But Myra," Jack said, "I told you about Mr. Weiss and me going out on the road tonight. I told you we'd —"

I'll say this for him. He couldn't have been coming in better with his lines now if I'd've rehearsed him myself.

"That makes everything just dandy, doesn't it?" I said. "I get all dressed up, and then you —"

"I'll tell you what," Weiss said, holding up his hand. "This is really all my fault. I mean, I should've told him a little earlier, given him a couple of days' notice, or something. But since I didn't, and since this is all sort of my fault, I'll tell you what." He wasn't so bad, either. "*You*" — pointing to Jack — "you finish packing the samples. Then, when you're finished, you take the cases down to Penn Station and check them. Me and Miss Gross — Myra,

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here —" he put his arm around me again. Did I say his eyes were weak? Pardon me. He was blind. — "We'll go out to dinner. How's that? Will that square things up?"

"Oh, Mr. Weiss," I said, "it certainly will!"

"But, Mr. Weiss," Jack said, "What about the train? We gotta make the —"

"Forget it," Weiss said, winking at me. "We'll make a morning train."

II

I was plucking my eyebrows when Weiss came into the dressing room.

"Be with you in a minute, Rudy," I said, talking into the mirror. "Sit down for a while. You look all worn out."

Weiss did, too. But a chair wasn't what he needed.

"Thanks, Myra," he said. "I can't. I'm in a hurry."

What he needed was four square yards of towelling to wipe the sweat off his forehead.

"Warm, isn't it?" I said, still talking to the mirror. I had to hand it to myself. The arm I was working the tweezers with didn't even quiver. Just an old campaigner. "It's hot as hell for April."

"Yeah," he said, rubbing his face with his hand. "I'll tell you, Myra —"

"Don't bother," I said sweetly, "Let *me* tell *you*."

He stared at me with his mouth open.

"What?"

I pulled the smock up around my shoulders.

"Pardon the bare back," I said. "I didn't realize myself how warm it was."

He started again.

"I wanted to tell you —"

"I know," I said, squinting at myself as I worked. "You wanted to tell me the date for lunch is off. Right?"

His mouth opened a little wider. I figured one more notch and I'd be able to see what he had for breakfast.

"How did you know what I —?"

I shook the tweezers clean and started on the other eye.

"I guess I'm just psychic," I said. "But don't let me steal your stuff, Rudy. You go ahead and tell it to me all over again, just like I didn't know a thing."

He closed his mouth.

"I'm not kidding, Myra," he said.

I could take his word for that, all right.

"It's just that D. C. asked me to go to lunch with him," he said. "He wants to talk over the summer line. What could I do? He's the boss, Myra. You know that."

It was nice of him to tip me off.

"We'll make it for some other time. Maybe tomorrow. Or the day after. Okay?"

It was getting a little boring. Didn't they have enough brains to think up a new exit speech?

"Of course, Rudy," I said. "I know how those things are."

Come to think of it, I could use a new exit line myself.

"I'll have to run along, then, Myra. D. C.'s waiting for me," he said. "Be good."

"Don't worry," I said. "I'm getting better and better."

When I was dressed, I passed the switchboard quickly, as though I were in a hurry.

"Hey, Myra!"

I stopped and turned.

"For God's sakes," said Flo, "let's take a look at you."

I struck a pose and turned around two or three times.

"Boy," she said, "you're an eyeful, all right. Where'd you find all the clothes?"

"Find nothing," I said, "I *earned* them."

She grinned. "Tell a girl how, will you?"

Maybe I would. But I wasn't quite ready to publish yet. The system was still in its

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infancy. I might even want to get it patented. Who could tell?

"I can't stop now," I said. "I'm in a hurry. I have a luncheon engagement."

That's what I call progress. Two months before I had dates for lunch. Now I had luncheon engagements.

The restaurant was only a few blocks away. I walked in and looked around. D. C. sat facing the door, talking to Weiss, who had his back to me. I walked over and tapped Weiss on the shoulder. He looked up and almost fell out of his chair.

"Myra!"

"Nice of you to remember me," I said, smiling.

"Didn't I tell you —?"

"Maybe you did," I said, looking around, "but I don't seem to recall. I never think well when I'm standing up. Can't you arrange for a chair for me?"

The waiter shoved one under me and I sat down.

"Myra, *please,*" Weiss said. His face was red and he kept looking at D. C. "I told you I had an important —"

"Really," I said, "I don't understand you, Rudy. You go and make a luncheon appointment with me, and then, when I keep it, not only do you forget to even offer me a chair, but you get all excited and start making speeches and —"

"Pardon me, Miss, but don't I know you from someplace?" I turned to face D. C., who had put his hand on my arm and was smiling at me. "There's something familiar about you."

There was life in the old girl yet. That made two times I was remembered in as many minutes.

"There's something familiar about *you*, Mr. Cantor," I said, turning on the dazzling smile.

"Saaay," he said, "how'd you know my name?"

"Intuition," I said archly. I mean I leered at him a little and acted coy. That's archly, isn't it?

"No kidding, though," he said, "Where've I seen you before?"

"Well," I said, "we've never been formally introduced, but we've met *dozens* of times."

"Yeah? Where?"

"Guess," I said. Right. Archly again. It wasn't really as bad as it sounds. They all fall for it, from shipping clerks up.

"I'm sorry about this, Mr. Cantor," Weiss said, turning to him. "I told her —"

"For God's sakes," Cantor said, "will you stop talking so much, and tell me who she is?"

That left jab shook dear old Rudy up a little. But it cleared his head, too.

"What, are you kidding me, Mr. Cantor?" he said. "That's Miss Gross. Myra Gross, one of our models."

"What?"

It was easy to keep smiling while he stared at me. All I had to do was look at Rudy and think what a dead ringer he was at that moment for Jack, the shipping clerk. The hard part was to keep from laughing out loud.

"Well, what the hell do you know?" Cantor said slowly, his eyes popping.

"Shall we consider Mr. Weiss' words a formal introduction?" I said, smiling sweetly, and reaching out my hand.

"You bet," he said, taking my hand and holding it.

I felt so good I could've reached over and kissed Weiss. Calling your shots and making them is the greatest sport in the world.

"The thing that gets me," he said, shaking his head, "is how in the showroom I never even gave you a tumble. And here —" he shook his head again.

"Maybe it's the clothes," I said.

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"Maybe you're right," he said. Maybe I was. "Where'd you find them all of a sudden?"

I began to feel more at home. They all spoke the same language.

"They're a gift," I said, "from a former admirer." Accent on the former.

"I admire his taste," he said.

"I said *former*," I said, grinning at him.

"Glad to hear it," he said, grinning back.

I tugged gently at the hand he was still holding.

"Mind if I borrow this back for a minute?" I said. "I'd like to powder my nose."

His face got red and he laughed. "Oh, sure, sure," he said. "But remember, it's only a loan."

We both laughed. But Rudy didn't laugh. Rudy looked like the doctor had called him back and told him he'd made a mistake; that he had cancer after all.

"I'm sorry as hell about this interruption, D. C.," he said, screwing up his face. "I didn't mean to break up our conference like this."

Come on, D. C., use your right; he's wide open.

"I don't know what you're sorry for," Cantor said. "This is just what I've been needing. I've been working too hard lately." He turned to me. "We're going to make a real celebration out of this. You know," he said, taking my hand again, "I haven't felt so good in weeks."

Good old D. C. I knew he'd come through.

"But, Mr. Cantor," Weiss cried. "How about what we were talking about? What about the summer line?"

"You're right," Cantor said, shaking his head seriously, but winking at me. "We mustn't forget the summer line. After all, business is business. I'll tell you what," he said brightly. Weiss stopped scowling. "You're not in the mood anyway, Weiss. You go back to the place." Weiss started scowling again. "The piece-goods salesmen and the trimming people are all coming in this afternoon. They'll ask for me. You tell them I'm sick or something, and *you* see them. Anything you think is okay. You place the order." He winked at me again. "And tomorrow, or maybe even tonight, when I come back, I'll look everything over and give it the final okay."

Weiss opened his mouth, then closed it and got up. The waiter came over quickly.

"Is anything wrong, sir?"

"Not a thing," Cantor answered for him. "Everything's perfect. The gentleman's been called away suddenly, that's all." Well, Weiss had nothing to complain about. At least he was being called a gentleman. "The lady and I are lunching alone."

"Yes, sir," the waiter said.

I didn't have anything to complain about, either. Things were starting off swell. Here I was being called a lady.

III

Cantor stuck his smiling face in from the showroom.

"You feel all right, kid?" he asked.

I twisted around on the couch to face him and smiled back.

"Of course, Dave," I said. "Why?"

He certainly had me guessing. According to my calculations he should have been rehearsing his exit speech for weeks already. But he wasn't. Instead, he seemed to become more interested every day.

"I didn't want you to be all tired out for tonight," he said. "That's all."

I couldn't make up my mind whether I liked it or not. At least with the other heels you knew where you stood.

"Oh, you don't have to worry," I said. "Since you moved this couch in here for me, I haven't been tired a minute."

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"That's fine," he said. "Think you can go through the line just once more?"

"Of course," I said, sitting up.

He watched me comb my hair.

"If it was an ordinary buyer, Myra," he apologized, "I wouldn't bother you."

This tenderness baloney was beginning to get me. What was he driving at, anyway?

"Don't be silly, Dave," I said. "Who's the buyer?"

"It's Bob Roberts."

Well! That was different. I shook my hair down and parted it again, more carefully.

"You mean of Liggett-Lustgarten?" I said.

"Yeah," he said. "He's leaving for Chicago tonight, and he wants to see the line once more before he goes." That was a *new* name for me. "After the big order he placed yesterday, I couldn't turn him down. Otherwise I'd never bother you, Myra."

Bother my eye. This was going to be a pleasure.

"Don't be silly, Dave," I said again, smiling at him. "I wouldn't let you down with one of your best customers, would I?"

"Good girl," he said, patting my cheek.

He started me off by calling me a lady, and now I was a good girl. Where the hell was this thing going?

"Okay, then, scram," I said, pushing him playfully. "Let's get started."

"Okay," he said, turning in the doorway to blow me a kiss. "Run it off the regular way. Sports, street wear, Sunday afternoon, and finish off with the evening gowns. Okay?"

"Right," I said, blowing the kiss back at him. He was making a regular sissy out of me.

Cantor and Roberts were the only ones in the showroom when I came out wearing the first dress.

"*That's* the number I came back to see," Roberts said, grinning.

I grinned back.

"It's one of the best in our line," Cantor said. "You'll never go wrong on *that* number, Bob."

"That's just what *I* thought," Roberts said, winking at me.

I pretended I didn't see.

"Look at the lines on it, will you?" Cantor said. He got up and stood behind me, tracing the sweep of the dress. "Just look at it."

Judging by his face, Roberts didn't need the advice.

"I'm looking, Dave," he said, "I'm looking."

With Cantor behind me I figured it was safe to risk the return wink. Roberts' face spread out like an accordion.

"You got *some* number, there, Dave," he said.

"Take my advice, Bob, and order a few more. For a number like this, you don't even need salesmen. It'll walk right out of your store by itself."

"Okay," Roberts said. "Send me another half-dozen of them."

He got more enthusiastic with each dress I modelled. When I went in to change for the evening gowns, I decided to leave off the brassiere. Not that I was worried. I knew my own strength. Roberts was poured from the same mold as Jack and Weiss and Cantor. Just a grade or two higher, that's all. I knew where I stood. But I wanted to make sure.

"How's this one?" Cantor said when I came in.

"Wonderful," Roberts said, shaking his head and kissing his fingertips toward me. "Marvelous!"

Well, I guess I could publish any day now that I wanted to. The system was perfect.

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"How about another half-dozen of these, Bob?" Cantor said.

"Send me a dozen," Roberts said.

I turned to go.

"Hey, wait a minute!" Roberts said, getting up from behind the showroom table. "Where you running?"

I looked surprised.

"Why, I'm going to change, Mr. Roberts."

"So what's the hurry? C'mere a minute. I want to tell you something." He walked over and put his arm around my waist. I guess there's something about the dress business that ruins everybody's eyes. "You know, I owe you an apology."

"For what?" I said.

"Why, for making you go through the whole line again, and all that," he said.

"Oh, Mr. Roberts, you don't have to apologize for a thing like *that*," I said. "I get paid for it."

"Well, I want to apologize," he said.

"Well, in that case," I said, laughing, "I guess I'll have to accept your apology."

"Good," he said, laughing with me, and patting my back. Funny how they all seemed to have gone to the same school. "And you know how I usually apologize to a pretty girl like you?"

"How?"

"I take her out to dinner and to the theater and show her a good time. What do you say?"

"Well, I —"

That was the only weak point in the system. It wouldn't hurt it at all if I learned how to blush prettily.

"Come on, now," he said, "you said you accept my apology."

"But I —"

So I *couldn't* blush, so what? You can't have everything.

"No buts. What do you say?"

"All right," I said.

"But Myra!" David Cantor, my boss and current boy friend, talking. "We have a —"

"Oh, gee, that's right," I said scowling and snapping my fingers. "I forgot all about it."

Sure, like Admiral Byrd forgot his fur coat.

"What's the matter now?" Roberts asked.

"Gee, I'm sorry, Mr. Roberts," I said. "But Mr. Cantor and I have a date for tonight."

Roberts turned to Cantor and leered.

"Why, Dave! You little devil, you! A confirmed bachelor like you," he said, "going out with a beautiful girl like this?" I guess he must've stood pretty high in his class. "Nothing doing, Dave," he said, shaking his finger at him. "I wouldn't dare trust you alone. I'll tell you what. We'll all go out together. The three of us." He turned back to me. "What do you say?"

"Well, I don't know," I said slowly, looking pointedly at Cantor.

"Oh, come on, Dave," Roberts said. "It's my last night in town, after a busy buying trip like this." He accented the word buying. "You wouldn't want to interfere with my having a good time, would you?"

This guy was the slickest yet.

"Of course not, Bob," Cantor said quickly, grinning like he had a toothache. "Sure. We'll all go out together and have a good time."

"It's a date," Roberts said, putting his other arm around me.

I bet I could have done it just as easy with the brassiere on.

IV

By the time we hit the night club, Cantor was so sore he wasn't even talking. But I couldn't be bothered. I was giving my undivided attention to Mr. Robert Roberts, head buyer for Liggett-Lustgarten of Chicago, Illinois.

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"You know, Dave," Roberts said when we were seated, "you don't look well at all. You really ought to go home."

"No, that's all right, Bob," he said. "I feel swell."

"Well, you don't look it," Roberts said. "What you need is a little solitude," he said with a loud laugh, and turned to me. "What do you say we dance, Myra?"

"Okay," I said, getting up.

It's wonderful how you don't even need a vocabulary with these guys.

"You know," he said as we danced, "I feel like hell having to leave tonight."

"Why?" I asked.

"Why do you think, why?" he said. "I'm just beginning to enjoy myself, that's why."

"If I liked a town as much as you seem to like this one," I said, "I'd stay a while."

"You would?"

"I most certainly would," I said, smiling up at him.

"Lady," he said, "you tempt me."

When we got back to the table Roberts said to Cantor, "You know, Dave, you know what I feel like doing?"

"What, Bob?"

"I feel like staying in town another week and taking this fascinating young lady around a bit. How's that for an idea?"

"But Bob," Cantor said quickly, "you've got to get back to Chicago!"

Roberts put on a long face.

"You're right," he said.

Cantor began to look a little better.

Suddenly Roberts smacked the table hard. "The hell with Chicago," he said. "Chicago won't run away. It'll wait another week." Now Cantor had the long face. "You wait here," Roberts said, getting up.

"Where you going?" Cantor asked.

"I'm going to put through a long distance call," he said. "I'm staying in town another week."

He walked away and left us alone.

Cantor put his arm across the table and took my hand. "Listen, Myra," he said earnestly, "I don't want you to think I'm a killjoy, or anything like that."

Well, here it comes, I thought. It was a little past due, but even late it would be a relief. I braced myself for the shock. Although I didn't really have to. I'd gotten to the point where it wasn't a shock any more.

"I like to see you have a good time and all that," he said, "but what's the matter, Myra, don't you like me any more?"

I sat up a little. What the hell was this, anyway? Wasn't he getting his lines twisted?

"Of course I like you, Dave," I said. "What ever gave you *that* idea?"

"Gee, I don't know," he said sheepishly. "I guess when a guy's in love he gets crazy ideas."

Love? Oh, my God!

"Maybe it's my own fault," he said. "I guess I should've told you long ago. But I don't know, Myra, it's kind of hard to say those things. I guess when a guy reaches my age and he hasn't used the words before, they get a little rusty."

For a few seconds, I was groggy.

"That's why I've been acting like such a mope all evening," he said. "I couldn't stand it to see you laughing and dancing with him. I kept thinking what a dope I was not to have spoken to you before. What do you say, Myra?" he said quickly, leaning forward. "What do you say we get married?"

I knew I was looking in his direction, but I swear I didn't see him. My mind was jumping around so quickly that it was all I could do to keep track of it. No wonder he hadn't come through with the

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exit speech. No wonder he'd had me guessing all these weeks. *He wanted to marry me!*

"What do you say, Myra?" he said.

All of a sudden I felt sore. Who did he think he was, anyway? What did I work myself up from heels like Jack and Weiss for? What did I work out the system for, getting it down to the point where it couldn't miss? So I should bury myself by marrying a dumb dress manufacturer and let the whole thing go to waste?

"Look, Myra," he said, putting his hand in his breast pocket and pulling out a paper. "I went down and got the marriage license today. What do you say?"

Across the dance floor I saw Roberts coming toward us, threading his way in and out among the dancers. On his face he had a grin a mile wide. One thing was sure, Chicago wouldn't be seeing *him* for at least another week.

"What do you say, Myra?" Cantor said, holding out the paper to me. "Look, here's the marriage license."

I shook myself a little to clear my head. It had been a narrow escape. But I'd made it. I wasn't worrying. I'd tested my strength, and I knew just where I stood. As long as the world was full of guys like Robert Roberts, I wasn't stopping until I reached the top. What the hell did I want with a dope like Dave Cantor?

"Forget it, Dave," I said, just as Roberts reached the table, grinning. "You can keep it," I said, pushing the marriage license away from me. "Paste it in your hat," I said.

FRUIT

BY AUDREY WURDEMANN

THIS is the song of fruit,
Whereof the skins are thin,
That, from a questing root,
Have suckled sweetness in,

That, by their alchemy
Grown drowsy-drunk with sun,
Lean, with the leaning tree,
Toward oblivion.

This thing the fruit intends,
The cherry, the plum, the pear,
Whose crystal flesh suspends
In crystal air:

Bitter about the seed
And a thinly bitter coat!
Blithely the small birds feed,
With honey in each throat.

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FAREWELL TO HARVARD?

BY WILLIAM MORRIS HOUGHTON

It is a curious coincidence, is it not, that Harvard's tercentenary should occur in the midst of a national political campaign that may determine whether the democracy, of which this university is the bright particular blossom, shall be altered out of all semblance to its traditional self? For every implication of the New Deal suggests that if it triumphs in November, a basic change in the social climate is at hand and the rich sap, material and spiritual, which has nourished Harvard will cease to flow. Then in place of the pride of our garden we shall have — well, something to remind us of the present Heidelberg. So our greetings to Harvard on her great birthday this month may be in the nature of hail and farewell.

The notion is not without its irony. At the helm of the New Deal is a Harvard graduate, a more conventionally typical product of its training than most. Associated with him are other Harvard men in sufficient number to provoke the popular complaint that the whole thing is a brain child of the Harvard system. One has here the picture of an indulgent parent breeding the architects of her own destruction. More ironical, if also pathetic, is the probability that none of these gentlemen is altogether conscious of his treachery. Each, one may assume, is still loyally grateful to his Alma Mater for the complete liberty she accorded him to develop his enthusiasm for regimentation.

As a center of scholarship, Harvard stands incontestibly at the top of our vast academic heap. No less an authority than a Yale man, Mr. Edwin R. Embree, risked his peace of mind if not his life a year ago to publish (in the *Atlantic* for June, 1935) a careful rating of American universities in the order of their scholarly eminence. "Harvard," he wrote, "is in a class by itself." I should like to emulate his courage by adding that in no other institution on this continent does one find quite the same degree of individual encouragement to pursue the truth, nowhere else so heady an atmosphere of intellectual curiosity. The result over three centuries of growth is a seat of learning comparable with any the world affords, and an irrefutable answer to the decriers of democracy. Harvard is America's Exhibit A in its case for popular rule; or, I should say, for that kind of popular rule with which this country has been identified to date.

Harvard, however, was not always the headquarters of free inquiry. A long struggle, with many a pause, is the story of her rise to that distinction. Planted as she was by the infant theocracy which became New England, and long beholden for much of her income to state grants, she naturally reflected and suffered from the various bigotries, religious and political, that governed her overlords. Indeed, her early history is its own warning of what to expect should government again acquire authority to catechize her tenets.

No doubt President Conant had this

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history in mind, as well as contemporary warnings abroad, in his revolt against the recent teachers' oath legislation. He remembered, for instance, the fate that overtook Henry Dunster, second and in some respects most important president in Harvard's brilliant list. It was Dunster who nursed the tiny infant college back to life after Nathaniel Eaton, its first master, had flogged and starved the little student body to the point of dissolution, and then had skipped owing the better part of John Harvard's legacy. For the academic year 1639-40, Harvard College was deserted, and "it was almost equivalent to a second founding", writes Professor Morison in his *Three Centuries of Harvard*, when the Overseers engaged Dunster.

> Dunster recalled to Cambridge as many of Eaton's former pupils as would take the chance of his proving a second flogger. . . . A new freshman class of four entered that fall (1640). A three-year course in the Liberal Arts, the Three Philosophies, and the Learned Tongues was instituted for the Bachelor's degree; the lectures, recitations, and the other exercises being so arranged that the President could conduct them all. And his efforts were concentrated on completing the college building that had been framed in Eaton's administration.

Unlike the English colleges on whose model Harvard was patterned, there was no sustaining endowment. Dunster had to go hat-in-hand to the Great and General Court of Massachusetts for most of his wherewithal; he had to abide, too, by the disposition of a Board of Overseers appointed by the Court and consisting of six magistrates and six ministers. However, besides reviving the college and managing somehow to scrape the wampum together to meet its quaintly frugal expenses, he got the Court in 1650 to grant the institution a charter under which the great modern university still operates. This was a triumph second only to his work of rescue. The charter, presumably drafted by him, describes the purposes of Harvard College to be "the aduancement of all good literature artes and Sciences" and the making of "all other necessary pouisions that may conduce to the education of the English and Indian Youth of this country in knowledge and godliness". When one realizes that the immediate excuse for Harvard was that of a training school for the clergy, it is evident that here, for the times, was an amazingly broad declaration of aim and one which has undoubtedly served through the centuries as a bulwark of liberal policy. Under the charter the Corporation (as we know it) of President, Treasurer, and five fellows was established; but, of course, the General Court continued to hold the purse strings, or most of them, and to control the Board of Overseers. Wherefore this board remained the dominant governing body.

Dunster, it is said, resented the constant interference of the Overseers in the affairs of the college. Perhaps this resentment was premonitory, for presently his unorthodoxy in the matter of infant baptism brought the two squarely in conflict. It must be said that the Overseers pleaded with him to stay and shut up on so explosive an issue, but his conscience counseled candor and so he was forced to resign, the first conspicuous American martyr in the cause of academic freedom.

II

The lesson of Dunster's departure was not lost on his successors. Charles Chauncy, the next choice, who also had his peculiar ideas concerning infant baptism, agreed to keep them to himself. By this tactful acquiescence, combined with his marked insistence on pious observances, he was en-

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abled to survive his championship of an almanac compiled by Zachariah Brigden (A.B., 1657) which ridiculed the Ptolemaic astronomy and recommended to New England farmers the Galilean system. In his last year of office, Harvard acquired her first telescope with which to make her own observations. Thus, though he may have stooped to conquer, conquer he did, adding his own important contribution to the advancement of the institution along the road of independence.

Chauncy, too, of course, had his troubles wheedling appropriations from the General Court which, through its creatures, the Overseers, had ever a sharp nose in the wind for heretical tendencies. But, paradoxically, their jealous supervision in this respect had a fortunate issue in the appointment of Increase Mather to the presidency (after an interim of comparative ciphers). Mather at the time was the pope of New England puritanism. His ambition for Harvard, and for himself, was to turn her into a theological seminary under the thumb of the Congregational Church. He so fancied his time and importance, however, that he accepted the post of president only on the condition that he be permitted to treat it as a part-time job. For the better part of his administration he left the management of the college to John Leverett and William Brattle, two liberal tutors, who, safe behind Mather's imposing façade and unsuspected by him, proceeded to make of it a haven of enlightenment. Their pupils seem (relatively speaking) to have worshiped these two, whose impress on the spirit that animates the place has been indelible, especially so in the case of Leverett who later became president.

In Mather's time, which lasted from 1685 to just after the turn of the century, there was much ado about the college charter. Joseph Dudley had come over from England with a royal commission as President of the Council for New England. Since his commission superseded the charter of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, he held that the charter of the college had been voided as well. Dudley was a graduate and loyal son of Harvard and hence disposed to let her governing boards carry on without legal status. But presently charter-mongering for the college became a pet diversion of the General Court, with Increase Mather in the thick of the intrigue, jockeying for a document that would crib, cabin, and confine the institution within the orbit of his beliefs. Finally the Court grew sick of the game and of Dr. Mather, too. It eased him out on a technicality, voted in Governor Dudley's brother-in-law (the Rev. Samuel Willard), and subsequently declared the old charter in force again.

This last coup in its devising is worth special comment. The Corporation, still *de facto*, had elected Leverett to succeed Willard, who died in 1707. Notwithstanding its lack of legal authority, it had had the temerity to choose a layman and a liberal for an office always filled before by an orthodox puritan parson. The Mathers (Cotton, the son, was now a power in the colony) voiced the sense of outrage in the conservative breast. But the Harvard virus was working in high places, in Dudley who was a friend of Leverett's, in influential members of the Court, also Harvard men, and in many ministers who had been Leverett's pupils. Dudley agreed to waive his royal prerogative respecting the charter if the Legislature would reinstate it and at the same time grant Leverett a proper salary. This was done. Dudley was an exceedingly unpopular satrap, but give him his due — he was good to his mater.

Handsome as the victory was, it turned

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too obviously on official favor. Professor Morison devotes a chapter to "The Great Leverett." Harvard thrived under his comparatively long reign of liberalism though he was "in almost continual hot water". He lost Dudley's favor when the Corporation refused to appoint the Royal Governor's son treasurer of the college. As this was about to prove his undoing, Dudley fortunately was recalled and Leverett was able to fend off the gathering offensive of the unco guid through the favor of the succeeding governor, who also stood between him and Cotton Mather's influential hatred. He had rows with his tutors, who appealed over his head to the Board of Overseers, who petitioned the General Court, whose hostile resolutions were adroitly quashed by the Governor. Thus did politics rule academic policy.

III

And so it continued to do with diminishing insistence for close to a century and a half. An important measure of emancipation came shortly after the Revolution when the accumulation of gifts and bequests and their shrewd investment in the securities of the new Republic, which Alexander Hamilton made good, rendered the college virtually self-supporting. In the meantime it is instructive to dwell on the years of John Hancock's incumbency as treasurer.

Hancock was appointed in the autumn of 1773, when the tide of revolutionary hysteria was already lapping at the ancient foundations. Professor Morison says that "politics, and a desire to secure for the College a part of the fortune of which John was being rapidly relieved by his political friends, doubtless account for this appointment". It should be said also that he had been a generous and affectionate son. "He had given sundry books and subscribed 500 pounds sterling toward the restoration of the Library, carpeted the second floor of Harvard Hall and richly papered the Philosophy Chamber, and presented 'a curious Coralline on its natural bed' to the new Museum."

But he treated his post of treasurer as a minor trophy in his hunt for public honors. Months of absence went by and the Corporation humbly petitioned him for an accounting. He ignored their communication. After repeated requests he replied in April, 1775, that he seriously resented their importunity, virtually daring them to replace him. "If the Gentlemen Chuse to make a public Choice of a Gentleman to the Displacing Him, they will please to Act their pleasure." They didn't take the dare and so the farce proceeded.

A year later, in answer to another supplication, Hancock, who was in Philadelphia, wrote that he had dispatched a messenger to fetch him all his account books and papers. Since much of the intervening territory was in the enemy's possession, consternation seized the Corporation and President Langdon replied, "hinting" that they would welcome his resignation.

But it developed that "Mr. Hancock neither took the hint nor made an accounting."

The problem was turned over to the Board of Overseers, who sent a tutor after John to bring back the records. This emissary caught up with the great man in Baltimore, transient seat of the Continental Congress, and managed to return with the documents and a letter from Hancock censuring the Overseers for their "severe and unmerited censure" of him. But Hancock never settled his accounts with the college, which screwed up its

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courage to fire him as treasurer (in 1777), but not to sue him. For he became Governor of the Commonwealth and a person to be flattered rather than annoyed. Finally, after his death, his heirs, more conscious of the obligation, paid off the debt on the instalment plan.

This episode, though not the most damaging, since it involved merely fiscal matters, was certainly the most humiliating in the college's history of servility to the politician. On the other hand, it led to the appointment of a well-named treasurer — Ebenezer Storer — who in his limited sphere out-Hamiltoned Hamilton, and to the election to the Corporation of the very substantial Judge Lowell of Boston. Between them these two established the college on its own financial feet. No longer, to be specific, was it necessary that the State of Massachusetts pay the president's salary.

But though financial independence was achieved, state and church still held a grip on academic policy through the Board of Overseers, and made it felt during all the controversies that divided Federalists from Republicans, and Congregationalists from Unitarians. The liberals triumphed in the end on both fronts, but at the expense of feuds and bitter campaigns in which the press and people took part. An example was the scramble for the presidency and for the Hollis Chair of Divinity when President Joseph Willard died in 1804. The Corporation chose Eliphalet Pearson, Hancock Professor of Hebrew, as acting president. The Unitarian drift was on. Pearson was a Calvinist. He wanted the presidency; he also wanted to name the professor for the vacant divinity chair lest a Unitarian be chosen. According to a junior fellow, the spiritual electioneering for both posts was alive with "as much intrigue . . . as was ever practiced in the Vatican."

Pearson lost out, and strangely enough, for the Overseers at the time consisted of the Governor, the Lieutenant Governor, Council and Senate of the Commonwealth, and the ministers of the Congregational churches in Cambridge, Watertown, Charlestown, Boston, Roxbury, and Dorchester — sixty-five heavy dignitaries in all. They confirmed a Unitarian in the professorship and another — the Rev. Samuel Webber — in the presidency, and "Elephant" Pearson, as the students were pleased to call him, shook the dust of the depraved institution from his feet. He founded the Andover Theological Seminary just to show 'em.

In 1851 the Legislature kindly removed the clerical section from the Board of Overseers and cut out the Council and Senate, retaining only as *ex officio* members the Governor, Lieutenant Governor, President of the Senate, Speaker of the House, Secretary of the Board of Education, and the President and Treasurer of the university. The House and Senate, however, were charged with the duty of electing a majority of the Board, consisting of thirty members. So it was not until the close of the Civil War, and the wave of public gratitude engendered by the service of Harvard men therein, that the umbilical cord was finally severed. The act of April 28, 1865, abolished the *ex officio* members of the Board, except the President and Treasurer of the university, and gave the election of the rest into the hands of the alumni. The age-long vassalage to government was over.

IV

The foregoing is, of course, the merest sketch of Harvard's climb to freedom from church and state, but it makes one wonder whether, but for the separation, Charles William Eliot, a professor of

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chemistry, would have been chosen president of Harvard four years later; whether, had he been elected, he could have carried through those revolutionary reforms which lifted Harvard out of the freshwater into the Olympian class. Harvard, since Eliot took hold, has become increasingly famous for her ability to persuade her students to practice the Emersonian doctrine of self-reliance, while stimulating them to the full expression of their individual talents. There is no such thing as a Harvard mold. Eliot broke it, and hence pouring from her gates into the channels of society come young men of every shade of opinion, whose predilections are as diverse as those of Jack Reed and "Ham" Fish, of Walter Lippmann and Heywood Broun, of Bronson Cutting and "Putsy" Hanfstaengl — all contemporaries. Could a flow so rich and varied have been developed under the old partnership?

This question is worth pondering. One imagines that President Conant would answer it in the negative. And for that reason one can understand the better his stout resistance to the teachers' oath legislation; one can understand why almost alone among our colleges and universities, Harvard has repulsed the blandishments of the National Youth Administration; why, in other words, she and most of her sister institutions look with unmistakable apprehension on the advancement of a political regime whose economic regimentation must eventually issue in a supervision of thought.

I am not unmindful of the objection that will be raised to my thesis — namely, that when it comes to scholarly eminence, some of our great state universities rank among the first ten in the land. Mr. Embree places California among the first five (his rating is Harvard, Chicago, Columbia, California, and Yale). But if, as he says, there is much exaggerated nonsense about legislative interference with the tax-supported institution, the reason to me seems plain. It is that our endowed universities, with Harvard at their head, have achieved a standard and set a style which the politician, unless he be a Huey Long, is forced to respect even where he has a finger in the pie. "The older state universities," to quote Mr. Embree, "have won a real integrity, and the swift punishment by public opinion that recently struck the astonished heads of interfering politicians has pretty well taught self-seeking officials that they had better leave the educational institutions alone and concentrate upon easier and more accustomed spoils." But how would public opinion have known how to respond to the threat had it not had before it the ideal as embodied in the thing that Harvard exemplifies? In other words, let the politician tame Harvard and he has little to fear from the resistance of the rest of the educational system.

The catastrophe may not be so remote. Harvard has to face now not the government and church of Massachusetts, from whose clutches she managed to extricate herself after nearly two centuries and a half of struggle: a far mightier and more cunning opponent confronts her and one armored in innocence. The New Deal has no conscious designs on Harvard or academic freedom. Is it not captained by a Harvard product, guided by Harvard minds? But suppose, for example, the New Deal's policy of taxation to meet its self-propagating expenditures is carried to its logical extreme: how long could a university which depends for its growth on the growth of its endowment and, therefore, on the gifts and bequests of the

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wealthy, continue to grow? How long, with the ever-increasing demands upon it (assuming that it tries to meet them, as it should), could it remain self-supporting? How soon before it must accept assistance proffered from Washington on whatever conditions the gentlemen in authority there see fit to impose?

Not at all fanciful is the menace under which our oldest university this month beckons to her sons and admirers to celebrate her tercentenary.

SONG

BY MARYA ZATURENSKA

OH LIKE a young tree rooted near the water,
Foreseeing the fresh seasons year by year,
So let me stand.

Like the suave moss grown thick on water's edge
Warm under the tree's root, cooled by the curled wave,
Let me endure.

Surprising dewy-bright as the wild strawberry
In leaves that form a basket green and fine,
As ruddy and gay.

Or the wild rose that springs up new and sweet
Bride of the summer, child of summer rains,
So fair-adorned.

The learned heart, the eyes, whose steady look
Can face the dark, the still serenity
Of lake-drowned stars.

Let me ensnare for a leaf's span, for a flower's season
Joy's rosy, transient wing, skied in the summer light
Warm and unshadowed.

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THE CASE FOR ECONOMIC NATIONALISM

BY J. A. LIVINGSTON

PROSPERITY is just across the water. That is as good a way as any to sum up the dogged dedication of American statesmen to a tried and true error — if an error can be true. Certainly, it has been tried. Foreign trade at all costs has been a fetish since the days when the thirteen Colonies wrenched themselves from the economic paternalism of King George III. And it still is. Today, both Secretary of State Hull and Secretary of Agriculture Wallace are busy tracking threadbare the old pattern of internationalism, in a sadly misguided effort to find economic stability for the United States via the foreign market.

The devout Mr. Hull, ordinarily a placid Tennesseean, becomes fervent to the point of inaccuracy on the subject. To him, our trade policy has made it impossible for the United States to sell abroad "our vast surplus-producing capacity of twenty to thirty billion dollars". Coming from the man who is only twice removed from the Presidency, that is a statement we ought to be able to accept as gospel; but the statement is, to put it mildly, an exaggeration. For at no time have American exports approached twenty billions. In 1929, the total shipments abroad amounted to only five and a fraction billions; in fact, in that boom year, the entire world succeeded in exporting only thirty-three billions of surplus products. Mr. Hull, with the magnificent vision of the true New Dealer, would have our exports balloon five- or ten-fold. But it can't be done — not even in the More Abundant Life.

The doughty Mr. Wallace is not so obsessed with arithmetic. Rather, with him, it is the principle of the thing, and he states it very nicely: "We must import more to export more." All of which sounds reasonable and is in keeping with what might be termed the Traditional American System (if it were not so un-American in its results). It is easy to say "import more". The next problem is what to import. The farmer, justifiably, will object to competing crops. The manufacturer will object to finished products. Workingmen will object to foreign labor in the form of goods. And there you have the problem — entirely surrounded by valid objections.

But all objections are overruled by the irresistible seduction of the foreign market. There it lies, over the borders and across the seas: some 50,000,000,000 square miles of foreign land and nearly 2,000,000,000 foreign inhabitants. It is Infinity, compared to the Republic's 3,000,000,000 square miles and 130,000,000 population. And our politicos have proceeded to focus American economic policy on that infinity. The effect has been to embroil this country in foreign crises, large and small: let a war befall, and American trade entanglements are an ineluctable bait — to go in. American internal economy seesaws with world developments: when the *Creditanstalt* of the Rothschilds collapsed in Austria, do-

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mestic business felt the shock and President Hoover shortly thereafter declared the war debt moratorium; when Great Britain went off the gold standard in September, 1931, the New York Stock Exchange made the unprecedented request that speculators refrain from short selling; when Ivan Kreuger shot himself, thousands of American investors went broke. Yet, rather than forego the deceptive values to be found in widespread internationalism, American businessmen and farmers yearn for them. Not because they have reasoned on which side of the water their bread is buttered, but because it is part of the American educational heritage.

The nation's schools and colleges are devoted just as doggedly as Mr. Hull and Mr. Wallace to the economic evangelism of Adam Smith. For Mr. Hull there is the excuse of his Southern background. Cotton must reach foreign markets. But Mr. Wallace, with the entire farm situation as his purview, must know that agriculturally speaking this country has an "unfavorable balance of trade". In the last ten years, foreign farmers dumped $2,500,000,000 more crops and forest products on this market than American farmers were able to sell abroad. Which certainly would indicate that by (1) protecting the farmer against competitive foreign exploitation and (2) shifting production to crops which now are imported, American agriculture would be enriched by at least $250,000,000 a year. And that increased income would be derived from domestic consumption, rather than uncertain sales in foreign markets.

But because Americans have been brought up that way, they will probably go on producing huge surpluses for the foreign market, while other nations are digging deeper and deeper into their own domestic resources for greater economic stability. Nationalism, as an asylum from international crises, is the order of the day. Great Britain has turned to protection. France has trade quotas and tariffs. Germany is striving for self-sufficiency. Even if internationalism most suited American economic interest, which emphatically it does not, it would be futile to buck the trend. Though the hopeful Mr. Hull continues to make reciprocal trade agreements with other nations, it will not offset the tendency of foreign trade to decline. As long as countries pursue the self-interested course of producing whatever is possible at home, transactions are bound to be *minima*, rather than *maxima*.

It simmers down to this. Nations are beginning to look upon foreign trade as a means of obtaining what they lack in exchange for that which they have in excess. The United States buys coffee from Brazil because we do not produce it here: and Brazil buys machinery from the United States. It is inter-nation trade — not international trade — and it amounts to barter. What is one nation's surplus may be another nation's deficit; if so, they swap. George N. Peek, former adviser to President Roosevelt on foreign trade, summarized it pithily: "The way to trade is to trade." There must be a definite want for one country to buy from another country. Trade for trade's sake doesn't go any more. Even if this country has not, the world has profited from the American experience of building up a huge volume of transactions in international trade with only statistical grandeur to show for it. In the thirty-eight years from 1896 through 1933, according to Mr. Peek's figures, this country sent abroad billions of dollars' worth of goods and services. When it was all over, these doubtful assets remained on the ledger: (1) a depression; (2) the jealous distrust of other nations; (3) ten bil-

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lion dollars in defaulted war debts; (4) six billions in foreign bonds sold to American investors, half of which are in default. To the extent that those promissory notes are unpaid, American labor and American commodities have been shipped to the other side for nothing. Possibly that is what is meant by *free trade.*

Yet, after being played for suckers to the tune of thirteen billion dollars more or less, as soon as the Depression came and international trade declined (along with everything else), American businessmen, farmers, and economists blamed the slump in exports. It is a pet belief that foreign trade represents the margin between profit and loss for American economy as a whole: if we could not sell goods abroad, we would lose money. That was the theory; and it is based on the Quixotic estimate that exports amount to ten per cent of our production of movable goods. (Which omits roads, bridges, buildings, and the myriad services that enter our daily economic life.) Include everything, and international dealings might score up to three per cent. But fact has never interfered with the ten-per-cent fanaticism.

Once in the grip of the Depression, the nation redoubled its efforts to regain foreign markets. But exports still declined steadily to less than half the 1929 total. So that now we might as well face the fact that the foreign market, so far as the United States is concerned, is (1) irrecoverable and (2) if it were recoverable, would be unworthy of the effort. America is better off tending to its own knitting at home. At least, economic nationalism will acquaint Americans with the plus and minus signs of this economic habitat. As Simon Nelson Patten pointed out many years ago, "Nationalism tends to adjust the people of a nation more closely to their own environment and thus develops all its natural resources" — a perfect prescription for current American economic problems.

II

Until today, unfortunately, this country has had neither the time nor the inclination to explore its own environment — its mining, agricultural, forest, and commercial resources. Like Topsy, the United States just grew. There was little necessity for conservation. Always, there were more mines, more land, more locations for factories. Until the frontiers receded to their final boundaries, at the Pacific, at Canada, and at Mexico, everything fitted perfectly into the pattern of improvident expansion. In the hurly-burly of it all, America changed from an agricultural nation to a manufacturing and commercial nation — and, along toward maturity in 1929, suffered intense growing pains.

It was but natural that through this development from infancy to middle age, the exploiters of resources should embrace the theory that suited the texture of the country and their own pioneering spirit. The theory they embraced was economic anarchy — every man for himself: the textbooks call it *laissez faire.* Adam Smith was its father, and his philosophy was a simple one: Men are dominated by self-interest, and personal fortune transcends loyalty to the State; consequently individuals will endeavor whenever and wherever possible to buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest, in that way to derive the greatest personal gain; and inasmuch as the State is made up of individuals, it follows that if the individuals, guided by their economic selfishness, do what is best for themselves, they will be doing what is best for the State.

That individual action is often opposed to national interest, however, is fairly ob-

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vious. Instances abound and need no recitation here. For the real clash of the national interest with the personal profit interest is yet to come. It is in the expanding sphere of corporate imperialism. For many years now, American industry has been establishing branch factories abroad. The reason is not hard to find. After the World War, the American industrial machine was geared to foreign demand. When that demand declined, it was necessary to find some other means of puffing up business. Two factors were involved: (1) European countries raised tariff barriers and established trade quotas against imports; (2) because of a higher standard of living, and consequently higher labor costs, it was impossible for American manufacturers to compete with foreign manufacturers.

And so, to hurdle the trade barriers and the wage differential, American companies exported capital abroad. At the end of 1933, American investments in foreign branch factories totaled $7,700,000,000. That sum is three times the entire investment in the domestic automobile and truck manufacturing industry. Had that capital been used at home, it would have created from 750,000 to 1,000,000 jobs. Clearly, when the American businessman sends money abroad to erect a plant, he is motivated by economic self-interest. He expects to realize a higher return on his capital than he could get in the domestic market. Yet the exportation of that capital is a definite loss to the national economy — particularly when there is unemployment at home.

Right there, in the labor question, is the core of the foreign trade problem. For some countries, internationalism may function satisfactorily. For the United States, it is impossible — simply because the American standard of living is so much higher than the standard of living of other countries. Higher wages support this higher standard of living: steel-mill rollers in this country get $1.50 an hour, while in Great Britain the rate is sixty-six cents; domestic cotton spinners receive twenty-seven cents an hour, Japanese cotton spinners are content with two and one-half cents; metallurgical and machine workers in the United States receive 50.2 cents an hour, nearly twice as much as similar craftsmen in France. And so on throughout the industries.

There was a time, of course, when our industrial machine was so much further advanced than that of any other nation that we could grant foreign competitors an advantage in labor costs and still undersell in the world market. But, thanks to huge American loans to other countries to help them buy American machinery after the war, foreign factories caught up. Czechoslovakian shoes made on American machines now undersell American footwear. Why? Because the Czech standard of living (and wages) is lower. German toys, because of low-cost labor, vie with American toys, regardless of the price of the ocean trip. Brazilian cotton, despite more favorable growing conditions in the Southern States, can displace American cotton in world markets because of cheaper land and cheaper labor. Japan, all along the line — particularly in textiles — is running the higher standard of living nations ragged. Why? Because Japanese labor is cheap and because Japanese labor now uses the same machinery with the same skill as nations whose industries are older, but no more competent.

In the face of these labor odds, it is understandable why American money established motor, typewriter, plumbing, and other factories abroad. It was an hegira from domestic labor to cheap foreign labor. But the ramifications of these extra-territorial subsidiaries are dangerous — politi-

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cally and economically. These plants are subject to the laws of a foreign government. They can be taxed out of existence. They can be evicted. Or, as has been threatened in the case of the General Motors and Ford plants in Japan, the American companies may be asked to surrender their investments to native interests, because the Japanese regard the automobile as important in national defense and control of its production in foreign hands a potential menace in time of war. Eventually, the American manufacturer will discover his ventures on foreign soil a source of headache, because of the increasing restrictions on the exportation of capital out of foreign countries. After all, the purpose of establishing a plant abroad is to collect dividends. If the dividends are not collectible — as in Germany, where exchange restrictions are unduly severe — the foreign plant will become a brick and mortar monument to America's Pyrrhic conquest.

The American plant abroad, indicating so plainly that the foreign trade jig is up, is the final ironical commentary on the internationalistic leanings of Messiahs Hull and Wallace. Foreign workmen have not remained industrial *moujiks*. Today, workmen in other countries produce on the same machines merchandise of the same quality and at the same speed as our factory hands. The Ford Company of England proves the point. An analysis was made of man-hour production in all Ford of England factories throughout the world. The results showed that workers, regardless of nationality, produced alike as to quality and quantity. Yet the pay varies in all the factories in direct ratio to the standards of living in the respective countries. The inference is clear. Only by reducing wages and the general standard of living can the United States succeed in selling its products in the cheapest labor market of the world — for that is what the international market is today. The alternative is to shift the base of American economic policy to nationalism.

III

Economic nationalism is no newly minted theory. Traces of it are to be found in the writings of Aristotle. But Adam Smith's doctrine of economic internationalism so spread-eagled the English-speaking world that protestations of the nationalists against what they termed the "cosmopolitan" or "idealistic" school went unheard — except in central Europe. *Laissez faire* became not a matter of understanding, but of blind faith. Or, according to the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, "free trade had become by the end of the nineteenth century in the main an old habit, for which the ordinary English manufacturer could give no very reasonable explanation. . . ."

The first nationalist to propose a concrete system was Andrew Yarranton, an Englishman, who preceded Adam Smith by a century and whose name is not to be found in economic textbooks. Yarranton's proposals for the development of seventeenth-century England might be lifted right out of their 250-year-old phraseology and would, with only minor alterations, provide the foundation for Great Britain's current economic program. As a basis for *England's Improvement by Sea and Land* — the title of his book — Yarranton asserted that Britain should draw upon British raw materials, process them with British labor, transport the final products in British ships. In that way, he contended, Britain "could beat the Dutch". And in that way, through her "Empire policy", modern Britain hopes to do better than just muddle through. Though Yarranton formulated a practical program for Eng-

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land's industrial advancement, it remained for an Austrian lawyer, Philipp Wilhelm von Hornick (1638-1712), to propound the early theoretical principles of nationalism. Von Hornick summarized nationalist economics concisely and sharply:

> Except for important considerations, no importation should be allowed under any circumstances, of commodities of which there is a sufficient supply of suitable quality at home; and in this matter neither sympathy nor compassion should be shown foreigners, be they friends, kinsfolk, allies, or enemies. For all friendship ceases when it involves a person's or a nation's weakness and ruin. And this holds good, even if domestic commodities are of poorer quality, or even higher priced. For it would be better to pay for an article two dollars which remain in the country than only one which goes out, however strange this may seem to the ill-informed.

A century later, Smith revamped all economic concepts with his notion of individual selfishness. Not 'until after Friedrich List, a German, published in 1844 the *National System of Political Economy*, which attained political fruition in the *Zollverein* under Bismarck, was there a serious breach in the universal worship of *laissez faire*. List attacked the principle of free trade with typical German punch. He made the point, now thoroughly accepted even by the free trade school, that foreign trade is simply an exchange of the labor of one nation for the labor of another nation. That being the case, he postulated, the determining factor in cost of production and the price at which goods can be sold is labor, and therefore a country with a high wage will be unable to compete with a low-wage country in the international market. Thereby Herr List arrived at this fundamental principle: Free trade is an idealism not to be engaged in until the people with whom you trade have the same living standards (wage scales) as your own; otherwise they will tear you down to their level.

And that, precisely, is what is happening to the United States today. By pivoting our foreign policy on an axis of internationalism, President Roosevelt, Secretary Wallace, *et al.*, are jeopardizing American living standards by placing this country's high paid labor in direct competition with the lower paid labor of the rest of the world. It is, in short, economic insanity.

IV

Although the United States officially continues to endanger its economic independence by homage to internationalism, there have been hopeful divagations. In July, 1933, President Roosevelt, in a flash of understanding, fired a message from a sailing yacht off Campobello Isle to the London Economic Conference, telling the delegates there, in effect, to go fly a kite: the United States was determined to put its house in order and not go rummaging around with currency stabilization and the vague promise of better things in the international market. But then the President shifted to the other side and sustained Mr. Hull in the dispute with Mr. Peek over this country's traditional trade policy. Secretary Wallace has a different method. He has managed to be loyal to internationalism by saying one thing and doing another. In all his economic pronouncements, and particularly that persuasive booklet, *America Must Choose*, the Secretary of Agriculture has clung religiously to the thesis that this country "must import more to export more" in order to solve the farm problem. But, instead of turning to the export market to sell American crops, the AAA paid bounties to farmers to reduce production. Thus Mr. Wallace preached internationalism and buried the crops he could not

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hope to export. Indeed, even Secretary Hull seems sometimes to nod in the faith that a stork brings foreign trade.

The State Department's persistence in its reciprocal trade treaty program is a tacit admission that Mr. Hull's economic orthodoxy has its bad moments. Otherwise, he would regard the international market as free, open, and aboveboard and would not try to bargain for America's share in it. His method of bargaining, hamstrung by the most-favored-nation policy, is what brought about his tiff with Mr. Peek and the latter's withdrawal from the Administration.

Mr. Peek protested that the most-favored-nation policy was antique; that it had no validity in modern international intercourse. For this reason: when America in a reciprocal agreement makes a tariff concession to Belgium, say, on steel ingots, all most-favored nations are let in on that reduction. Though the tariff is sliced ostensibly for Belgium's benefit, at the same time the doors are opened wider to British, French, Italian, and other foreign steel-makers. Thus, the advantages of a reciprocal trade deal are never specific enough to assure this country a satisfactory or permanent export market for its surpluses; nor are they sufficiently binding on other nations to assure adequate supplies of commodities which the United States lacks. Therefore, Mr. Peek urged a series of exclusive trade agreements which would guarantee this country an export market for certain surplus products in exchange for certain deficit products. It would be similar to the barter agreement made with Brazil, whereby the United States took Brazilian coffee and Brazil accepted American wheat. Under the Peek plan this country would arrange to ship excess cotton and tobacco to specific foreign countries in a deal (either bilateral or polyangular) for coffee, rubber, tin, silk, sugar, and miscellaneous other products of which we do not have a copious supply at home. In that way, the United States would be able to clinch a foreign market for cotton and tobacco, on which the solvency of the South depends.

But if it should prove impossible to make realistic agreements to export these crops, then it will become necessary to take other steps to protect the South. Substitute crops will have to be found. Sugar is an immediate possibility; three-quarters of domestic requirements are now imported, yet all could easily be raised here. Another is Southern slash pine, a quick-growing tree, similar to Northern spruce and suitable for kraft paper, newsprint, wood pulp, and cellulose products. About $100,000,000 worth of wood and wood pulp products are now imported annually from Canada. Through a policy of protection, this country could foster the development of a basic industry in the South, which would broaden that region's economy and provide employment for domestic labor.

To the internationalist, focusing on infinity, a policy either (1) to clinch foreign markets by barter or (2) to raise substitute crops is heresy. The objection would be that consumers would have to pay more for sugar, or other crops we now import. But that is just where the internationalist misses a point. True, it may cost domestic consumers somewhat more, but that additional cost will go into the employment of domestic labor. People will be taken off the dole and that, in turn, will mean a reduction in taxes. So, out of one domestic pocket it goes into another. Unemployment is reduced and the internal economy gains.

What the internationalist refuses to see is that the United States is hemmed in by inevitability. Its export trade is doomed

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to attenuation. America cannot maintain both foreign trade and a high standard of living. Great Britain will bear witness. A generation ago she was still a free trade nation and the world's dominant industrial and commercial power. But year by year her economic strength was sapped by nations with a lower standard of living — Germany, the United States, and now Japan.

Today, this country is where Great Britain was thirty years ago. Every other nation is tearing us down, trying to lift its own standard of living at the expense of the American. That is why it is imperative to reframe the present economic policy, as Britain has done belatedly. There is but one escape from the dilemma of a high standard of living and the foreign market: a bold program to protect the home market by tariffs or embargoes from the onslaught of other countries — in short, economic nationalism. Such a program will not guarantee peace, stability, or prosperity, but at least it will hold forth a promise of them. And if it seems iconoclastic, this economic philosophy, recall that Aristotle wrote about it; that Bismarck laid the foundation of Germany's industrial greatness with it; and that England has been forced to it. And then consider what this country stands to gain from it: protection of a high standard of living, freedom from foreign financial entanglements, and a chance to resolve peacefully the American economic destiny.

CHIPMUNK

BY LEIGH HANES

THE chipmunk thinks I am a tree,
And for the moment we'll agree,
Having come to slake our thirst
At the same spring, and he the first —
Having come to lap and cup
Meeting our faces coming up.

The sunlight blurs the fading line
That separates the two of us.
The spring is his as well as mine,
And things are now more credulous.

And since he was the first to come,
And trees seem friendlier when dumb,
I'll let him be the first to drink,
And then I'll kneel beside the brink
And cup my hand and dip the flow
And rise, and look around, and go.

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THE SWEETHEART OF THE REGIMENTERS

Dr. Tugwell Makes America Over

BY BLAIR BOLLES

In the carefree days of his youth, Rexford Guy Tugwell, B.S., M.A., Ph.D., fruit farmer, economics professor, Undersecretary of Agriculture, Resettlement Administrator, and Bayard of the New Deal, was an earnest poet. More to the point, he published. And what he published in those rose-colored days cast certain flares of poetic prevision around Rexford, the embryonic Brain Truster. For by the time he had attained sophomore status at the University of Pennsylvania, the future Disentrencher of Greed was already singing, in a more or less Whitmanesque manner, the song of himself. His talent reached its fullest flower in *The Dreamer*—an open-throated, free-verse threnody describing the Superior Individual's moral obligations to the material world as Tugwell, '15, saw them. It surges with the fevered passion of a bard's Utopia; it breathes the supercilious protest of the romantic against the established order; and, save for the fact that it does not possess the catchy lilt of a campaign song, it might be the voting hymn for Rexford's colleagues, *circa* 1936, as they go forth to ballot with the loathsome economic royalists. Perhaps to the Dreamer's present annoyance, the words are imperishable:

I am strong,
I am big and well-made,
I am muscled, lean and nervous.
I am sick of a Nation's stenches,
I am sick of propertied Czars;
I have dreamed my great dream of their passing.
I have gathered my tools and my charts;
My plans are fashioned and practical:
I shall roll up my sleeves—make America over!

In these adolescent lines, the future historian may locate the genesis of that portion of the New Deal which has, to date, rained a gentle cloudburst of treasury checks over the fulsome acres of agricultural America. For indubitably there is still about the Tugwell appearance, with its brooding eyes and molded features enframed by wavy hair, the hallmark of a sophomoric poet's wistful handsomeness. And in the curt and sometimes contemptuous manner of Dr. Roosevelt's Resettlement Administrator, there is evidence of the dormitory aesthete's scorn for homely ideas, for plain people, for politicians whose views are based, so to speak, not upon poetry but upon votes and pocketbooks. Something deep in the Dreamer's psyche drives him forward in the prodigious vision of enticing men to arrange themselves in fancy formations and to jump through hoops of metrical trickiness in a statesman's version of *The Divine Comedy*, which he happens, for the aesthetic moment, to be writing with robots rather than with English verbiage.

Yet, probably because the rhythmic temperament is an unknown factor to most

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judges of American political flesh, the man who planned the New Deal's framework of cantos and still runs two gigantic stanzas of it from a sunny room on the second floor of the Department of Agriculture, remains a good deal of an enigma even to his enemies. Few of them realize the heights to which a dreamer's arrogance can rise in a mind conscious of intellectual superiority, when that consciousness is perpetually enflamed by a romantic imagination. Rexford himself evidently senses the difficulty his fellow-countrymen experience in taking the measure of such an exotic. "I've given up hope", he remarked *in camera* not long ago, "that people who don't know me or anything about me will ever stop talking all-knowingly about me."

Washington, at any rate, knows enough about the sophomoric arrogance to realize that it often achieves a virtually epic quality. When the Dreamer wants to be tactless, the job is done with a cold finish suggesting deliberate finesse rather than a harried poet's impatience. He makes, for instance, a sort of avocation out of being unpleasant to the worldly members of Congress. He is scornful to uncultured businessmen, haughty to practical politicians, cold to petitioning citizens. Tales of the Wildean quality of his disdain are countless. One concerns a group of farmers, those horny-handed hinds for whom Rexford bleeds in print and debate, who left his office muttering to themselves, after traveling from afar to seek an answer to their questions. While the Undersecretary sat, the pilgrims, on foot, stated their problem. Their story was an old one to the Dreamer. It bored him. His visitors asked advice. He made no reply. The leader of the bucolics repeated:

"What are you going to do, sir?"

Rexford never spoke. Aloof he sat upon Pegasus. Hurt and nonplussed, the farmers departed.

Before the tribunal of senators who in June of 1934 met to decide whether the Dreamer's love of the Russian experiment was great enough to render him unfit for the new and exalted post of Undersecretary of Agriculture (he was then but Assistant Secretary), he flaunted his scorn as a kind of exercise in aesthetic exhibitionism. With superior grace the Professor received the anxious questioning of the legislators. He answered in tones so low that the throng of circus-goers who packed the room where once the mighty Morgan held a midget, could not catch his replies. A senator asked him to speak out. "I think," said Rexford, "it is more important you should hear me than they."

But other elements besides idealistic scorn for human imperfections have contributed to the grand-ducal manner which is the trade mark of the Tugwell personality in Washington. After all, the Sweetheart of the Regimenters was seventeen years a pedagogue. During his mature life he has been able always to answer in writing, either in rhyme or prose, the besetting problems of the economics of living. Because few of his gilded words were swallowed before 1933, he developed an intellectual superiority he now finds it difficult to shake off. Disputants of his economic beliefs he holds immature and anti-social. This makes it natural, as well as pleasant, for him to treat men in Washington who doubt his romantic nostrums as cavalierly as he treated all but his most brilliant students at Columbia. He is harsh with the supporters of existing American society because, having rolled up his sleeves, he is now engaged in his personally conducted expert task of remolding it. Of earthy businessmen, the arch-fiends of his private cosmogony, he once declared:

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> A set of irresponsible and certainly self-interested people half-manage and half-neglect affairs of whose consequences they have no adequate conception, but from which they have no hesitation in draining the last penny of profit.

But he knew how to take care of these enemies, because he appreciated that "fundamental changes of attitude, new discipline, revised legal structures, and unaccustomed limitations on activity" would all be necessary in the More Abundant Life. They were to be brought about by Planning. And he had no doubts as to the results of Planning:

> This amounts, in fact, to the abandonment, finally, of *laissez-faire*. It amounts, practically, to the abolition of "business".

II

Until three years ago, the Dreamer was never in a position where it paid to be polite to people who held no interest for him. He grew up carefree and alone in the hills of Chautauqua County, New York, a country boy, born on a dairy farm near Sinclairsville in 1891. His agrarian father never understood, it seems, the son who was detached, living, as it were, on a finer plane of civilization, even while plowing a hayfield. To the father, the land meant a living; but for Rexford the brooks and woods and the passage of the seasons represented a source of aesthetic dream-life so important in the development of the Tugwell psyche. For these things he would always long with a Hardyesque intensity. However much or little of this Tugwell *père* understood, he must have realized that it was no way for a successful dirt farmer to look at a manure pile.

Even the teachers at the Buffalo high school which Rexford entered at sixteen, seem to have felt toward him a good deal as 531 members of Congress do now. For Rexford's instructors manifestly bored him, and to the dismay of the principal he made no effort to hide it. He was already stirred, as some of his early theme papers show, by a poetic longing to do something good for humanity; but he revealed little interest in the about-to-be-succored race's individual representatives. Already, in fact, he preferred to cultivate himself as *littérateur* rather than as high school socialite.

During his last year at high school, Rex played at reporting for the Buffalo *Courier*. It was an experience to mention casually in 1911 when he reached the University of Pennsylvania to enter the Wharton School of Finance. His classmates were impressed, and made him managing editor of the college paper. Otherwise, he reacted calmly to the strange world of Philadelphia. He remained a man apart; he had few intimates. But there was a certain captivation about his detached suavity, his seriousness, and his literary erudition which attracted the lesser students. He became a brother in Delta Upsilon. The students even went so far as to name him a member of the prom committee. He was a big man on the campus — then, as now, sensitive, chill to his inferiors, whether they admired or hated him.

At the same time, his poetics were flowering, but so was his interest in redirecting civilization. In the very year he organized a college dance, he wrote the poem which ends on the note of "make America over". Obviously, the Tugwell message of idealism was getting ripe for development.

Meanwhile, three men, all of whom he met at Pennsylvania, were putting themselves to work heading the young bard out of sophomorism into the serious business of becoming a Guider of Humanity. Scott Nearing told him his future lay in econom-

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ics. Simon Patten convinced him he was wasting his time on frivolous collegiate activities. Dr. Clyde King aroused him to his first specific enthusiasm — a campaign to make milk a public utility. For a while he turned with zeal to this preliminary exercise in rhythmic regimentation. But curbing the profits of prewar milk individualists was difficult. He left the milk traffic to shift for itself and began his doctorate thesis — *The Economic Basis for Business Regulation.*

Rexford's break with orthodox economic thought was now well-defined. When he went up to Columbia as assistant professor of economics in 1922, his finished thesis marked his complete revolt against *laissez-faire.* From Nearing, with whom he worked for a while as a Pennsylvania instructor, he learned the trial-and-error study of economics, which had been taught for years with the exactness of mathematics. He quit the university after Nearing's dismissal, not out of sympathy for Nearing but because of the trustees' attacks on the other members of the faculty who worked with pedagogy's perennial martyr.

For a while the Dreamer taught at the University of Washington; it was dull business. There was excitement abroad, and Rexford, for once unsure of what he wanted from life, went to Paris to play intellectual Y.M.C.A. director as manager of the American University Union. Wartime Europe unsettled him still further; and for more than a year after his return to the United States in 1919 he lived near Wilson, New York, re-learning the plums and apples. Tramping the old roads reawakened his interest in himself and in mankind. And if there was any uncertainty left after this steepage in his aesthetic roots, Columbia cured it. The chief handymen of Nicholas Murray Butler fondly approved Rexford, theory and method. They gave him *carte blanche* to teach what he would and devote all the time he wished to writing and poetic contemplation. With his customary lack of interest in direct dealing with people, he gave little attention to actual oral teaching; his classes were few. Instead, he wrote essays for a number of volumes edited by economists whose thought agreed with his, and thus became a contributing editor of the *New Republic.* With each year he grew more caustic toward the conservative viewpoint. Columbia approved, and raised him to the estate of associate professor.

But Tugwell Rex, as the New Deal's master romanticist and collectivist, was forged in Russia. The supreme experience of his personal education was the tour of the Soviets which he made in 1927 as a member of the technical staff of the First American Trade Union delegation. The tour was, in a sense, an essay in collectivist authorship. Rexford's party divided into little groups in order to swoop down on all the 3,500,000 square miles of European Russia. In this way they made notes for their palpitant volume, *Soviet Russia in the Second Decade,* in Moscow, Leningrad, the Donetz Basin, along the Volga, in the Ukraine, the Caucasus, and the Georgian oil fields. The roving minstrels listened to mild indictments of their own government from the big shots of applied communism — Stalin, Menjhinsky, Lunacharsky, Schmidt, and Trotsky. Kalinin, president of the U.S.S.R., gave them apparently a kind of public scolding for asking frivolous questions and not recognizing the true religion when it was offered them. Most of them, including the usually sensitive Rexford, took it without protest. For Russia was proving that Rex still had a good deal of the sophomore in him. He had fun playing bad boy away from home. One non-collectivist member of the delegation

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reports that the boys, sufficiently warmed with vodka, amused themselves by proposing toasts to the downfall of the American government, the ushering in of the Proletarian Revolution, and the coming Red Dictatorship in Washington, D. C. Added to such harmless frivolities was the fun of going native by discarding New World dress for Russian peasant smocks, and even, on occasion, joining the naked ladies and gentlemen in unashamed bathing in the river at Moscow. But in between these dormitory pleasantries, Rexford considered Russian Agriculture. His chapter of the collective book is empty of the propaganda about democratic discipline and industrial regimentation for America with which his later writings, composed when the Russian idea had more thoroughly filtered through his romantic brain, are filled. But buried in the chapter is a paragraph which its bucolic author must have reread often when the arrival of the Depression gave him an opening for louder shouting of damnations on Adam Smith:

> The government has a machinery for accomplishing whatever general aims seem desirable. New seeds, even new crops, or breeds of animals, can be tried out on collective or experimental farms and can be worked gradually into the peasant routine; the policy of exempting poor farmers from taxation and laying heavy taxes on the rich ones can be carried through; the reorganization of the field system can be accomplished; co-operatives can be encouraged for reducing living costs; machinery can be bought and distributed. In short, agriculture can become the kind of activity soil scientists, farm management specialists, and economists have dreamed of—if only the peasant can be made to do his part.

This may explain the AAA to the American peasant, in case he is curious.

From the day Rexford returned from the Promised Land to the present, the Dreamer has denied he is a communist. He says he is out of "sympathy with the revolutionary tactic"; and he is calm while billions are spent on national defense. He once wrote that the United States would be more receptive to fascism than to communism, but this observation may have been born of despair.

Rex was fed up with democracy, however, by 1932. For this is what he wrote in the *American Economic Review, Supplement,* Vol. XXII, No. 1, during March of the same year when he joined the charmed inner circle of the Roosevelt ménage:

> The first series of changes will have to do with statutes, with constitution, and with government. The intention of the eighteenth and nineteenth century law was to install and protect the principle of conflict; this, if we begin to plan, we shall be changing once for all, and it will require the laying of rough, unholy hands on many a sacred precedent, doubtless calling on an enlarged and nationalized police power for enforcement. . . . Planning will necessarily become a function of the federal government; either that or the planning agency will supersede that government, which is why, of course, such a scheme will eventually be assimilated to the state, rather than possess some of its powers without its responsibilities. . . .
>
> The next series of changes will have to do with industry itself. It has already been suggested that business will logically be required to disappear. This is not an overstatement for the sake of emphasis; it is literally meant.

In other words, the Professor who had hitched up his galluses to remake America was getting a pretty clear idea of how he intended to do the job.

III

Dr. Tugwell was brought to Dr. Roosevelt by Dr. Raymond Moley. The latter, with

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the exuberance of the educational executive, admired, as did others at Columbia, Rexford's intellect. Aside from his record of brilliance as a teacher, the well-dressed professor was recognized by this time as a Leftist in political science. He summed up his viewpoint overneatly, thus:

> When industry is government and government is industry, the dual conflict deepest in our modern institutions will be abated.

Now Governor Roosevelt had never read this sentence, but it expressed his own thought. He was, indeed, looking for somebody to tell it to him in scientific language, and about the 1931-32 year's turn, asked Samuel I. Rosenman, a former New York State Supreme Court Justice who was active in the Seabury investigation, to find him an economist. The learned Rosenman produced his friend Dr. Moley, who said: "I don't know much about economics, but I know a lot of fellows who do." The fellows he brought to Dr. Roosevelt were Rexford and A. A. Berle.

Drs. Roosevelt and Tugwell, in fact, had met four years earlier, when the Dreamer spent six months in drafting for Al Smith a farm program which was never used. Now, however, Dr. Roosevelt's primary interest in Dr. Tugwell was not his agricultural viewpoint. Rexford had written more on industry than on the farm, and besides, Henry Morgenthau, Jr., Dr. Roosevelt's gentleman-farmer neighbor, just then was the New York Governor's idea of a Presidential farm adviser. But there was an immediate if indirect clash between Rexford and Morgenthau, whose economic god was George Warren of Cornell. The President was impressed, however, by the universality of Rex's economic viewpoint, for the latter proposed an integrated economy of checks and balances topheavy in favor of neither industry nor agriculture. In turn about, Dr. Roosevelt charmed the Dreamer with his ability to see that society, and with it economics, was in a constant flux requiring endless experimentation. Dr. Tugwell had been teaching that for ten years; his pupils had heard him, and a few specialists had read him in the *New Republic*, but Dr. Roosevelt was the first great worldly man who paid any attention to it.

Yet through necessity, Rexford became farm adviser. Dr. Roosevelt was in need of an agricultural plank to present to the Democratic convention. The Columbia professor stopped talking about industrial control long enough to discuss a crop-allotment plan he had heard explained a year before by M. L. Wilson, an agricultural expert and now Dr. Wallace's Assistant Secretary. The nominee adopted the idea and mentioned it in his acceptance speech. Rexford and Wilson lobbied for the plan in the dying days of the Hoover Administration, for Dr. Roosevelt had persuaded his adviser that, valuable as his industrial theories might be, he could do most for America in developing this new program for the farmer. With a certain reluctance, the Dreamer agreed to campaign for congressional support of the crop-control theory.

It was his first contact with practical politics, and a rather painful one. Congress did not convince easily; the mentally uppish student for the first time in his life was having to argue directly with a workaday lot of men who looked with suspicion on his theorizing. He determined to return to his classes as soon as the Inauguration was over; but his wish was futile. This contemner of capitalistic democracy, scornful of politics and an idealist in statesmanship, for more than three years has been helping to run a government.

Curiously enough, considering certain phases of the sequel, Henry Wallace was

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responsible for it. In the hectic post-election winter of 1932-33, between the two men an intellectual soul-mateship ripened. The messianic editor from the Iowa cornfields needed the social discipline, the almost Calvinistic intellectual logic, of the poetic theorist. The Dreamer's rhapsodies on the virtues of the crop-control theory stirred all the Wallace zeal at a time when zeal needed stirring. While Rexford hoped his new-found companion would be chosen secretary, the latter refused to consider the position unless Dr. Tugwell served with him. So the Dreamer gave up thoughts of Columbia. On March 7, 1933, he became Assistant Secretary of Agriculture.

And soon Rexford in the government was by way of becoming the Government. His picture of an industrial society crying for control made Dr. Roosevelt his votary. He said what was currently on the White House mind with the flowers of academic polish. His intellect abashed his co-workers. His disregard of political consequences struck mute his enemies. Here now was his opportunity, after eleven years of soulful writing, to curb, lead, regiment, and dominate each of the land's 130,000,000 inhabitants into acceptance of membership in a vast economic army, with its wealth and whims subject to a central public authority. Only a year before, in his essay on *Social Objectives in Education*, the Dreamer had described this collective society:

> This [what people generally believe to be happening as a result of all the forces which are at work in our industrial age], they generally agree, is leading us into an era in which the individual is to find himself only through functioning in a group, in which the interests of each are likely to have become the interests of all, in which the institutions of pre-industrial America will be definitely obsolete and will be superseded by others which are now emerging from the chaos of transition.

The ex-poet's far-flung influence on the Administration's unfolding New Deal in those days is hinted at in a prophetic interview he gave in March, 1933. Dr. Tugwell said then that he favored a five-billion-dollar public works program to relieve unemployment; a slum-clearance program financed by the RFC, which at that time was the only governmental agency able to underwrite a housing plan; and higher income and inheritance taxes. He fathered the processing tax, and suggested the Civilian Conservation Corps. The National Industrial Recovery Act was not sent to Congress until R. G. T. had made his critical emendations of the text. When Gen. Hugh Johnson was flying as high as the Blue Eagle in the estimation of Dr. Roosevelt, Rexford could induce "the Skipper" to de-emphasize the General's proposals of boycotts in favor of a sounder economic approach to industrial regimentation.

The secret of Dr. Tugwell's power is his outward obeisance to the Constitution. He professes respect for democracy. His theology is orthodox if his practice is irregular — not unlike the hiatus between ecclesiastical rule and practice in a Renaissance cardinal with children. The President has become convinced that the theses his Svengali set forth in *Social Objectives in Education* and *The Industrial Discipline* are amenable to the Constitution. The White House cries, "Off with the heads" of other New Dealers who call for a New Everything. Dr. Tugwell, however, protects himself behind his naïve insistence that regimentation is possible under a form of government whose founders' chief wish was to guarantee the consent of the governed. While he winks at Marx, the Professor is ever ready to kiss the foot of Madison. His motto of amend America without amending the Constitution he even brought to the Senate committee

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which considered his nomination for the undersecretaryship. He told its members:

> One of the curious things about the Constitution is that it makes no mention of industry anywhere in it. And what public policy has been with respect to industry has been one which has been built up by the courts. I think that is one of the best evidences that the Constitution is flexible.

Evidently in the back of the Tugwell mind is an unusually adroit legal theory that anything not specifically protected by constitutional reference is subject to extermination. Cockroaches are not specifically mentioned in the Bill of Rights as enjoying certain privileges and immunities; therefore, the professional exterminator can ply his trade. The fact that businessmen and industrialists are also omitted from mention gives Rexford, according to his extreme idealistic interpretation of the circumstances, a certain indefinite license also.

In any case, this willingness to cover his Russian wig under a Founding Father's hat led to an increase of Dr. Tugwell's importance and a widening of his authority during the years when Drs. Moley, Berle, Johnson, Frank, Sprague, Richberg, and a dozen others were forced to vacate their posts, and the New Deal was firing advisers as freely as Hearst bounces reporters. But the circuit rider whose sermon was the More Abundant Life kept his shirt on when George Peek, exponent of conservatism, was ousted from the AAA. He was scarcely singed by the charges of Dr. Wirt that the voters of the forty-eight states were paying the wages of a Bolshevik and that the Bolshevik was Tugwell. The Leftist purge of the AAA eighteen months ago passed him by. He has fought Harry Hopkins and Harold Ickes and won from both. Without weakening his position, he asked for the knifing of Big Business just six weeks after Trilby, played by Dr. Roosevelt, had sung an aria promising Big Business a breathing spell. This reversal of the President was contained in Rex's Los Angeles speech of last October:

> Our best strategy is to surge forward with the workers and farmers in this nation, committed to general achievements, but trusting to the genius of our leader [Dr. Roosevelt] for the disposition of our force and the timing of our attacks. I do not need to remind you of his devotion to the cause of overthrowing industrial autocracy and the creation of the democratic discipline.

The foremost of democratic disciplinarians is in ecstasy right now at the prospect of being able to regiment 7,000,000 farm families. The guinea pigs of this 1936 collectivism are the men who pledge co-operation with the new agricultural adjustment (the Soil Conservation law) and the subjects of the Resettlement Administration. Combination of the two groups under one administration would open the door to governmental meddling in the life of every half-acre spinach grower in this great broad land. Without evidence of compulsion, bribe money amounting to $500,000,000 is available to seduce the farmers to agree to Washington's overseeing of their plantings, harvests, and marketings. It is actually the outlawed AAA in a new dress.

Resettlement is a bureau with a soul, set up as a gigantic, impersonal lap into which might crawl the thousands of the rural destitute, seeking, Dr. Tugwell thought, kind words — preferably from the press department — as well as new money. Its charges are desert-dwelling Indians, hillbilly clay-eaters, urban poor who see success in green pastures, small farmers unable to understand soil science but willing to accept a handout, hoe-wielders happy in their present estate. Resettlement

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tenders these people loans to better themselves, and then orders their existence in accordance with a set plan approved in Washington. The kind of houses they live in, the schooling of their children, the architecture of their privies, the locale of their homes — all are subject to the order of the poet Tugwell.

But the operation of Resettlement has been hard going. The initial cost of its plastic surgery on democracy is set at $213,419,354 — $96,000,000 of it going for administration. Eight millions have been spent on tractors, steam shovels, gang plows, and similar heavy farm and excavation machinery. Yet the whole project of building a communal village near Berwyn, Maryland, to house 1500 happy farmers, is supposed to cost only $5,500,000. Because federal land is untaxable, the citizens of Bound Brook, New Jersey, obtained an injunction against erection of a similar village at the edge of their town. The architect of a third proposed community at Milwaukee overlooked the plumbing when he drew his blueprints. Construction of the fourth of the villages is proceeding happily on the outskirts of Cincinnati, but when Dr. Tugwell sought to purchase the site for a fifth near St. Louis, the democratic inhabitants of the river metropolis became so aroused they still grow hysterical at mention of his name.

The Administration's attachment to written memoranda slows its progress to a snail's pace. Administrative orders, administrative information, administrative countermands, corrections, advices — by the bale, stacks of mimeographed instructions are sent daily from Washington to the perplexed sub-administrators in the field, who could not read all the tripe they receive if they spent twenty-four hours a day at it. But a Tugwell client filled the air with incense when he wrote the Professor that if it hadn't been for Resettlement, "we just couldn't have lived and kept our self-respect".

Resettlement, in other words, is an expensive guidepost pointing toward the historical verdict that Rexford is a better poet than administrator. Senators are beginning to recall with hearty mirth that the Undersecretary himself once confessed certain deficiencies.

"I have not had any experience with the problems of the South, except at second-hand," he admitted at a hearing, "nor with the West, except at second-hand. I might say I have studied these as best I could through traveling and writing about them."

With cut-throat rivals and colleagues in office politics, the collectivistic dream come to life has put the Professor even more on the spot. His peers in the nobility of rebuilding are laughing at his plight; in private many of them are as raucous in their pleasure over the bungling of practical totalitarianism in the farm slums as prize-fight fans are at the downfall of a slapstick Baer.

IV

Yet three years of learning about civilization from politicians has left the poetic Tugwell still convinced that a perfected society is attainable. At the same time it has made him something of a politician himself, with a politician's readiness, for expediency's sake, to swallow his words. For Big Brains has had his disappointments. When Dr. Roosevelt decided to play with the public money, Dr. Tugwell turned his back on his principles and told a group of Chicagoans that their salvation lay in the New Deal gold policy. For Dr. Roosevelt he denied another of his beliefs, his interest in national planning, when in

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May, 1934, it seemed possible that the Senate would refuse to confirm him as Undersecretary. In three speeches in one week, made to the American Society of Newspaper Editors in Washington, to Dartmouth students and faculty members in Hanover, New Hampshire, and to the New York State Bankers Association in Buffalo, he protested his hatred of —isms. A month later he announced to the Senate Committee on Agriculture and Forestry what Thomas Jefferson might have been entitled to consider one of the strangest paradoxes in the history of bureaucratic collectivism:

"I am a Democrat."

But despite dollar devaluation and the silver purchase policy, despite the existence of senators and cabinet officers, despite the pain and soilure of occasional fugitive contacts with congressmen, subordinate officials, and plain dirt farmers, Rexford stays on. Even the joy of office-holding, which he once seemed honestly to scorn, grows on him as the bureaucratic temper merges with the other facets of his arrogance. God willing, and his charm over Dr. Roosevelt holding, Washington expects him to stick until he regiments agriculture into the More Abundant Life, or busts it.

And after agriculture, what? The Tugwell books, the Tugwell gospel, tell the story of the "misunderstood" aesthete's lifelong craving to fix the clutch of the handsomely molded and contemptuous hands on business and industry, which felt their grasp for a few painful moments in the New Deal's first insanity. Will he get that grip again? It depends, perhaps, less on his success with Resettlement than on the warrant which the New Deal may fancy itself as having drawn from the next election to proceed as it pleases. It was pleased to do as Dr. Tugwell pleased once before, at the height of its first self-confidence. There is nothing to indicate that either the Dreamer's influence on the Administration, or his ideas of pleasure, have changed materially during the period in which political discretion has been resumed for tactical reasons.

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LABOR SPEAKS TO CAPITAL

BY MATTHEW WOLL

EVERY depression produces a new crop of prophets and soul-savers. One group of these, heralds of a new day, are now striving to convince Americans that the words *capital* and *labor* are merely labels designating two armed camps which are impatiently awaiting the signal to fly at each other's throats. Organized labor is portrayed as a vast army of workers existing for the single purpose of destroying, by violent methods, a vague monster known as Capital. In the same manner, Capital is said to exist for the single purpose of exploiting the helpless workman and reducing him to a condition resembling feudal serfdom.

Outwardly, the events of the past few years would seem to have given partial validity to these impressions. Certainly the relations between organized labor and organized employers in some industries have been damaged rather than improved. Much of this damage, however, has been caused by the appeal, if not the demand, for governmental intervention. Hence it cannot be denied that both labor and industry have, by their own attitudes and activities, assisted the government in bringing about a situation which labor, for more than two generations, has worked to avoid.

In examining this situation, it may be well, first of all, to ask just what is the real attitude of American labor toward the rights of capital to a fair return on investment. Is labor seeking the abolition of private property? Does labor look forward to the day when all industry will be a federal monopoly? Does it foresee everyone working for the government, the only initiative and enterprise being that used by office-holders to perpetuate their incomes, strengthen their authorities, and eliminate opportunities for any other political aspirants?

To ascribe any such ideas to the organized labor movement is also to ascribe to it an extraordinary lack of intelligence, unsupportable by historical facts. The American workingman has no desire to see his country transformed into another Russia, with all property and all social and economic relations controlled by a vast bureaucracy. He does not want government in the hands of the few and freedom of action denied to the many. Neither does he propose to install any system of State domination and control such as prevails in Germany and Italy. American labor wants no traffic with European despotisms which have destroyed free-trade unionism and free private enterprise, and have forbidden any form of voluntary collective effort in social, religious, and economic fields.

These conditions are particularly obnoxious to the American worker and he will oppose, with every ounce of his strength, any effort to bring them about. He believes in private enterprise; he does not believe that capital consists of a group of bitter enemies who must be destroyed

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along with privately owned property. He knows that through the growth of a strong trade union movement, labor has become an exceedingly articulate voice in the social and economic affairs of the Republic. He will not permit that voice to be silenced. He knows that with the freedom to organize, there is always at work a temporizing force between right and wrong; he knows, too, that with the freedom for political expression and action, there is always a modifying influence upon government.

II

Every democracy has its evils; and perhaps the most regrettable of these, from the standpoint of both labor and capital, has developed in this country during recent years. Organized labor foresaw the danger and warned as long ago as 1923 of what might happen if industry continued to run to government for help in settling its labor relations problems. At that time labor urged management to organize and, to quote from the 1923 report of the Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor to the annual convention, urged it to cease "to be a disconnected collection of groups, like states without a union. The future demands an American industry in which it shall be possible for all to give of their best through the orderly processes of democratic, representative organization. Industry, organized as we urge it must be organized, will begin in truth an era of service, rational, natural development, and productivity unmatched by past achievement or fancy".

But the organization of industry remained a purely superficial one. Actually, American business split up into a score of warring camps, all jockeying for preferred positions. Industry not only failed to organize so that it could sit down quietly with labor and settle differences without the help of political umpires, but it began to show an increasing tendency to run to government on the slightest provocation and demand more laws, more orders, more injunctions, and more court action. This tendency grew in intensity until labor, which has always striven to avoid placing its affairs in the hands of office-holders and politicians, was forced to adopt similar tactics. The whole trend culminated in many of the unfortunate codes and regulations of the NRA.

Such a situation, of course, was made to order for the advocates of a collectivist economic system. Envisaging a beautiful Utopia brought about through governmental intervention, little inducement was given to labor and management to meet on friendly terms during the most critical years of a national crisis. Both were encouraged to appear before the government as disputants or litigants — seeking preferential treatment by federal agencies — rather than as co-partners in a joint enterprise. Those vested with the guidance of national affairs proceeded openly as well as secretly to cloak the true issues in a fog of words and slogans. Instead of encouraging employers and workers to play the game according to certain rules, the government itself more or less played the game for them. Too often there was ground for belief that those in charge of Administration affairs were motivated solely by an overwhelming desire to control American labor and business — just as the present governments of Germany, Russia, and Italy control all labor, business, and industry. Unfortunately there was brushed aside the example of England, where the government recognized that only through the co-operation of labor could the Empire be brought through the

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depression and start recovery on its way; which is exactly what happened.

Well, the results in America speak for themselves. History has repeated itself once more. Nowhere this side of complete fascist control and regimentation of business by government could the labor provisions of the codes under the defunct NRA have been enforced. Industrial management was brought face to face with those dangers which labor warned against so long ago. Thus today, business has partially learned its lesson and is trying to pull away from government as the referee of industrial relations. It no longer desires arbitrary dictation by Washington bureaus or officials, whether their knowledge be profound, or limited to the hasty perusal of textbooks, or to some form of professional welfare work.

There are, however, groups within organized labor which know only too well that through political power alone can certain advantages be obtained in dealings with employers. For the moment, they are not concerned with consequences. So long as their immediate demand for equal consideration is denied by other voluntary groups, why, they ask, should they be concerned if ultimately their attitude leads to conditions such as those in Germany, Italy, Russia, or any other countries where state capitalism exists, regardless of what it may be called? Furthermore, they ask, what has private capitalism done for labor? What is private capitalism doing today to assure workers that their interests are safer in its hands than in the hands of government?

It is true that the AAA legislation was distinctly class legislation — that it subsidized farmers at the expense of industry and the workers. It is true that the policy of restricting agricultural production and imposing a processing tax gave rise to an additional burden, passed on to the ultimate consumer with compound interest. It forced upward the cost of living without a corresponding increase in income, and without contributing to the solution of unemployment. Also, it is true that the people who were injured by this policy account for eighty-three per cent of America's home markets and seventy-five per cent of the entire market, domestic and foreign. Therefore, has private capitalism really acted to correct the serious problems confronting American agriculture? Isn't the situation another example of agriculture as well as labor following in the footsteps of capital?

The answer to such questions is this: Today we may have a government that favors labor; tomorrow we may have a government favoring agriculture; the next day we may awake to find that we have a government which favors neither, but which is dominated by industrial and financial influences. In any event, however, class distinctions, class ideology, class hatreds, will have been bred and developed — and this is exactly what the collectivists, the Marxian theorists, the disciples of communism and fascism, wish to bring about.

The only safe course for America is the voluntary organization of capital, labor, and agriculture, and a co-ordination of effort between these three essential factors in our social and economic life. By mutual understanding there is bound to issue a better and improved order, wherein the rights of man as conceived in a free republic will ever remain constant.

Organized labor, agriculture, and capital must comprehend that they have a great mutuality of interests, that what is harmful to one is harmful to the others, and that what is helpful to one is helpful to the others. All are equally responsible

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for the present processes of production and of distribution. This is a fundamental principle which the American Federation of Labor has always recognized. But to accomplish this recognition in the broadest sense, industry must alter its attitude and encourage voluntary co-operation with labor, discourage unfair methods of competition, and end secret compacts within its own ranks. Labor, too, must forget internal warfare and follow a like path, avoiding any appeal for sole labor control, regulation, or regimentation.

There will, of course, continue to be tests of strength between capital and labor. But this is something quite different from class war; and the latter is what we are promoting by constant appeals to government. The logical and sensible alternative is a trade agreement drafted by responsible leaders of management and labor in any given industry.

It is highly desirable that both camps cease calling on the government for help in settling their disputes; indeed, it is imperative that Americans discourage the tendency of government to "turn every contingency into an excuse for accumulating force in the government". Unless this is done the State, sooner or later, will so regulate management and labor that every vestige of self-initiative and self-control will be destroyed in favor of a complete dictatorship.

LEAVING SEPTEMBER

BY LOREN C. EISELEY

If I have once forgotten on this field
The long light of the dusk, or far away
The sheep on tawny grass, how stones will yield
Small bitter puffballs, or a cricket stay
To wring wry tunes from emptiness and dearth,
Let me remember; let me hold them now
Close to the heart — while I upon the earth
Am the stone field and pain the heavy plow.
Not in wide measures is the harvest culled,
Not by disaster, nor by cutting hail
Is the loss seen, the grief in somewise dulled —
Being done at last. Ours is a different scale —
Leaving September stars and a little smoke
And memory tight as a lichen to an oak.

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EDITORIALS

Liberals: Model 1936

IN THE matter of trade-name popularity, Liberalism in the Republic appears to be looking up. The Roosevelt Administration proclaimed itself Liberal some time before commandeering our five-dollar gold pieces and continues to do so even after reading the love-life telegrams of the utilities barons. Likewise, the gentlemen of the Right have announced that their crusade to restore free marginal operations in Wall Street and to kick the soapboxes from under labor agitators is inspired by strict Liberal idealism. And the young pioneers of Socialism fling out a Liberal banner each time they propose to institute government ownership in a hot-dog factory. If Drs. Tugwell and Townsend, and Messrs. Ogden Mills and Upton Sinclair are not precisely embracing each other in the Liberal trenches, they at least are trying like hell to copy each others' clichés. The only surly malcontents who continue to leer with true Coolidgean sourness whenever the word is mentioned are those old-fashioned reactionary fundamentalists, the Communists.

All this suggests vast recruiting progress in the eight years since Liberal Hoover's victory over Liberal Smith, when the average Rotarian's mental picture of a Liberal was a *Nation*-reader who proposed to bring the Pope to the White House as a preliminary to the nationalization of women.

But, at the risk of disturbing the celebrations now proceeding in Mr. Gladstone's heaven, it must be doubted that this striking gain in personnel is in any way helpful to the progress of true Liberal ideas. What seems to be happening is that, by spreading itself from the American Liberty League to John Dewey, and by diluting itself with all known brands of chiseling, misrepresentation, and self-seeking, the Liberal movement is rolling up another of its characteristic attacks of the bloating sickness. So many people are joining it out of lust to soak the rich or crush the Civil Liberties Union that in actual practice it is difficult to tell a genuine Liberal, 1936 version, from a Social Credit evangelist or a Sentinel of the Republic. Everybody who wants to live off the government is *ipso facto* a Liberal. So likewise is every sweatshop proprietor who wishes to run his business in defiance of decent practice. This situation simply does not make sense.

Unfortunately, the situation also appears to be following a familiar historic pattern. The chief drawback of Liberalism during the two centuries of its conscious existence has been its irresistible attractiveness to hypocrites. Everyone who has desired to live off the town, or to cheat his neighbors, or to make life sweeter for his fellow-citizens by regulating their private affairs, has inevitably at one time or another seen the way to a wider freedom of operations under Liberal philosophies and has gravitated toward the Liberal political establishment of the moment like a Freudian patient to his Oedipus complex. Being hypocrites and therefore expert in pious

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verbiage, such recruits have been responsible for most of the mealy-mouthed flavor in Liberal apologetics. Being at the same time competitive chiselers, their internecine struggles have deprived the Liberal program of all semblance of coherence, while their misrepresentations have deprived Liberal definition of most of its meaning. Such sneers as Liberalism has more or less justly earned from its natural enemies usually have been applied in the first instance because most Liberal spokesmen of the past six generations have been constitutionally incapable of finding out what Liberalism is.

Under these circumstances, the far-flung exposure of Liberal banners for the 1936 fracas suggests less a revival of Liberalism than a recurrent seizure of pernicious impotence. Accordingly, we propose that the present Liberal armies be disbanded and the fighting force reorganized on the basis of the following qualifications for membership:

No citizen may officially designate himself a Liberal who is

1. A candidate for any type of financial aid from his government.

2. An advocate of increased governmental regulation over any phase of private conduct or economic activity.

3. A proponent of the relaxation of governmental regulative authority in any form which does not equally apply to his own competitors.

Whatever array of membership committees, blackball-cliques, and bouncer-squads this reform may require, we hereby propose that it be forthwith ordained and established. The plan may or may not save Liberalism: but at least it will give the doctrine a place to go in the pleasant company of gentlemen — and ladies — who wish only to be free to mind their own business.

And it might restore to American Liberalism some of the honest dignity and decency it has seldom known since the death of Thomas Jefferson.

Puzzle

There is a certain fascination in reading the more inane pronouncements of the New Deal soothsayers; but one wonders if the average American actually understands the portent of the various Messages. For instance, we were interested recently in some remarks by Secretary of Agriculture Wallace, the Curse of the Kulaks. "Speaking more or less on behalf of the Government", he asserted that the task of the nation's economists today was to help graft new glands on "Old Man Capitalism", and thus save him from "premature senility". The rejuvenating gland he prescribed was the "social control" which has brought the "rise of dictatorship in other lands", but which in the United States "can be used in such a manner as to be brought into line with the democratic traditions of the past". In other words, the technique which enthroned Hitler, Stalin, and Mussolini would not, for some mysterious reason, result in the coronation of Dr. Roosevelt in these States.

Again, we spent some time perusing the following dispatch from Washington:

> Aubrey Williams, Deputy Works Progress Administrator, speaking before the American Association of Social Workers, laid down the doctrine that the Government should undertake a program which "would assure a job to every man and woman in the country who wanted to work, regardless of need".
>
> "I believe," he said, "that a job is a right. . . . Your program calls for a Federal Works program which would offer

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> employment to 'any person who is unemployed and able to work regardless of whether or not he is eligible for Relief'. I believe that this is a proposal wholly proper and worthy of the profession of social work. . . . Such a program will call for a yearly expenditure of at least nine billion dollars."

In other words, support everybody forever out of the bottomless Treasury.

Such imbecilic remarks as these get into print only because they issue from the lips of our duly appointed Lords and Masters. Unfortunately, Americans have a bad habit of attaching importance to any pontification, no matter how absurd, which comes from a high official source. The Republic's sad experience with the New Deal may serve to reform this habit. From now on, the fact that a statement is signed by a jobholder should be *prima facie* evidence that it is untrue. If our will-to-believe must be exercised somehow, it would be less harmful to listen with a new courtesy to the adumbrations of more responsible — comparatively speaking — men, such as Dr. Townsend, the Rev. Gerald Smith, and even the Sky Pilot of Radio, Charlie Coughlin himself.

Capitalist Gold

Of all the myths commonly accepted as gospel in this gullible land there is probably none more ludicrous than the one which pictures American capitalists as open-handed corrupters of the press and spendthrift bribers of public opinion. The assertion that newspaper editors are showered with gold to keep them reactionary, and the idea that the intellectuals of the Right roll about lavishly in suites at the Ritz while their less fortunate brothers of the Left gnaw typewriter ribbons in draughty attics, are not only without foundation in fact but are actually the exact opposite of the truth.

For example, the most glittering capitalist gold being used to support publications today is devoted to the nourishment of organs of radical opinion. Thus the money which Willard Straight earned in the employ of J. P. Morgan has served to pay the salaries of the idealists who produce the *New Republic*. Mr. Wertheimer, the eminent international banker, coughs up for the *Nation*. The Garland Fund, a tidy trust account amassed in capitalistic enterprises, helps distill the fulminations of the *New Masses*. And so on. But where, on the Right, is there a similar magazine of propaganda kept in similar luxury? For that matter, where are there *any* magazines controlled by Tories?

The same holds true for the lecture platform. The radical lecturer today can make a handsome income spreading his Message throughout the land: while the apostle of conservatism is hard put to get a contract. One eminent lecturer, who has always devoted his remarks to upholding the point of view of the Right, was recently forced to quit the business because his lecture bureau could no longer find a market for his non-radical opinion. (He was advised to switch to Communism and get into the big money.) Another accomplished gentleman, formerly a leading figure in the Socialist Party, who has since mended his ways and become a conservative, laughs wryly at the charges made against him by his former comrades — that he has sold out to capitalist gold: for the truth of the matter is that his present income as a Black Republican amounts to less than a third of his former earnings as a Red. We are reliably informed that an accomplished intellectual of the Right is lucky indeed if he

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can make $3000 a year from lectures, writing, and all other forms of professional activity; while a fair-to-middling propagandist on the Left can easily rake in twice that amount. The apostles of Communism and Socialism seem always to be well-heeled. Whenever a liberal college invites men of all shades of political opinion to address the students on questions of the day, it is always the radical who turns up bright and shining, and the Tory who sends the telegram (collect) saying that lack of funds prevents him from buying a railroad ticket.

The explanation for this peculiar state of affairs lies largely in the excellent organizations which the radicals have at their command. They evidently know all possible sources for contribution: their dossiers of pink millionaires, radical sons of rich men, and Utopian-minded widows would make interesting reading. The Comrades go after these people with all the dispatch of life insurance salesmen smelling out sweepstakes winners. The Right, on the other hand, is not organized at all. The common assumption that Big Business is a powerful clique, the members of which meet in the dead of night in the vaults of the First National Bank and plot the overthrow of the proletariat, is only a wheezy dream of the cafeteria Lenins. Nowhere, in reality, is there more mutual suspicion, cordial dislike, and calculated lack of co-operation than exists in the broken ranks of the wealthy. If the Right had one-tenth the Left's financial organization, the story of American propaganda would be a very different one.

Thus we have this strange paradox — the intellectual of the Left drawing a handsome retainer for his professional work, while the intellectual of the Right devotes himself to the cause of his monetary masters for no better reason than that he believes what he writes. The fact that this situation is not generally known is, of course, due to the radical propagandist's natural disinclination to admit that, far from being a martyr, he is an uncommonly well-paid craftsman . . . and also to the quite human fact that the Comrades do not want a lot of hungry and down-at-the-heel reactionary intellectuals cutting in on their territory.

Bandwagon Note

As it becomes more and more obvious, even to New Dealers, that Dr. Landon has an excellent chance of winning in November, there is an ever-increasing stampede to the Republican bandwagon. This desire to back the eventual winner is anything but new in the history of our subservient race. Manuel Komroff, in *Waterloo*, offers an amusing early example of the trait when he reprints successive headlines from the Paris *Moniteur* of 1815. Thus the first streamer upon Bonaparte's escape from Elba, was:

THE OGRE OF CORSICA IS AGAIN ON FRENCH SOIL!

A week later, when the Little Corporal's threat was taken more seriously, the same sentiment was tempered to:

NAPOLEON ENTERS LYONS.

While three weeks afterward, when the Napoleonic eagles were fast advancing on the capital, the *Moniteur's* copy desk feverishly produced the following:

THE EMPEROR IS AT THE GATES OF PARIS.

New Deal papers please copy.

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THE STATE OF THE UNION

BY ALBERT JAY NOCK

Keeping Our Shirts On

THE Germans have a good proverb about "throwing out the baby with the bathwater". They use it to describe a person who is in such a sweat to make a clean sweep of something that he sweeps out a lot of good things with the bad. When we look over "the American way" of doing things, we have to admit that a little attention to this proverb would have come in uncommonly handy at any number of points in our history, especially when we had to deal with what we call a Crisis. When one of these disturbances comes up, the American way of dealing with it is by getting ourselves into a childish frame of mind, part panic and part tantrum, and then plunging at the thing like a herd of scared bulls. Nothing annoys an American more than the charge of infantilism, but if that is not precisely a child's reaction to something he does not like and is afraid of, then there is no such thing as infantilism in the world.

For example, see what we did with Negro slavery eighty years ago. Slavery was a great wrong, a great evil, not an unmixed evil by any means, but a great one, so great that what few sincere defenders it had were hard pressed for arguments that were even halfway plausible. It was on its way out. Time, patience, and economic pressure would have taken care of it in other parts of the country, as they had already taken care of it in the North, without cost or disturbance. No institution, as we all know, can long withstand the erosive action of economic self-interest. If we had left slavery to be taken care of in a natural way, by time, patience, and the operation of economic forces, there would not be a vestige of it left by now, and no bills to pay.

But no. Nothing would do but we must throw out the pickaninny with the bathwater, and out he went. We did not stop to remember that nature puts inexorable conditions on human activity, and that if you disregard them you come to grief. If you brought an automobile instantly from a state of rest to a speed of sixty miles an hour, you would not have any automobile; the heat generated would send it up in smoke. We did not solve any problem; we merely converted the slavery problem into the Negro problem, which is with us yet. As Mr. Dooley said, what we did was to turn the Negro out of the pantry into the cellar; and as for the new problems which we created collaterally, we did so well that we came pretty near not having any country left.

The simple fact was that we had a numerous race of agricultural specialists on our hands, and we did not have sense enough to see that reconditioning them to the requirements of an entirely new status was a most delicate business, demanding a great deal of time, patience, and intelligence; and no one knows when we shall get through paying the bill for that piece of destructive stupidity. Now that we are beginning to see that the true martyr of the Civil War was not Lincoln but Johnson,

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we may in time discover (I do not say we shall, but we may) that the nearest thing to a statesman in public office in that whole period was old Ten-Cent Jim Buchanan. It must be said for Lincoln that he followed Buchanan's policy as faithfully and as long as he could, until the combined pressure of hen-brained fanaticism and unscrupulous economic interest was too much for him.

That experience taught us nothing. Half a century later we did the same thing in the same large way in our approach to the liquor problem. To begin with, all there ever was to that problem was State-created, by making alcohol a source of revenue. Nature runs to alcohol so easily and freely that if it were produced and marketed tax-free, like onions, nobody would put up with bad liquor any more than one puts up with spoiled onions. Nobody would be driven to hard drinks — wine and beer would be too cheap — and nobody could afford to keep a saloon. The Prohibitionists have never known how right they are in blaming the State for a wholesale debauchery of its people.

Nevertheless, like slavery, that problem was well on its way out when our people suddenly went into one of their irrational hot fits about it. When the Eighteenth Amendment was passed, we were the nearest we ever were to being a temperate people. In spite of all the State could do to promote the abuse of liquor, social power was attending to the matter in a thoroughly competent way. A steadily growing force of repression and discouragement was being brought to bear from many different sources, and the problem, such as it was, could be seen approaching as near a solution as will ever be possible until the State withdraws its high premium on debauchery. But this would not do. Nothing would do but an insane policy of smashing and scatteration, the effects of which are too well known to need describing. All one need say is that we are not yet through paying the bill for that run of midsummer madness, nor shall we be through for another two or three generations, if not longer.

One might suppose that two such utter duds as we have staged within a century — and we have staged many more than those two — would show us that we had better try some other method of approach against whatever public enemy may be our especial pet of the moment. Yet here we are again, valiantly fronting up to another scarecrow in the good old traditional way. The course of American business after the Civil War brought serious evils in its wake, evils that again were chiefly State-created or State-fostered, but at all events such as were bound sooner or later to snarl things up in an extremely bad mess, and they did so. Might it not be supposed, I repeat, that a people who by the grace of Providence had come through such appalling spells of suicidal jackassery would have learned enough to dodge the chance of another, and would decide to keep cool until they had weighed and measured the actual necessities of the situation? But no, once more nothing like that will do. Nothing will do but to knock all business in the head at once, and butcher it to make a hoodlum holiday for the very worst and most dangerous set of beings that can be found in the whole country.

That is our notion of the way to end our economic troubles. Mr. Roosevelt has made himself the public interpreter of that idea, which is what makes the chance of his re-election such a serious matter. The people dismissed Mr. Hoover four years ago in a sheer tantrum, and aside from the subsidized vote, it will be people in a tantrum who will re-elect Mr. Roosevelt, if he be re-elected — people in a tantrum which Mr. Roosevelt and his associates have most astutely encouraged and abetted. Only last

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night, for example, a man high in his profession, an engineer holding a position of great responsibility, told me that he was in favor of looking after the poor man and letting the Astors and Morgans look after themselves, so he meant to vote for Mr. Roosevelt. Obviously this was a mere childish echo of Mr. Roosevelt's speech of acceptance. I said nothing in reply, for there was nothing to say — at least, nothing polite — but I went away thinking how completely the American gives his own measure when he resents being told, as we were told in the public press five or six years ago by an artist of repute, now dead, that America is "a country of children and morons, governed by scoundrels".

II

We are prone to laugh at the English and call them unprogressive because they do not like to change things unless they have to or to change them any more than they have to. When they put in modern plumbing, they clung to the old style and shape of washbowl, and when they first built railway cars, they made them as much like stagecoaches as they could. Around all their institutions they leave a fringe of things which seem pretty useless, but which have always been there, and since there seems no need of disturbing them they let them stay. Apparently they do it on the chance that there may be something in them which perhaps nobody can quite put his finger on, but yet might have value. As far as one can generalize about a whole people, the English seem to be the original Missourians. If you show them that it is necessary to change something, they will change it as far as necessary, but no farther.

They also take a good deal of showing. Showing them that a change is admissible or even desirable will not answer; you have to show them that it is necessary, for if it is not necessary, they will take that fact as a compelling reason for not changing. That sort of thing can be overdone, of course, as everybody knows, but my point is that it can also be underdone, and the state of the Union shows how little we are aware that we are underdoing it. There we have one good reason why, when the hated British get into a jam, they usually do so much better with it than we do. After centuries of tough experience they appear to have got two things pretty firmly fixed in their heads. First, that a bargain is never a bargain unless the other fellow gets something out of it; and second, as Lord Falkland put it, that "when it is not *necessary* to change, it is necessary *not* to change". We have never learned either of these valuable truths, and until we do learn them the state of the Union will be reported periodically as much unsettled.

I am writing this on the tenth of July. Perhaps some readers will remember the period. Reports from the West today might make one think the Lord had decided that if Mr. Wallace has gone in for an "economy of scarcity", He will show him what one looks like when a real expert takes hold. It makes one wonder how much of that pig-killing, crop-restricting jamboree of last year was actually necessary. I wonder how Mr. Wallace's policy will look to our housewives even as soon as when these words get into print. Women are said to be great realists, and I wonder what they will think of the economy of scarcity while they are trying to stretch their housekeeping money over scarcity-prices this autumn.

When contemplating changes, it is better to stick pretty close to the line of necessity, for you can never tell whether the forces of nature are on your side, and if it turns out that they are not, the smaller the mess you have made, the better. There is the

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trouble with so much of the planned-economy business. If you could put God in a Nazi uniform and order Him around, the thing might work, but for one reason or another that does not seem practicable. You can get a long way with some piece of planned economy, until you run aground on a natural law that you did not know was there and never counted on, like the law of diminishing returns, or the law of wages, or the law of exchange, or Gresham's law — and there you are. One of the present Administration's choicest novelties is now stuck hard and fast on the primary law of economics, that "man tends always to satisfy his needs and desires with the least possible exertion," and probably no one in the Administration ever heard that such a law exists.

We all remember Mr. Roosevelt's announcement that his policy would be to do something, and if it worked, do it some more; if not, to drop it and do something else. Our people were delighted with this because, as I have shown, it is hundred-percent American policy. But the trouble is that not all the results of a policy show right away. Some of them do not show for a long time, and these may be the ones that will send the whole enterprise into the red. The worst results of our anti-slavery policy were those that nobody foresaw, and they did not come out into the open for thirty years.

A little British caution towards unnecessary change would do us no harm; there is no danger that we shall ever overdo it. Our politico-economic practitioners and their policies remind one of the frontier doctor who told the mother of a sick child that "thish-yer boy has got the smallpox, and I ain't posted up on that. You must give the little cuss this medicine. That'll send him into fits, and then you call me in again, for I'm a stunner on fits." We took the medicine and we got the fits, but whether we are ahead on the original malady, and whether we are justified in calling in the same doctor again, may be regarded as doubtful. But whether we call in the same doctor, or another, or none at all, the Union will be in a state of chronic disorder until we ourselves get over our belief in the nostrum of change for change's sake.

The best advice Artemus Ward ever gave Lincoln was in regard to his Secretary of War:

> Tell E. Stanton that his boldness, honesty, and vigger merits all prase, but to keep his undergarmints on. E. Stanton has apparientlly only one weakness, which it is he can't allers keep his undergarmints from flyin up over his hed.

This advice should be impressed upon our public servants today. Nothing is more necessary. But we shall not get far with impressing it on them until we have impressed it upon ourselves. If under all circumstances and conditions we show them that we know how to keep our undergarments on, they will quickly take the cue from us. If, on the other hand, at the first sight of trouble or disturbance we do as we have always done and resolve ourselves into a rabble bent on seeing who can make his undergarments fly highest, they will merely try to outdo us in that repulsive rivalry.

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AMERICANA

CALIFORNIA

ADVANCE in medical science as illustrated by an advertisement in the up-and-coming Compton *News-Tribune*:

Christian Healing

A message to the person who is afflicted with one or more of the hundreds of ailments to which the human flesh is heir, only waiting for the Townsend Pension, or means from some source by which he can secure relief. Christ never gave Lazarus a prescription to a drug for a blood tonic to cure his boils. This same Jesus will heal your afflictions regardless of what you believe if you call on Frances Davenport and receive a free demonstration and read the testimonials given from those near the summit of life to the young, also drunkards, truck drivers, and football players.

THE Glendale *News-Press* reports a frolic of Baptist brethren:

Garbed in women's clothing and playing left-handed, a men's team defeated a women's group in a baseball game Saturday afternoon. The game was a feature attraction of a recreational program arranged for delegates to the annual convention of the Southern California Baptist Young People's union. The men's team was leading 7 to 0 in the seventh inning when H. Park Arnold, business manager for the local church, who was acting as umpire, called a bad one on the men folk at the home plate. He was promptly "mobbed" and in retaliation declared the contest a tie. Arnold was garbed as a sheriff typical of the movies.

GEORGIA

NECROMANTIC practices of the *gendarmerie*, as sworn to by the Savannah *Morning News*:

Young Davis, who was mysteriously drowned in the Savannah river several months ago, was grilled by the police for more than two hours, in a session that saw five persons taken to headquarters.

ILLINOIS

THE staff poet of the World's Greatest Newspaper sounds off on the eve of a professional-amateur football game:

Giants arrayed for the football war
Stand on the brink of fame—
Who can divine, when star meets star,
The trend of this greatest game?
When Grange and Nagurski take that ball
Will they find they are stopped at last?
When Lukats and Feathers give their all,
Will Kopcha and Karr hold fast?
Plan to be present at Soldiers' field
When the Bears and the All-Stars meet;
There will the answers be revealed—
It's time to reserve your seat.

KANSAS

ADVENTUROUS quest is started by an advertiser in the *Wyandotte Echo*:

NOTICE

Mrs. E. Coray of 520 Hayes St., San Francisco, Calif., wants the address of a customer she had in Kansas City, Kansas, some years ago, who sang in a choir. Also of Mrs. Anna May Bell, a very stout lady.

LOUISIANA

EXTRAORDINARY cultural influence of the State University on three tired businessmen of Baton Rouge, as stiffly chronicled by the *Reveille*, the college paper:

PERSONAL

Among the recent visitors to La Maison Français were the prominent Baton Rouge

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businessmen, Mr. Jack Haget of the Pearce Foundry, Mr. A. M. Cadwell of the Peter Pan Bakeries, and Mr. Pike Burden of Burden's Printers. Mr. Burden, wearing a French beret, brought an English-French dictionary to lunch, as he understood that only French conversation was allowed at meals.

NEW YORK

SECRETS of a professional career are disclosed by a careless Comrade in a letter to the *Daily Worker*:

PROBLEM: to organize seamen. Two Party members sign up on a non-union ship. They examine objective conditions on board and study the reactions of the sailors. They discover an important detail: lack of soap. One of them "happens" into the boiler-room. "Gosh, you're filthy!" he remarks to a worker. "No soap," the latter complains. "You ought to get into our group," the comrade answers, proudly. "We can get anything we want — soap, towels, etc." The worker, interested, joins the group, which soon includes most of the crew. Soon the group visits the captain in a body and *makes certain demands.*

OKLAHOMA

FROM the distinguished *Times* of Oklahoma City:

The following was written by an Oklahoma City professional man who never has used tobacco in any form, upon learning that his attractive young daughter had acquired the cigarette habit:

The gentle breeze of this Spring morning lifts and spreads apart your beautiful flowing hair. Its freshness, full of vigor, casts a sheen like the golden glow in Summer sunset. Let not the stifling stale and stagnant smoke of a half-lit spittle-soaked cigarette streak it down in mottled ropes full of foul fragments of frivolous folly.

The gentle touch of your baby-soft hand fondles my tired face with soothing effectiveness like balm to the biblical nomad. Let not the burning embers of parching nicotine cook and color your dainty fingers until they lose their softness of velvet and become hard, calcimined, clumsy and cultivated only to tip and tap collected ashes from a smoldering sedative.

The rose red reflection in your perfect cupid's bow softened by the vigor of flaming youth is likened only in comparison to the blush and bloom of budding flowers. Let not the parching heat of poisoned paper pale the purity of your lovely lips into dry and hardened bits of flesh calculated to hold cooking kilns of nicotine.

SOUTH CAROLINA

APPALLING lack of literary taste as exhibited by a floor sweeper, according to a front-page box in the Johnston *Herald*:

NOTICE! NOTICE!

We are very sorry as you notice that *The Herald* comes out without any LOCALS, a few SOCIAL ITEMS and SEVERAL NEWS ITEMS. These articles were blown off the hook by a whirlwind early this morning and the floor sweeper swept them up not recognizing or knowing the importance of them. We will be glad to publish same next week if the writers will rewrite them.

TEXAS

NEW and ingenious method for supplying more radio static, as uncovered by the *Rocky Mountain Herald*:

The hens entered in the international egg-laying contest at the Texas Centennial Exposition probably won't understand or care, but their nests will be wired for sound. Also for publicity. The hens will settle to their task June 1. When the first egg drops into the super-comfortable nests which the exposition will provide a buzzer will sound and an attendant will hurry into the hennery with a microphone, and the hen's cackling will be picked up for a waiting radio audience.

WISCONSIN

THE candid medico goes whimsical, as chronicled by the Madison *State Journal*:

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NOTICE!

To those of my patients who for the past 10 years have frequently and freely, constantly and continually complained of not being able to park within four blocks of my office, I hereby wish to announce that having in mind the many duties that my patients have had to perform, I have chosen a "new" location midway between the Willow Bathing Beach and the Madison Zoological Gardens, Twelve blocks from the County Jail, Eight miles from the Poor Farm, and Five Miles from the State Hospital for the Insane, which you know is quite naturally situated across from the University. Parking place is restricted at the Willows during the short summer months, but at some of the other places you can stay as long as your own judgment decides. This new location offers the following attractions:

Grocery store under Office, Barber Shop at entrance to office, Two Taverns close, Church a little farther, Two Restaurants within six doors, Drug Store just this side, Plumber just beyond, University of Wisconsin in the distance, Nurses' Home across the street, Monuments and Tombstones can be secured within one block, Direct route to Cemetery, Undertaker next door, Stop Light at my office.

KARL W. SMITH, M.D.

IN OTHER NEW UTOPIAS

CANADA

INTERESTING prophecy concerning the future of English royalty, as relayed from Toronto to a waiting world by the Canadian Press:

> Biblical indications lead J. S. Easson, editor of *The Periscope*, official organ of the British-Israel-World Federation of Canada, to the belief British kings are directly descended from Solomon and David and that King Edward VIII should be crowned David II.
>
> "The indications are," he said tonight, "that King Edward is the Prince David mentioned in the Bible, who holds his throne in trust and will hand it over to Christ when He returns to earth to establish the kingdom of God.
>
> "As everyone knows, David is his household name and it is likely that by the end of May, 1937, when the coronation is due to occur, the bulk of the British people will realize that they are really the children of Israel and will probably insist that he be crowned King David. It is more than likely that the identity of the British people as modern Israel will be definitely established by the latter part of the present year."

ENGLAND

PROGRESS in the science of medicine, as gravely chronicled by the staid London *Times*:

> When, less than a month ago, the East Grinstead Hospital was opened the people of these parts felt proud of the fine new building and grateful for the services which it was expected to render. Since those days, however, two patients have died in the hospital, the matron has been ill, and it is recalled that on the opening day rain fell in torrents. Accordingly people have begun to seek a reason for this accumulation of misfortunes, and many of them have found it in the serpent which sits high on the tower of the hospital.
>
> The serpent is, of course, made of brass and is twined round a staff. From the hospital tower it is a dominating symbol of the healing art. The Housing Committee decided to take the serpent down.

USSR

JUSTICE, as dispensed by the enlightened Comrade Judges in the glorious Soviet:

> A woman worker in the Leningrad chocolate factory was sentenced to death today for stealing chocolate. Sentenced with the woman was her husband, who received ten years in prison as an accomplice. Three watchmen in the factory were convicted of accepting chocolate bars as bribes and were sentenced to from one to two years at forced labor. Three other women workers, who aided in the theft, were sent to prison for three to seven years.

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THE LIBRARY

The Short Story in America

By Thomas Burke

THE WORLD OVER, by Edith Wharton. $2.00. *Appleton-Century.*
BONES OF CONTENTION, by Frank O'Connor. $2.75. *Macmillan.*
HEAD O' W-HOLLOW, by Jesse Stuart. $2.50. *Dutton.*
LAUGH, JEW, LAUGH, by B. Kovner. $1.00. *Bloch.*
AMERICA THROUGH THE SHORT STORY, by N. Bryllion Fagin. $1.75. *Little, Brown.*
INHALE AND EXHALE, by William Saroyan. $2.50. *Random House.*

The short story as a recognized literary form arrived in England and America almost simultaneously — at the beginning of the nineteenth century. The magazines of the middle and late eighteenth century had carried an occasional "Eastern tale" or an affecting fable "from the Spanish"; but the short story which found its material in the national scene and manners did not arrive until *Blackwood's*, in England, and similar magazines in America, gave it encouragement. Even then, it mostly took German models, and preoccupied itself with themes of terror or grotesquerie. But after the first quarter of the century it found itself as a form through which it could catch and illuminate the normal incident and emotion of the everyday life of everyday people; and within the hundred years just past it has been as flexible in design as human dress; has assumed every kind of accent; and treated every kind of theme.

Its development in America, and its adaptation of tone and structure to the spirit of the period, is excellently illustrated by Mr. Fagin's historical survey and anthology, *America Through the Short Story.* Here one may see its movement from the European tradition in Hawthorne and Bret Harte, through Stephen Crane and O. Henry, to the pure and hard American product of Sherwood Anderson, Faulkner, and Saroyan. From Hawthorne to Saroyan is a long run. With this volume one can trace the laps by which it was made. Up to the end of the nineteenth century America had produced only two really native writers — writers whose work derived solely from the American soil and scene and spirit. These were the first American poet, Walt Whitman, and the first American observer, Mark Twain. Neither *Leaves of Grass* nor *The Jumping Frog* owed anything to a predecessor. These two stood alone in their Americanism until Ring Lardner came along to carry on from Mark Twain and make literature out of the American vernacular. Since the World War, young America has found itself, and the writing of the new men is now so national in spirit and voice that to Englishmen it is a foreign literature in a foreign tongue.

Of the volumes noted at the head of this piece, some belong to this class, and some, like the older American writing, might have been produced in any country. Some use the latest idiom and form (or lack of

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it) and some make fresh adventure in the standard form. I have no prejudice for either method. All work, whatever its method, is good or bad in its own being. There is no ready-made superiority in a man's using the modern method, and nothing necessarily contemptible in a preference for the older method. The difference turns only on what the writer achieves. The sketches or stories in *Cranford*, in *Plain Tales from the Hills*, and in *The Merry Men*, are as good today as when they were written; no contributor to the magazines of the Intellectual Left has done anything better. He has done only something different; something in accord with the accent and tempo of these times, as the earlier work was in accord with its own times. The forms and methods of art cannot remain stationary; they must move as man's experience moves. But new themes, new machinery, new approach, are sterile unless they are used by men as full-minded as the past masters. When they are, you get something good in substance and piquant with present novelty — though not necessarily anything better. When, as often happens, they are not, the result, despite its flourishing of modern accent and idiom, rates no higher than the conventional work in the conventional magazines.

Mrs. Wharton comes between the extremes; neither Diehard nor Left. If her territory and her themes are familiar, she sees them with fresh eye and alert mind. She knows what she is doing, where she is going, and how she will get there; and if she uses the sub-conscious, she uses it under the bridle of the conscious. Her stories are stories; they begin and they end. Some of the more juvenile of the younger men, I believe, greet such finished work with lifted noses. For them, the short story may be anything you please except a complete story; and sometimes one wonders whether the reason is that they are in the condition of Canning's knife-grinder. Mrs. Wharton is not in that condition, nor is she limited in kind. The seven stories in *The World Over* are varied in subject and in character. Most of them could, I think, have been written by an Englishwoman of equal ability, though here and there one catches a flavor that one used to attach to the "American short story" — the story that, years ago, found its fullest being in *Harpers Magazine*. It is a dry flavor, not yet old-fashioned or even out of date. Indeed, since sherry has, within the last few years, come back to win the appreciation of the most modern cultivated taste, Mrs. Wharton's stories are apt to these times. Her dryness is not aridity, but the dryness of a cool, comprehending mind which can look blandly on men and women of all sorts and discover their essence.

Mr. O'Connor also tells stories which begin and end, though again the stories in *Bones of Contention* can scarcely be considered as examples of the American short story, old or new. They are stories of Ireland, and they are good stories. If they do not illuminate cobweb corners of the soul, or arrest us with new technique, they can be read with delight, which is the first and whole purpose of art. (Not amusement, but delight.) But it seems odd that Mr. O'Connor, with all his skill in this form and his response to its possibilities, should have used standard material for it. His method is individual without being eccentric, but his stories have that note of melancholy farce which has haunted the Irish story since the middle nineteenth century. They are concerned with themes which, in fiction, have become stuck on the Irish — gigantic drinking, ludicrous mishaps, quarrels, fights, tragic destinies suffered with a self-pitying jest; all told in the voice one uses for an aside. Even a Celtic nation must

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surely afford other kinds of story, and a minor Irish Question is why they never get themselves written. Are these ungainly dilemmas the only incidents that arise on the social scene; and are these inept, incoherent playboys really typical of the people of Ireland? All writers of Irish stories, serious and comic, seem to agree that they are; but it is so hard to believe that I think I must use my fee for this review in making a trip to the land of my fathers, and seeing for myself.

But whatever one may feel about Mr. O'Connor's material, his use of it, as I say, is delightful. His book has given me as good a group of half-hours as anything I have lately read; I have returned three times to "What's Wrong With the Country?" He has a shrewd eye for flicks of character, a keen sense of a situation, and a neat hand with a sentence. The stories are clean in structure; two or three are touched with that rough, flickering beauty which one sometimes catches in Irish voices; and the point of each is implied rather than stated. I hope he may yet use these gifts on stories of modern Irishmen in modern Ireland — if there are such things.

The point of most of Mr. Kovner's pieces — one cannot call them stories — in *Laugh, Jew, Laugh,* whether actual or implied, escapes me. They were originally written in Yiddish, and it may be that in that form they had a salt and spit which English words would not carry. Something salty, I feel, is here, but as an English reader I have to take it for granted. I cannot perceive it as I perceive it in Montague Glass, Bruno Lessing, Milt Gross, and Arthur Kober. Possibly Mr. Kovner's characters, and their actions and reactions, are more authentic than these others, but in that case only a Jewish reader will fully catch their quiddity. His pieces have something of the naïveté of folk-tales, and, as with all folk-tales, one gets an idea that each piece is a revelation of some trait of character, with an ironic meaning for those who know. For those who don't know, they are pieces on rather worn-out themes and situations to which the author's manner (in English) gives no fresh twist.

In that part of Kentucky which is the setting of Mr. Stuart's *Head O' W-Hollow,* the material and characters of his twenty stories may be commonplace. But to one English reader they come more foreign than the material and characters of any translated stories of farming communities of Norway, Finland, or Czechoslovakia. They present a phase of the American scene unguessed by those who meet only American metropolitans and read only the big city press. Here is the old America, the vital, enduring America, of which current literature takes little account; an America which uses the English tongue but is otherwise remote from anything an Englishman knows. Mr. Stuart has treated this strange region and its people lovingly but truthfully. His themes are varied, but whether they are grim or humorous or homely (even the humorous and homely themes of this primitive people have a grimness for the English reader), he handles them with the quiet power of the poet. Most poets when they take to prose are apt to be diffuse, and Mr. Stuart has this fault. But granting him that, he gets his effects. His book presents a little world, and though some of the stories, as I say, are overlong for their material, when you have read half a dozen of them you accept that world. The very fault of slow-footed meandering helps to give the sense of great hills and great distances and vast skies. What basis his episodes and characters may have in actual Kentucky life does not matter. They have the truth of art, and they live with greater reality than the front-page news of American papers.

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They are not, in the ordinary sense, "modern", nor are they stories that would be welcomed by the popular magazines. Their method is oblique narrative, and their matter is the everyday matter of strange, rough life, set down without expurgation or comment, but with illuminating vision. The result is work that is vital and new. Some of the stories — "Battle Keaton Dies," "300 Acres of Elbow Room," "Word and the Flesh" — have that inherent power which keeps them in mind long after the reading.

Mr. Saroyan, too, has power; or perhaps I should say that power has Mr. Saroyan. The seventy-odd pieces which form the fat volume, *Inhale and Exhale,* are permeated with a power which is capricious — and American. Only a few of them attempt to be stories. The bulk of them, whether fiction or descriptive sketches, are mouthings of the young-Saroyan perplexity with mankind and civilization. A large number are scarcely worth preserving, but when he is good he is distinctly good. He is regarded, I believe, as a problem, and a fresh and arresting problem he is. He is bursting with things to say, but he has not yet, it seems, taken the breath necessary for steady utterance. Often in this volume the spectacle of injustice and stupidity makes him so hot that his statement is lost in a fury of dishevelled sentences. Still, they are good sentences; not such sentences as an Academy of English would pass, but sentences that invigorate literature; sentences whirling and kicking with childhood energy.

His method is not that of the artist using power, but of a man driven by it. He does not approach his themes. He goes at them smash-and-grab, and sometimes turns round with a handful of jewels and sometimes with a damaged raspberry. The jewels appear in his bursts of ecstasy at contemplation of the earth — the morning light, the color of oranges, the smell of rain, the taste of water, the music of crowds; and in his magnificent hates. Invective at full strength carries its own delight, and such things as "The Drunkard," "Prelude to an American Symphony," and "Nine Million Years Ago" are splendid in their kind. Elsewhere his paragraphs crackle with a smoky beauty. He is on fire with life and ideas and words. The pieces he calls "Psalms" reveal him as a poet exercising his wonder and his hate in a sort of prose sonnet. For these and some other things one can forgive him most of the damaged raspberries.

The general effect of these volumes on an English reader is to confirm the presumed vitality of the short story in America, which publishes more short stories than any other country. It is thrusting here and there, seeking new food, taking new forms and shedding them when they don't serve, and all the time curiously awake, reflecting, more ardently and truly than the American novel, the thousand facets of the American scene and spirit.

Provincialism in Art

By Thomas Craven

THE SIGNIFICANT MODERNS AND THEIR PICTURES, by C. J. Bulliet. $4.00. *Covici-Friede.*

In his introduction, Mr. Bulliet assures us that "it is the attempt of this book to weigh and evaluate the modern men and their pictures". There is no evidence, however, save for the sorting of his idols into convenient bundles, and his contemptuous dismissal of American painting as "puerile nationalism", that he has made such an attempt. He would have us believe that "Cézanne is of the stature of Apelles,

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Giotto, El Greco, Rembrandt, and Rubens", that "Matisse and Picasso are commensurate in loftiness with Leonardo, Titian, and Velasquez" — but his incredible opinions are supported by nothing more serious than scraps of impertinent gossip. His book contains an introduction of four pages, a succession of biographies in the erotic tabloid style, and 274 reproductions. He is content, I take it, to rest his case upon the reproductions, a most unhappy blunder from any point of view. It is one thing to tell the reader, with the arrogance of the printed word, that certain private horrors are great works of art; it is quite another to make him believe it when you place before him the babyish conceptions of Bohemian misfits.

As a critical valuation, *The Significant Moderns* (Mr. Bulliet of Chicago must call himself a *Western*) deserves little mention. Such claims as it has on our attention arise from the attitude of mind which it voices, an attitude altogether foreign to the average American but common enough in art circles, and still a considerable nuisance to all self-respecting painters. This affected state is the result of a half-cultured provincialism which, struggling with submerged feelings of inferiority, tends to despise everything American, and eventually to judge all questions of art, taste, and behavior by European standards. What else, indeed, can be said of a writer who, professing to discuss significant modern artists, snobbishly excludes the most significant of living painters because they happen to be Americans, a group of men whose work, whatever its faults, is not only far richer in human values than the work of the present school of Paris, but richer in those much-extolled plastic values which Mr. Bulliet fancies to be the all-in-all of art? Not an American is mentioned; nor is the painting of a single New World artist, with the exception of Diego Rivera, reproduced in this book. It is by way of being an affront to the American people who, more than any other modern nation, have been long-suffering in matters of art — tolerant of imported trash, hospitable to eccentrics, imposed upon by charlatans, generous in their purchases, and eager to be edified — to be offered a book that is stupid in its selections and essentially frivolous in spirit.

This provincial affectation of superiority pervades all the circles within circles enclosing the exploded phenomenon called Modernism. We find it among the painters themselves — the internationalists who sought refuge in abstract art, the last resort of failures; we find it subtly employed by the vested interests — the dealers, collectors, and promoters; it is characteristic of museum directors and trustees, of the aesthetes of New York, Chicago, and Hartford, and of the high-brow critics dangling from the fringes of the vested interests — the pallid intellectuals who make a living by pandering to obscurities and by opposing everything in which good sense is a manifest ingredient. It is, in short, the stock-in-trade of those who played their money and their reputations on the stake that America could not possibly produce an art worth encouraging. But they played a losing game, and the fact that a number of gifted Americans have turned the current of modern art into healthy channels, and have won the allegiance of large groups of intelligent laymen, has driven the merchants and their spokesmen into a last desperate battle to salvage their decayed stocks and their self-esteem.

Mr. Bulliet, having made the startling discovery — years after the fact — that Modernism is dead, attributes the end, in part, to "the crash in 1929 of the money markets of the world". This unexpected

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admission brings up an unsavory subject that calls for elaboration. During the past season we suffered in New York and elsewhere a trumped-up revival in abstract art. Many dealers, particularly those with international affiliations, offered displays of old cubes and cones by the "significant moderns"; the Museum of Modern Art of New York devoted its entire plant to a historical survey of abstract art, the largest exhibition of its kind ever held in America; and the local dabblers in formless things chimed in with their own imitations of Picasso and the Sur-Realists. This little flurry was nothing more than propaganda for a dead cause. The dealers, stricken by the economic crash, hoped that slightly improved financial conditions would enable gullible Americans to invest in exotic wares; the Modern Museum issued a book of pompous drivel to maintain the prestige of its director; and the local paint-worms had nothing better to do than to batten on the dead. Dealers, of course, are merchants, not philanthropists; but this particular brand of dealer differs from other merchants in one respect: his sales are based upon reputations, not upon merit, and he depends upon museums, critics, and literary hirelings to fabricate the reputations. Thus the Modern Museum unwittingly, and in defiance of fine American painting, played into the hands of the international merchants.

It is not too much to say that the whole movement in abstract art — the fanatical concentration on method to the exclusion of meaning — would never have reached the stage of the framed picture, much less the exhibition room, but for the connivance of critics and dealers. Nor is it an exaggeration to say that Picasso, the alleged father of abstract art, owes his notoriety and his fortune to the combination of salesmanship and the high-toned blather which impels provincial snobs to part with their money. Picasso, a waggish, diminutive Bohemian with an uncanny knack for arranging particles of dead matter into amusing novelties and eccentric posters, has been secreted and nursed like a sick princess. He has been cunningly fashioned into a man of mystery with a gigantic intellect that solves, by rebuses and abstract equations, all the riddles of the universe; he has been housed near his dealers, in deep seclusion, where, behind impenetrable doors, he paints what his managers prescribe. But the legend is beginning to crack. It is not so easy in these hard times to convince people that great intellects are preoccupied with trifles. Even the snobs are beginning to worry over their investments in Cubism, to suspect that Picasso's vitality was only verbal. And once the little Bohemian becomes an unmarketable curiosity — and that time is rapidly approaching — the jig is up. The dealers will relegate him to an oblivion from which no amount of literary sagacity can reclaim him.

But it is the reproductions that tell the story; for after all, the objective fact, the picture, is the best witness of the mental habits of the painter. Some of the men represented — Cézanne, Renoir, Seurat, Van Gogh, Toulouse-Lautrec, and Grosz, are unquestionably artists, men with roots in the real world, and with the ability to interpret their experiences in strongly individualized forms. The fantastic valuations placed upon several of these painters are another matter. No one in possession of a sense of values, looking at Cézanne's pictures, would be convinced that an artist of such appalling limitations belongs in the company of the masters; nor would any one believe that Van Gogh is a giant; and for the sake of his fame, some of Renoir's nudes — those bulging tubs painted in the

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last period and said to be full of plasticity, painted fumblingly with paralytic hands to discharge an imaginary obligation to his dealer — might well have been omitted. And incidentally, let us remember, the painters just listed have received far more attention in America than in their native land. Their works have been exhibited everywhere, idolized, publicly discussed and written about, flattered by myriads of imitations, and purchased for fabulous prices — to the great disadvantage of native artists. They have afforded inspiration to students, and excitement, if not exaltation, to all who care seriously for art.

The majority of the reproductions, however, do not fall within the province of works of art. They are, strictly speaking, technical exercises, exhibitions of tools and methods; and methods, or "organizations", have no life of their own, no function unless applied to the material of living experiences. They are, in a word, abstract patterns of one sort or another. Around abstract art, or pattern-making, a vast literature has accreted, perhaps the most fulsome and unintelligible writing in the history of expression. The proponents of abstract art are divided into two sects. The first undertakes to prove that the design, or pattern basis, is the end and aim of art, and that representation is irrelevant, literary, and sentimental. The second attempts to make the pattern the carrier of human meanings and proceeds to pump transcendental properties into aimless tangles of lines and colors. Both sects, I am glad to report, have forfeited public confidence.

Mr. Bulliet, conceding the death of Modernism, is left with nothing to engage his humors. All that he can do now is to level angry quips at the rising Americans, and to await, with provincial petulancy, the coming of a "New Modernism".

Praise of Ladies

By Katharine Fullerton Gerould

MARY TUDOR, by Beatrice White. $6.00. *Macmillan.*
PATRIOTIC LADY, by Marjorie Bowen. $3.00. *Appleton-Century.*
THE ODYSSEY OF A LOVING WOMAN, by Eleanor Oddie. $3.00. *Harpers.*
RACHEL THE IMMORTAL, by Bernard Falk. $5.00. *Appleton-Century.*
THE TURBULENT DUCHESS, by Baroness Orczy. $3.00. *Putnam.*
THREESCORE. The Life of Sarah N. Cleghorn. By Herself. $3.00. *Smith & Haas.*

It has always been an arguable matter whether or not female emancipation has added notably to the luster and influence of the individual woman. Zenobia, Cleopatra, and Joan of Arc took to the field, with a fine military flourish, when it pleased them. In the Middle Ages, women were frequently to be seen managing their absent lords' legal and financial business with full responsibility and complete competence. Has any woman, since the "higher education" was vouchsafed her, enjoyed the intellectual prestige of a Lady Mary Wortley Montagu or a Madame de Staël? Can Florence Nightingale or Mrs. Pankhurst compete, as careerists, with St. Theresa? Does Lady Astor, so long and so conspicuously a British legislator, have as much influence on British policy as did Lady Hamilton, who had no morals and could not even spell? The group of women here considered — a group that begins with "Bloody" Mary and ends with the anti-vivisectionist Miss Cleghorn — sheds a parti-colored light on such investigations.

The fact seems to be that the achievement of Women's Rights, while it has worked to the advantage of the female mass, has done little or nothing for the

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woman of unusual gifts; for the simple reason that the woman of unusual gifts never needed those rights. Mrs. Samuel Ripley of Waltham and Concord did not have to brood over the fact that the Harvard faculty offered no courses to women: when the aforesaid faculty was constrained to rusticate an undergraduate, it sent him to Mrs. Ripley to be tutored in mathematics, science, and the classics — or Hebrew, if necessary. Victorian repressions and inhibitions did not prevent a frail, uneducated Scotch mill-girl from becoming Mary Slessor of Calabar — not only a distinguished missionary but a great colonial administrator. The sex-antagonism of feminists in pre-suffrage years was largely based on their conviction that men were unwilling to give women credit or reward for the gifts that were theirs. In point of fact, women got almost more credit and reward (from men) for the gifts that were theirs, in the days when they were legally chattels. A curious result of this is that the biography of a woman has more chance of interesting us if the subject of it was born at least a hundred years ago. Is there any woman now living — full inheritor of female freedom — whose life we particularly look forward to reading? Perhaps there is; but at the moment of writing, I can think of none.

I am not, of course, arguing that my sex should be deprived of all that it has fought for and won. One must think of these things, with due democratic honesty, as mass-problems. But let us do the opposite sex the justice to admit that the exceptional woman, in all ages, has been acknowledged, praised, even deferred to, by men of her own time. A bigoted feminist might suggest (though many of the famous "blues" would be evidence to the contrary) that the power and prestige of women in earlier periods depended to a large extent on their ability to captivate men; that their freedom, their immunity, their privileges, resulted from their sex appeal. It is quite true, I fancy, that a woman's life usually makes better reading if it includes what is technically known as a love-interest. Female chronologies do become more dramatic, more poignant, at the point where they begin to be involved, on the personal side, with male chronologies. We may admit that the most interesting thing, often, about a woman is how she placed her affections; and if she had no affections to place — or placed them ineffectually — her actual achievement sometimes seems to suffer. But even male biography is enhanced by a love-interest; and the men whose lives are an inexhaustible quarry for biographers are usually the men whose lives have been emotionally complicated. One definitive life of Huxley suffices us; while, every five years, a new life of Byron finds readers.

No doubt, in all times, women have acquired political influence through their personal relations with statesmen. Probably they still do; though such influence was perhaps more openly exerted and more readily acknowledged before the middle-class industrialists came to power. Very likely, Lady Hamilton's career could not now be duplicated. If one is to believe Miss Bowen, Lord Nelson was a skunk and Lady Hamilton a slut, and between them they dragged British honor in the dirt — and in *Patriotic Lady* Miss Bowen's practiced pen, her artful massing, induce us to give full credit to her amazing narrative. The point for us is that Lady Hamilton needed no more "freedom" than she had. Indeed, it is almost inconceivable that today (vote or no vote), any European woman should have so much. Lady Ellenborough would have found it easier, in the twentieth century, to manage her various

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divorces; yet she might well have found the pursuit of her ideal more difficult. Certainly, as one follows the amazing erotic history of Jane Digby — set down by Miss Oddie in *The Odyssey of a Loving Woman* with no particular literary virtue, but all the more convincing perhaps for its obvious pains-taking — one wonders if, had she been born fifty years later, she could have trodden with equal dignity a path so littered with lovers. Nowadays, for all her birth, her beauty, and her wealth, she could hardly have reached her goal — and she did reach it at last, in the desert — unhampered. Modern feminine protests against the "double standard" sound a little foolish when one sees what Jane got away with! Though the *grande amoureuse* is presumably an eternal type, could a woman of our own time have as many lovers, as many children, as she, and still be the object of sycophantic approaches by as thorough a snob as Lady Burton? Would she, in other words, have been as free?

We admitted, I believe, that the biography of any woman often gathers a large part of its interest from the placing of her affections; that if she placed them ineffectually or not at all, the document is less interesting. All the loot of archives could hardly make Mary Tudor appealing, if she had not genuinely and astonishingly loved Philip of Spain. Political plots, intrigues, maneuvers, lose, with the centuries, some of their power to move us; but Mary, with her disastrous passion for Philip, can stir us like a Massinger heroine. Miss White's *Mary Tudor*, indeed, in its effort to document us adequately, almost surfeits us with crabbed sixteenth-century prose. Yet even Miss White, though she tackles her subject in the grave historian's fashion, and turns out a book that must go on the shelf beside Froude, does not fail to explore Mary's tortured heart. No one cares much, now, about the Comte de Chambord. What can still rouse us is the gallantry of his mother's attempt to keep his cause alive, and the frustration of her gallantry by her secret marriage and the untimely birth of her legitimate, but alas, not royal daughter. It is not the Duchesse de Berri hiding under the Breton hedges in boy's clothes that moves us to pity and fear, but the Duchesse de Berri trapped by love and stripped, by her marriage to a mere gentleman, of all influence in the chancelleries of Europe. The Baroness Orczy has not forsaken in *The Turbulent Duchess* her usual romantic vein; and under her fluent and vivid treatment the Duchesse becomes the goodly heroine of an historical novel. *Grande amoureuse* for *grande amoureuse*, Rachel is less appealing than Jane Digby, the marvel of whose career was less the number of her affairs, between London and Damascus, than the fact that not a single one was sordid. Mere lists of these women's lovers matter little, though they include a Ludwig of Bavaria and a Louis Napoleon; what imports to us is what these women did with love, and what love did to them. Lady Hamilton is damned chiefly by the fact that she never loved anyone (though Miss Bowen, appalled perhaps by the portrait she has drawn, pretends rather feebly that she loved Grenville).

Rachel has been damned for most of us by (of all people!) Charlotte Brontë. Who can forget Charlotte's paragraphs?

> She rose at nine that December night. Above the horizon I saw her come. She could shine yet with pale grandeur and steady might; but that star verged already on its judgment-day. Seen near, it was a chaos — hollow, half-consumed: an orb perished or perishing — half lava, half glow. . . . What I saw was the shadow of a royal Vashti: a queen, fair as the day once, turned pale now like twilight, and wasted like wax in flame.

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(It is well for us to be reminded that, when Charlotte saw the great actress in Brussels and stored up her vitriol for future spilling, Rachel was only twenty-one.*) When we know that the illiterate young Jewess (ah, these glamorous, grammarless ladies, with princes and poets at their feet!) was a chosen intimate of Madame Récamier, and that the actress who, in 1842, seemed to Charlotte Brontë "a spectacle low, horrible, immoral" had, in 1841, struck Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort not only as "perfect" but as "such a nice, modest girl", we begin to get a humanly complicated and interesting figure. It is easy to say that the governess had heard scandals that the Queen had not heard. Something certainly there was, in that personality, which transcended promiscuity and illiteracy; an austerity of taste that must count on the human side. No woman can be, to her fingertips and to the least inflection, the great classic heroines of Racine, unless she keeps within herself some secret citadel into which vulgarity cannot enter. Mr. Falk's *Rachel the Immortal* is a conscientious biography, fairly pedestrian and a little too long. But he makes his point about Rachel: no easy task, since the actress, unlike poet and painter and composer, can leave no "evidence" for posterity to evaluate.

It is a pity to have at hand, on the modern side, no biography more easily comparable with these others than that of Miss Cleghorn. Miss Cleghorn makes no challenging gesture to the women of earlier periods. The record is a curiously private one; the humanitarianism, the socialism, the mysticism, the faith-healing, the verse-writing, are all gently sufficient to the individual who practices them, but they constitute no social comment, they strike no emotional spark, they set up no beacon to the remoter reaches of human character. In spite of Miss Cleghorn's constant use of "Franciscan" as an adjective, it is not here that we shall find recorded the dramatic business of being a St. Francis — or a St. Theresa. (I am no adherent of either saint; yet surely there was that in each of them which inescapably created adherents: they had *mana*.) The book is a brief encounter with a high-minded gentlewoman; it does not involve us in any of the classic conflicts — moral, intellectual, or emotional — which alone, in the end, can stir us. Sentiment, in human records, can never take the place of passion; for sentiment is diffused and directionless, while passion, of its own nature, must focus itself, whether on a dynastic right, a classic conception, or, more cheaply, on a human desire.

The preceding paragraph may suggest one reason why, except as they may have the immediate attraction of gossip, lives of modern women are less interesting than lives of women longer dead. The easy communication, the general accessibility, the forced solidarities and classifications, of our own day merge us in labeled groups and blur our private purposes. Accordingly, the gifted woman finds her organization rather than her niche. Her freedom to be herself, she may discover, is actually less than the freedom of her "downtrodden" ancestress. Less free to be herself — elbowed, stifled, overshadowed by comrades — she is naturally less impressive. Which is one reason why the praise of men fails her, and her biography may — however unfairly — be a dull business.

*I may accept too casually Mr. Falk's reference of the Vashti passages to Rachel's 1842 appearance in Brussels. *Villette* was not published until 1853; and Charlotte saw Rachel in London in 1851 (as Mr. Falk notes). There are references to Rachel in Charlotte Brontë's 1851 correspondence, and the Vashti passages may have been inspired (unless Mr. Falk has information he has denied us) by the later experience.

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The First Reformer

By Edgar Lee Masters

THEODORE PARKER, by Henry Steele Commager. $3.00. *Little, Brown.*

One rises from reading this biography of the Yankee reformer asking the question: what was all his anxiety and industry about? The earth is still here, and the stars still shine; political questions and parties have melted away; theology has changed a little. But, after all, a quiet unstriving influence like Darwin's is more in keeping with the dignity of nature than the anxious activity of the reformer, and goes much farther toward changing human conditions. Parker may have done good in his time: but if we of today can get no, or little good from him, what real benefit did his own generation receive? What good were Phillips, Lowell, and that earnest band of desert-howlers and locust-eaters? Up from those swamps of controversy and prophetical prowling only one star arose, and still shines. That was Emerson, whose juxtaposition by the side of Parker, and even the pretentious Lowell, shows the difference between a poet and a philosopher on the one hand, and a radical, a preacher, and a reformer on the other. Mr. Commager's book, so competently done and with such an impressive bibliography, furnishes the material and even the reasons for these conclusions.

Theodore Parker was the grandson of Captain John Parker, who fought on the Plains of Abraham and at Lexington, and left farmer descendants who lived at Lexington, where Theodore was born in 1810 with a consuming thirst for knowledge. He began school at six years of age. Very soon he was reading Rollin's *Ancient History*, and then he was earning money by picking berries and using it to buy books in Boston. At twenty he entered Harvard, and soon was tutoring students in Hebrew, Portuguese, Dutch, Greek, and German. First and last he learned Italian, Swedish, Danish, Arabic, Persian, Coptic, and he dabbled in African dialects and in Russian. What for, considering that Parker found man's life was very short?

At twenty-six Parker was editor of the *Scriptural Interpreter*; at twenty-seven he was ordained an Unitarian minister, and went to West Roxbury to preach. He fell in with the group that ran the *Dial*, was loosely connected with Brook Farm, and was one of the combatants in the Unitarian quarrel, which Emerson called a "storm in a washbowl". He next earned the designation of infidel by contending that Christianity was merely one of many religions, and subject to the same critical tests as the others. From Christianity he exorcised the miracles, Christ, the Bible, and the Church. That left what he called natural religion, Wordsworth's "natural piety". For these blasphemies the clergy ostracized him. Thus at thirty-two years of age he was alone and in darkness. Emerson had said his say about religion and turned away calmly to go on with his thinking. Parker could not do this. He had attacked Calvinism and the Unitarians, too, in terms well worth reading now. But with the excitement of all this, his great labors, and his rejection on nearly all hands, his health cracked and he set off for Europe to regain his strength. He was in Paris at the Sorbonne. In Berlin he fellowed with Bancroft and Motley. And in a few months he was back in West Roxbury, armed with fresh scholarship and full of fight.

Two years later circumstances improved for him. He was called to Boston, there to preach in the Melodeon to its seven thousand attendants. At the same time he was writing a *History of the Reformation*, a *History of Religious Thought*, and *Introduc-*

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tion to the New Testament, and editing De Wette. He was still a gourmand as a reader, keeping up his studies of Polybius, Juvenal, Plato, Herodotus, and the Homeric question. When he was resting, if rest it was, he was fellowing with Webster, Everett, Choate, Phillips, Garrison, and Mrs. Howe. With another hand he started the *Massachusetts Quarterly Review*. Meanwhile the great John Calhoun was living, and Jefferson Davis, and Robert Toombs. But how could they contend with this Boston group? They couldn't, and they found it out. Boston thus became the Hub of the Universe, where Neal Dow was fighting for Prohibition, Reverend Sargent was trying to stamp out prostitution, Dorothy Dix was working to help the insane, Phillips was talking for penal reform, and Lowell was writing against capital punishment. Parker was broaching the sex question. He wrote:

> A history of the gradual development of the sexual element in mankind would be a noble theme. What a deal of prudery there is about the matter in New England. If there is a damnable institution on earth it is compulsory celibacy in women.

He thought there was something quite aesthetic and graceful about the love adventures of the Greeks. As to drink, he was in favor of it in moderation. He took a hack at industrial feudalism, then rising in the mills of New England. But he didn't see with Carlyle that Negro slavery was no worse than machine and industrial slavery. No, though excoriating the merchant nature, he was for righteous war in the name of God's law, whatever that is, or whatever he could have thought it was. Mr. Commager calls Parker a "spiritual Martha", an apt characterization.

When the Fugitive Slave law of 1850 was passed, Parker put on heavier armor. He opposed it with violence and got into the criminal court therefor. He helped John Brown to take guns to Kansas. He assailed the aging Webster; and though he had discarded the Bible he held to its Hebraic curses and howled that the South must reap as it sowed.

At forty-six he was getting in a pleasanter position in life. Out in Illinois was Herndon, Lincoln's law partner. Herndon was an Elihu Burritt of a less-talented order than Parker; but he was full of studies and enthusiasms for reformations. The two started a correspondence; and Parker thought that Lincoln dodged the issue in one of the debates with Douglas. That was no way to get at God's truth. Over in England, Buckle had learned of Parker. Buckle wrote him that he was "the most advanced leader of opinion in one of the two first nations of the world". What of Emerson?

At forty-six he was receiving two thousand letters a month and trying to answer them. Every Sunday he was preaching, and at the same time he was lecturing at the rate of eighty-four times within a few months. Then he was welcomed back to Watertown at an independent church, and preached every Sunday. The call there was a vindication. By this time he had accumulated two volumes of sermons, and a book called *Discourse of Religion*, and he had reached a third edition of his translation of De Wette. But he was getting tired now. His candle was standing in a current of air. "I need rest," he wrote. "I think I need fun."

At the time, revivals were sweeping the land and people were singing, "Stand up, stand up for Jesus". Parker could now scarcely stand up for anything. He had spent years fighting for and against the Bible, rejecting its superstitions and using its moral and immoral appeals. No more now! Consumption, as it was then called, had him. So he started for the West Indies. But he spent his time writing his experiences as a minister — for the good of men and the

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world. From Cuba he went to Paris, then to Switzerland, then to Rome. But the tale was told. He was just fifty in years, but he was more than seventy in lack of strength. He didn't like Rome; so he went on to Florence and died there on May 10, 1860, just nine days before Lincoln was nominated for the Presidency at Chicago. A new era was on, of which Parker had no conception whatever.

Some years before this, Goethe's son, August, died of drink in Rome and was buried in the Protestant Cemetery where Keats had found sepulture in 1821, and the ashes of Shelley in 1822. In 1860, Theodore Parker was buried there under the shadow of the pyramid of Gaius Cestius — the Yankee reformer! They say the owl was the baker's daughter. . . .

Mr. Commager makes a capital summation of Parker's character. He calls him a provincial, and an American who loved a cattle show better than Notre Dame. He knew the West of America as the home of democracy, says Mr. Commager. He was a realist in religion, reform, politics. He saw through the nonsense of Manifest Destiny. He detested the Doctrine of Sin, and he thought Grace and Salvation were idiotic inventions of the theological mind. He was interested in science, especially in botany and biology, not astronomy. He thought history should teach lessons, otherwise it was useless. As to poetry and novels his yardstick was a moral one. Rousseau was a bad man, therefore to be eschewed. Byron was a libertine, therefore to be unread.

Parker was learned, but in an encyclopedic fashion. His learning did not make for wisdom, for analysis. He could not loaf and invite his soul. He could not walk along a country road without making notes on the soil and the crops. He was didactic and pedantic. He was neither original nor critical, and made no contributions to scholarship or philosophy. He lacked intuition; he was not transcendental. His bulging forehead and thrust-out chin depict him, "saving the perilous souls of the nation with holiest, wholesomest vituperation". For long he was the spiritual father of the pest known as the reformer, that type of man found chiefly in America, and unknown entirely in France and the Latin countries, and less offensively in England. Parker's loins in these days seem spent; and this book of Mr. Commager's can show us why it is, and why we should be glad.

Making the World Safe for Communism

By Lawrence Dennis

WHAT IS COMMUNISM? by Earl Browder. $2.00. *Vanguard Press.*

It would be easy for a literary critic or a professor of one of the social sciences to write a devastating review of this book by Mr. Browder, secretary general of the Communist Party in America. Its literary merits are practically *nil*. It comprises a series of disconnected special pleadings against capitalism and in favor of the 1936 Moscow program. It is full of bad reasoning and patent contradictions. And it will make few, if any, American converts to communism. Yet the book is important and worthy of reading for two reasons: first, because it expresses faithfully, in the idiom and thought patterns of an average Midwestern American, the latest Moscow world view and revolutionary strategy, with appropriate concealment, naturally, of the authorship and underlying Soviet *Realpolitik*; second, because whatever Moscow thinks — no matter how false or foolish it may be — is important to the outside world.

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One hundred and fifty million Russians can be wrong. But a wrong opinion with a standing army of 1,300,000 well-equipped soldiers to back it up is important. Today there is little point to academic criticism of official expositions of communist or fascist points of view. Both communism and fascism are on the successful offensive, while liberal capitalism is on the none too successful defensive. The sensible thing for the foes of either to do, therefore, is to try to apprehend the meaning of communist or fascist messages, no matter how badly such messages may be delivered. A half-century of refutation and derision of Karl Marx did not prevent the triumphant emergence of communism in Russia, nor did a decade of the same sort of treatment keep Hitler from attaining power.

The most important fact to be learned from Mr. Browder's American paraphrase of Moscow's latest confidential instructions to the Comrade Workers in this foreign mission field, is that Russia is afraid of fascism and wants to mobilize all the forces of accessible moral feeling and class interest in America in support of her latest position at Geneva. Accordingly, after trying to identify the Communist Revolution with the Spirit of 1776, *i.e.*, the spirit of proletarians G. Washington, T. Jefferson, A. Hamilton, B. Franklin, *et al.*, and predicting "Big Trouble Ahead" in this, "A Special Kind of Depression," Mr. Browder proceeds to identify "Fascism: American Brand" with W. R. Hearst, General Johnson, the NRA, Father Coughlin, Huey Long, and even President Roosevelt, and then to call for "The United Front against War and Fascism," "A Farmer-Labor Party," and "The Fight for Peace." This last-named chapter contains the milk of the coconut. It is an appeal to the United States to join the League of Nations and support whatever joint moves of imperialist France and Britain Comrade Litvinoff may happen to endorse at Geneva.

Two or three years ago the communists were inciting soldiers in the American, British, and French armies to mutiny against the imperialist governments of the capitalist bosses. Today, the latest orders from Moscow direct that the masses of these arch-imperialist nations be urged to support the Franco-Russian military pact and all appropriate military measures pursuant thereto. Now this about-face of Moscow would be ludicrous if it were not for the reality of the Franco-Russian military alliance and a widely shared feeling in the United States, Britain, and France in favor of unlimited support of economic and, ultimately if necessary, military pressure against the violators of the League Covenant, to wit, Italy, Germany, and Japan. Well, if Litvinoff and the British, American, and French internationalists have their way in this matter, it certainly behooves all literate Americans to devour Mr. Browder's latest book and a great many more books on the political theories of our future noble ally. For Mr. Browder tells us:

> The imperialists do not wish to apply sanctions. . . . They will be applied only if the masses force the imperialists to carry them through. The fight for sanctions develops into a fight against the capitalists at home. It is the independent action of the toiling masses that is the spearhead of the fight for peace. To compel League sanctions by mass struggle is important. The primary weapon is the independent struggle of the toilers, enforcing their own sanctions. The rallying center in the world fight for peace is the policy of the Soviet Union.

Shades of all the communists who went to jail and faced firing squads for refusing to fight in Mr. Wilson's war for peace and a League! Now the workers are to force their wicked imperialist governments to

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lead them into another war for the same glorious objectives. The membership of Holy Communist Russia in the alliance is to make the war holy. And this for the American isolationists who would keep their country out of European entanglements: "Isolation, no matter how well intentioned, helps the forces of war; makes easier the outbreak of another world conflict into which the United States would be drawn."

It is clear, not only from this book but from the daily newspapers, that Communist Russia now wants strong League action against Germany, Italy, and Japan, and that Moscow is offering its army, the largest in the world, in support of such action. What may be the subject of some uncertainty is whether or not Moscow wants the next World War just now. Of course, the communists — Mr. Browder among them — and their friends say that Russia does not want war, for war would interrupt her internal program and, also, find her not fully prepared. Hence, they reason, Russian enthusiasm for the League and sanctions expresses a sincere desire on the part of the Moscow government for peace. There are, of course, plenty of people sufficiently humorless to say with all seriousness that if a nation wants peace enough to want to start a war for it, the sincerity of that nation's passion for peace should not be questioned.

There is much, however, to be said for a somewhat different view of this recent Russian zeal for League sanctions. In the first place, it is to be observed that the communist leaders in charge at Moscow are much too hard-headed to be able to indulge any illusions about the possibility of stopping Mussolini, Hitler, and Japan by League sanctions, short of war. In the second place, these Moscow party chiefs, like many of the French militarists, must realize that if fascism is to be crushed, now is the time to do it. For, as to preparedness for war, it is fairly likely that the war effectiveness of Germany, Italy, and Japan will increase faster in the near future, the way things are going, than the war potentialities of Russia, France, and Britain. And, in the third and last place, a world war, followed by economic collapse and social unrest everywhere in Europe, would afford Communist Russia the ideal opportunity for using its Red Armies and propaganda agencies throughout Europe to set up and support red dictatorships. Russian communism is the one system suited to survive a world war and economic collapse, for it was born of just such conditions and has operated during its nineteen years of life on a war basis with unlimited hardships and sacrifices for its people. That is to say, Russian communism has everything to win from a war in which the USSR has allies on whom it can rely to smash the fascist enemies as well as themselves. In fact, Russia could hardly lose a war to the finish between the liberal and the fascist countries: she can easily egg them on to start such a war and then leave them to re-enact the Kilkenny cat fight.

Mr. Browder's book does not give relatively as much space as this review to the international situation, for the book has to restate a great many socialist arguments which will be found in any socialist pamphlet, be it one by Mr. Norman Thomas, or by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald while still a socialist. Mr. Browder's rather considerable discussion of the international situation and his impassioned advocacy of a war to end war and fascism, however, are the only features of his book which make it significant. For instance, he is not to be taken seriously when he advocates the promotion of a Farmer-Labor Party with which communists will co-operate but which will not be communist; or leadership by the Ameri-

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can workers through sovietized unions, such leadership to be accepted and gloried in by the American middle classes who will have been liquidated by prolonged depression; or the official communist policy in respect to the Negroes; or the admission of religious people to a novitiate status in the Communist Party, during which they will be duly converted from Moses or Jesus to Marx and atheism. Evidently, the word has come down from Moscow to follow a strategy which may be described by the old formulas: boring from within, gradualist or even Fabian. It does not lie within the scope of this brief review to show why such strategy will not work for a system as revolutionary as communism. Of course, a large part of the communist case against capitalism and for social justice is fully subscribed to by the Tories of England as well as by Mr. Herbert Hoover and Mr. Ogden Mills, not to mention the New Dealers.

The weakness of communism as a movement making a bid for mass support is its subserviency to Moscow. The trouble is that the people who make policy decisions for the Communist Party are primarily concerned with what is good for Russian foreign policy and not with what might be good for communism in specific foreign countries. Thus, for instance, in Germany, before the triumph of Hitler, the Communist Party was told to make no revolutionary move and to hamstring the Liberal-Socialist coalition governments. This naturally played into Hitler's hands: it weakened his foes and attracted many revolutionary spirits from the communists who could not promote revolution because Moscow did not want to be bothered in her Five-Year Plan by a German upheaval. The Nazis were under no such inhibition and, in addition to offering an exciting revolution, they offered everything the wounded spirit of the German people could demand.

Again subservient to orders from Moscow, official communism in America, instead of supporting a 100% isolationist and no-war policy, which would have the strongest popular appeal, attacks the isolationists and advocates sending Americans to Europe to fight for Britain, France, and Russia. With a program like that, the communists need not be surprised if they prove easy marks for Mr. Hearst and every rabble-rouser in the land. In this respect, millions of level-headed, decent Americans will be forced to concur with Mr. Hearst in attacking a movement, one of the chief purposes of which is to mobilize Americans for a European war in support of an alliance in which Russia is a leading partner.

It is interesting to note how Mr. Browder, on orders from Moscow, can rationalize obligatory atheism for all full members of the Communist Party with close co-operation by the communists with Father Divine, the Negro charlatan, whose followers proclaim that he is God. Yet at the same time, Mr. Browder cannot rationalize a harmony between American nationalism and socialism. The explanation, no doubt, is that one socialism can have but one nationalism and that orthodox communism already has the nationalism of the Kremlin. Communism, however, is a real menace to America, not because of Mr. Browder's arguments and the 30,000 paid-up members his organization can boast, but precisely because Russia is a powerful nation with a will to impose its system on the rest of the world, given the chance to do so. That chance will not come as a result of Mr. Browder's activities or those of his organization in challenging the existing order. That chance will come as a result of another world war and its sequels for the capitalist and fascist countries. If that chance is given Russian communism, it will be the work of millions of confused American and British idealists,

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who, although as unsympathetic to real communism as the fascists, will have supported Russia's present foreign policy of stirring up a world war for peace, and who, in consequence, will have fought the fascist foes of communist Russia.

The Morality of a Novelist

By Llewelyn Powys

GEORGE ELIOT, by Blanche Colton Williams. $4.00. *Macmillan.*

Any estimate of the life of George Eliot must almost of necessity throw into strong relief the superficiality of human judgment where infringement of its customs, hallowed by time, has taken place. Our ethical canons may be divided into those that have to do with the prevailing *mores* of social convenience, and those that have to do with the deeper moralities uninfluenced by accepted codes but sensitive to the claims of compassion informed by intelligence. The mass mind often confuses the hawk with the handsaw, and the most unjustifiable persecutions are constantly being perpetrated in the name of laws divine when in reality they are merely an expression of the sense of outrage experienced by unreflective people when their accepted habits of life are menaced.

In spite of appearances, George Eliot was extremely tender about the good opinion of the society of her day, and her irregular association with George Henry Lewes accentuated a morbid distrust of herself which even the almost universal applause that she won by her literary achievements was never able to still. This spiritual tension was the profound preoccupation of her psychological life. It is present at the time of her first honeymoon visit to Germany, when she wrote to Cara protesting against her relationship with Lewes being considered immoral; even till that evening at the end of her life when she astonished "the great O.B." by listening with an attention, neurotic in its intensity, to Turgenev's description of a gross popular demonstration in a Parisian theater in support of the matrimonial convention presented in a particularly degraded form. The rest of this Newmarket party carelessly judged the narration to reveal how the popular mind always "preferred the shadow to the substance". Lewes asserted roundly that the bourgeois English "would have behaved just as badly". George Eliot hung upon every word that was spoken while the Russian novelist assured the company that he alone in the whole theater "had stood up in his box and hissed".

George Eliot, in spite of her own unresolved doubts, was enabled to carry through victoriously her trespass because fundamentally her whole attitude to life reflected in a most signal fashion the prevailing obsession of her period — moral earnestness. The fact that her outlook accorded so easily with the accepted temper of those mid-Victorian years brought her wealth and prominence so that, as often enough happens in the case of an outstanding worldly success, society was ready to overlook its customary disapprobations. And even to this day George Eliot's notable moral energy serves her turn well, as is illustrated by Dr. Williams' careful and conscientious biography, heavily laden as it is with the sentiment which is apt to follow fast upon the misjudgments of an unthinking public as undiscriminating in its acclamations as in its denunciations. Her book will be as pleasing as it is interesting to the general reader, for Dr. Williams' heart is obviously "in the right place", but for the informed minority on the lookout

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for fresh insights into this humdrum drama, the biography will be a disappointment.

The wheel has come round full circle and Dr. Williams is surely well endowed for voicing the reaction in favor of this Victorian "Queen". As a young American student Dr. Williams visited her heroine's grave, and again twenty years afterwards, in the company this time of George Eliot's great-niece. On the last occasion she and her companion "laid over the dust of that once gallant heart a sheaf of lilies". She champions George Eliot in this same strain throughout the book. A few quotations should suffice to give the reader some notion of what to expect. George Eliot was "too honest to dicker with life . . . and she loved much". "Passion," we are informed, "dominated her when she craved to merge her life with another's life; to find the calm blessedness of a woman's lot." In one of her letters, George Eliot writes: "But there is no excessive visiting among us, and the life of my own health is chiefly that of dual companionship," a sentence that prompts Dr. Williams to exclaim, "So it had been, so it was now, all in all to one; one, all in all."

This apostrophe prepares us for Dr. Williams' conclusion that George Eliot's relationship with the man whom a French critic described as "having a leonine head and the heart of a turtle-dove" was preordained. They came together in an "inevitable union, inevitable as the common channel of two streams rushing to meet each other down the mountain slope". And in her final verdict upon the compelling principle of her subject's life I daresay she does not fall far short of the mark: "A man's woman in her earliest days, when she adored father and brother; a man's woman when she accepted Lewes. . . . A man's woman, when she committed her final days to her adorer, John W. Cross."

It is a little difficult to understand how it comes about that George Eliot inspires Dr. Williams to such high emotional flights. Without doubt the novelist possessed a powerful mind and a wide knowledge of the more ordinary influences that condition human conduct, together with a very idiomatic gift for presenting types from the Midlands that she had observed in her childhood. Yet in spite of her obvious limitations, her airy detachment from the sweat and dust of her age, her almost total absorption in her own parlor-land perceptions, Jane Austen would seem to me to be more worthy of this kind of enthusiasm, and still more might this be said of George Eliot's contemporary, Emily Brontë, with her wild, romantic, flame-like genius.

It is amusing to contemplate Herbert Spencer, who at one time had actually proposed to George Eliot, violently denying after her death, as he did, that he had ever felt any tender emotion towards her. Were these excitable protestations due to an incongruous display of personal vanity on the part of the philosopher, a shrinking perhaps from being compromised in the opinion of posterity on the score of questionable familiarities with this learned pupil of his younger days? At any rate he took inordinate pains to suppress the rumor that he had ever been in love with her. Even as late as 1885, on the publication of *George Eliot's Life*, it was still a neurosis with him. "It is unsatisfactory," he comments, "in that respect about which I wrote you some years ago — the report that I have been in love with her", and he is said to have emphatically declared: "I did not propose to her; she proposed to me."

At Cambridge at the beginning of the

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century, I used sometimes to be present at Mr. Oscar Browning's undergraduate reception evenings in his rooms at Kings. This illustrious man, who even to his great old age was never conspicuous for moral inhibitions, dismisses this more sprightly side of George Eliot in his study of her life with these sensible words: "It is needless to gratify a morbid curiosity. Miss Evans fell in love with Lewes as she had fallen in love with others"; and he goes on to relate how as an Eton housemaster he had entertained the two celebrities at Windsor, taking them rowing on the Thames, and provoking the curiosity of his readers by remarking: "I remember on this visit seeing some traces of the old 'Maggie', the recollection of which is very precious to me."

To George Meredith we owe the following splenetic description of the two: "George Eliot had the heart of Sappho; but the face, with the long proboscis, the protruding teeth as of the Apocalyptic horse, betrayed animality."

"What of Lewes?"

"Oh, he was the son of a clown. He had the legs of his father in his brain."

Wilfrid Scawen Blunt used to say that "tailoring parentage was the tragedy of Meredith's life", and the Victorian novelist's cleverly presented disparagements suggest as much. "Love," writes Dr. Williams, "came not as she would have had it come, conventionally with bridal party and altar. . . ." And the discerning reader may find in this unwary sentence the heart of the whole matter. George Eliot remained throughout her life "all balled up". Her equivocal matrimonial position remained always a worry to her, and the most daring of her books were always firmly anchored to the bedrock of the most favored of all England's obstinate predilections. She was bold enough to scatter most of the poultry in the British domestic yard, but she was never able to uncrost the sulkiest brood hen of them all, Duty, sitting unperturbed in its nest box — as destructive of romance as of true religion!

The Military Mind at Work

By Fletcher Pratt

TOGO AND THE RISE OF JAPANESE SEA POWER, by Edwin A. Falk. $4.00. *Longmans, Green.*

JAMES LONGSTREET, LEE'S WAR HORSE, by H. J. Eckenrode and Bryan Conrad. $3.50. *University of North Carolina Press.*

THE GENERAL, by C. S. Forester. $2.50. *Little, Brown.*

The strange thing about these three books is their similarity. They are the work, respectively, of a pair of academic historians, of an ex-naval officer turned publicist, and of a modern novelist; they are of three different degrees of literary merit; their subjects are a Japanese admiral, a Confederate general, and a kind of sublimated composite photograph of the British high command in the World War. One presents the history of a nation, one the history of a man, and the third that of a personalized idea — in sum, they have no apparent common denominator. Yet the result in all three is much the same. We get a long narrative of military events surrounding the main character, a brief narrative of his progress in peace, and a fragmentary analysis of his character.

The last feature is the most interesting, for when the three analyses are placed side by side they almost cancel out. Longstreet was bad-tempered, Curzon (Mr. Forester's

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general) a not very intelligent social climber, and Admiral Togo as obstinate as a Missouri mule. But every other personal characteristic is held in common by all the members of this oddly assorted trio. Now this can hardly be the result of accident; in fact, there is only one thing that will account for it — what the biologists call converging development. In other words, these three biographies are fundamentally studies of the same character — the professional military mind.

Yet none of them manages to do much more than state that there is such a thing. Seduced by the easy doctrine of allowing characters to speak for themselves through events in which they participate, all four authors have adopted a method of narration which casts their central figures as silhouettes in the foreground of history with all the light behind them. The method is useful in painting, where it is not necessary to emboss the expression on the face of the principal figure, but in history it leaves a good many unanswered questions. Did Longstreet really think Bragg's dispositions for the siege of Chattanooga sound? No clue. At Tsushima, "Togo stood on the bridge amid the smoke and uproar . . . watching every move with the phlegm and stamina of a youth and the keen understanding of a rich experience," which means "Togo stood on the bridge", a statement of no psychological value.

The defect, however, is not with the authors, but with their data. Mr. Falk painstakingly tries to give us more, and it is hardly his fault that the dish is empty. Mr. Forester, who is in the happy position of being able to invent his own data, does better, but he is pretty unconvincing when he tries to fill the gaps in the other accounts. The resulting impression is that professional military training throws around those who experience it, or better, those who abandon themselves to it, a thick curtain through which individuality is unable to penetrate. It makes them the extroverts we see in these three books. The man who has philosophic doubts, who does things against the rules, is a more interesting person, but he is not nearly so useful an officer. At the same battle of Tsushima where Togo stood on the bridge giving no clue to thoughts or feelings, Captain Yatsushiro of the *Asama* entertained his staff with a flute solo till it was time for the batteries to open — but his ship had to haul out of line early in the action for repairs, and he never was appointed an admiral, the suggestion being that he should have been inspecting his engines instead of playing on the tootle-pipe.

A great many people, including Mr. Forester, would have us believe that intelligence also is unable to penetrate the curtain of the military mind. Mr. Forester's facts are rigged, and to a degree so also are those of Messrs. Eckenrode, Conrad, and Falk. For they all criticize the military mind from within itself, comparing it with an impossible ideal. It is true that the British high command on the Western Front was insensitive and wasted lives needlessly; it is true that Longstreet thought himself a greater man than he was and haltered his own stroke with unwilling obedience to orders with which he disagreed; it is true that Togo made double work for himself and his nation by hypercaution in the early days off Port Arthur. But unless it can be shown that the military mind handles the problems with which it is faced less well than the non-military mind handles them, these criticisms and all other criticisms of the military mind are no more than a plea for greater general intelligence in the human species. Mr. Forester's analysis, indeed, turns

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round to bite its own hindquarters, for he shows us a stupid man who has gone through the military mill doing rather well with difficulties which, as a matter of historical record, proved baffling to some very brilliant men indeed.

The only genuine criticism of the military mind must come from a point of view outside that mind; a consideration of whether any process but the strait-jacket of military training would produce better or even as good results, not for the individual but for civilization as a whole. I do not think there is much evidence in favor of another method. The case of a non-military man being pitchforked into high command is naturally rare, but it has occurred. Lawrence of Arabia and the mysterious Wassmuss were examples in the World War; the Civil War had John A. McClernand and Bedford Forrest (it is rather surprising there were no more); and before them, there were Jacob Brown in 1812 and Nathanael Greene in the Revolution, to mention only those who attained considerable success in an alien vocation.

When we compare the performance of this group with that of professional soldiers, one fact emerges at once — they are quite free of the most frequently criticized limitation of the military mind, *i.e.,* a lack of receptivity to new ideas, especially in the field of strategy. Forrest's technique of long raids by big forces of cavalry, Lawrence's program of keeping the Mecca railroad "working, but only barely working", Greene's method of winning strategic victories by willingness to accept tactical defeats — these were plans beyond the horizon of professional soldiers, and the professional soldiers opposed them. Their success forms much of the basis for the usual censure of the military mind as hidebound, but the critics conveniently forget that such novel ideas have failed as often as they have succeeded, and failed with disastrous results. McClernand's campaign to Arkansas Post delayed the Civil War in the West for nearly a year; Forrest went rocketing off on one of his brilliant raids just before the battle of Nashville and left bare the spot through which Thomas rushed to destroy the Confederate army, and Wassmuss brought complete ruin on his cause in the end. Which is to say that the greater flexibility of the non-military mind is not always a desirable characteristic in a military sense. Or in any other sense, since the general as well as the military interest lies in accomplishing the business of war with as little damage to the population as possible. It is on this point — the question of damage, casualties, and bloodshed — that the military mind is most heavily criticized; yet it is precisely on this point that the military mind can and does make its most favorable comparison with the non-military.

"Those few words," says Mr. Forester, summing up his case, "had condemned ten thousand men to death or mutilation. . . . It might have been more advantageous to England if the British Army had not been quite so full of men . . . so unmoved in the face of difficulties, of such unfaltering courage." In other words, Mr. Forester finds the condemnation of ten thousand men horrible, and asks whether a leader who refused the condemnation might not have brought back a better result. But this is to confuse the institution of war with the men who are paid to conduct it, which is rather like saying that we ought to abolish policemen and judges because crime is melancholy to contemplate.

If the bloodiness of wars were due to something in the military mind, the amateur soldiers should show a record of results accomplished with far less human and material sacrifice. Actually, the reverse

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is the case. Nathanael Greene was a good captain and a clever man; the butcher's bill in any one of his battles is sensibly lower than in similar battles fought by Washington, the professional, in the same war. But Greene had to fight three or four times to Washington's one, and the total result was in favor of the latter. Nor is this the whole story. Greene and Lawrence, who broke off or avoided battles to save casualties, are anomalous among non-professional soldiers. Jacob Brown's three battles were the most murderous in American history; McClernand was directly responsible for the hopeless slaughter in the assault on Vicksburg, where Grant, the professional, wished to sit down for a siege; Forrest fought at Selma under conditions no professional would have faced.

Amateurs in military affairs tend to think of blood in terms of red ink, and casualties as figures in a ledger. They seldom have that intimate personal acquaintance with violent death which is a part of every soldier's training. They have never learned what the military mind has thoroughly ingrained: that a captured enemy is better than a dead one. A military mind might "condemn ten thousand men to death or mutilation", but it would be only with the hope of saving ten hundred thousand; it takes a political and not a military mind to order another hundred thousand casualties before withdrawing from an obviously hopeless Dardanelles expedition. It was not professional soldiers but professional politicians who coined phrases about "sinking without trace", "force without stint or limit", and "fight on till we are driven back to Bordeaux or the Pyrenees". And if we cannot keep the politicians from putting us into the next war, let us at least hope that once they get us there, they will permit the military mind to handle the business. It will be less expensive.

Robert Frost: Revisionist

By Louis Untermeyer

A FURTHER RANGE, by Robert Frost. $2.50. *Holt.*

With each new book, Robert Frost continues to establish himself as the most rewarding and likewise the most richly integrated poet of his generation. He has no contemporary rival in America, and only William Butler Yeats can challenge his pre-eminence as the most distinguished poet writing in English today. *A Further Range,* the sixth of his interrelated and yet varied volumes, solidifies his position.

By what name that position will finally be known will be determined by historians more detached than the present appraisers. Erudite and sometimes persuasive theses have been written proving Mr. Frost to be (a) a classicist, (b) a symbolist, (c) a humanist, (d) a synecdochist (Mr. Frost's own half-serious classification), and (e) a glorified Neighbor. Lately, since the creation of political parties in literature, it has become the fashion to refer to him as a "centrist". All of the designations are plausible, all have some justification, and none is a satisfactory measure of the man. Actually, he is far more radical than the extremists. But his is an old radicalism not dependent on new slogans, or eccentricities of expression, or verbal vociferousness. It is a highly personal and intensely American radicalism, not unlike the individual insurgence of Thoreau and the quiet but thoroughgoing rebellion of Emerson. In the mellow and quizzical "Build Soil," which is subtitled "A Political Pastoral," and which is an undisguised Socratic dialogue, 1936 model, Mr. Frost reveals his freedom from cant and mob-thinking:

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I bid you to a one-man revolution —
The only revolution that is coming.
We're too unseparate out among each other —
With goods to sell and notions to impart. . . .
Don't join too many gangs. Join few if any.
Join the United States and join the family. . . .
Is it a bargain, Shepherd Meliboeus?

To which the other pastoral poet, Mr. Frost's alter ego, replies:

. . . . I agree with you;
We're too unseparate. And going home
From company means coming to our senses.

But, though there is little politics in most of his poetry, the verse is not without broader challenge. From the early "Mending Wall" to the just-published "The White-Tailed Hornet," Mr. Frost has questioned routines of thought. He has disguised his intransigence in understatements, in offstage whispers, in whimsical circumlocutions, but his penetrations have been none the less thorough. He challenges the pat conclusions of the formalist in art and education; he scorns a stereotype in expression no more (and no less) than an emotional cliché. In "The White-Tailed Hornet" he cannily — and completely — upsets the favorite theory that instinct in the lower animals is a sort of higher intelligence. "Desert Places" exposes the platitude of the external dark and frightening space by quietly suggesting the vaster deserts within. So with most of his poems old and new, the longer ones to be "taken doubly", and the lyrics to be "taken singly", many of which are among Mr. Frost's deepest. If I were called upon to add to the categories, I would drop the classicist, the bucolic realist, and the localist. I would call him a revisionist. It is the power not only to restate but to revise too easily accepted statements which is one of his great qualities, and it has been overlooked to a surprising degree.

If it were not for the columnist and vaudeville connections which belittle the term, I would be tempted to add "humorist" to the categories. Not that Mr. Frost would resent the appellation, debased although it has become. Introducing E. A. Robinson's posthumous *King Jasper* a few months ago, Mr. Frost slyly satirized novelty for its own sake and insisted that the style was not only the man, but that "style" was the way the man takes himself. "If," he continued, "it is with outer seriousness, it must be with inner humor. If it is with outer humor, it must be with inner seriousness." The sentences were, primarily, a tribute to Mr. Robinson; essentially they are an almost perfect description of Mr. Frost. His style, so characteristic, so seemingly simple and yet so inimitable, so colloquial and so "elevated", has a way of uniting opposites. It combines fact and fantasy with a baffling, even a matter-of-fact, tone of voice. Or, rather, it is not so much a combination as an alternation, an intellectual prestidigitation, in which fact becomes fantasy and the fancy is more convincing than the fact. The inner seriousness and the outer humor continually shift their centers of gravity — and levity — and it must be plain to all but the pedants that Mr. Frost's banter is as full of serious implications as his somber speculations, that his playfulness is even more profound than his profundity.

In *A Further Range*, in which even the title is a deprecating and yet sentimental pun, the playfulness is extended further than in any of his five preceding volumes. Sometimes it takes the form of straightforward jocularity (as in "Departmental, or My Ant Jerry," and a few of the epigrammatic "Ten Mills"), by no means a new note for the author of "The Cow in Apple

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Time" and "Brown's Descent, or The Willy-Nilly Slide," to say nothing of the privately printed one-act one-page "play" entitled "The Cow's in the Corn." Sometimes the humor is subtler, as in "The Gold Hesperidee" and "At Woodward's Gardens"; sometimes it is sagely critical, as in "To a Thinker" and "The Vindictives." And, to balance the side-spring and the satire, the new collection contains some of Mr. Frost's quietest and richest speculations. "The Lone Striker" and "Two Tramps in Mud Time" must be set down among the poet's finest soliloquies; "Lost in Heaven," "Desert Places," "A Leaf Treader," and "The Strong are Saying Nothing" — three of these originally published in THE AMERICAN MERCURY — will take their place among his most memorable and moving lyrics.

The reader is grateful to Mr. Frost not because he has learned something, but because he has experienced something. He has been fortified by the poet's serenity, strengthened by his strength. He has been intellectually revised and spiritually revived.

The Check List

BIOGRAPHY

GOYA: *A Portrait of the Artist as a Man.*
By Manfred Schneider. *Knight, $2.75*

Don Francisco de Goya was a man of considerable parts, running the gamut from artist and courtier to philanderer and hell-rake. The fact that his character was so complex has helped to build the legends about his memory, until the biographer is hard pressed to divide fact from folklore. Hence Mr. Schneider utilizes the fiction form to present his hero, and the result is a turbulent piece of writing, hot with affairs of the heart, and accounts of gaudy escapades in the decadent Spain of Charles IV. There is, too, a picture of Goya in the crucible of social revolution, from which he emerged as a somewhat artistic propagandist. Mr. Schneider set out to portray Goya as a many-faceted human being, a mirror, so to speak, of the turmoil through which he lived. In this effort he has succeeded. We possess, at the end of some 330 pages, a lusty portrait of the great Spanish artist.

❖

JAMES WATT.
By H. W. Dickinson. *Macmillan, $4.00*

The author starts right off by emphasizing that the eminent Watt was not the inventor of the steam engine; rather, he was the craftsman, the technician, the perfecter. When Watt got through with the development of the machine, his work had amounted almost to a re-creation. Mr. Dickinson, presenting this study in commemoration of the bicentenary of the great English engineer, commences with the problems of industry in England in the sixteenth century, and closes with the death of Watt in 1819. There is much in the book of Matthew Boulton, Watt's partner, as well as descriptions of Watt's home and his social activities. But in the main, it is the account of a great craftsman's life, the results of which were to affect vitally the future of mankind. When Watt retired, he retired to his workshop, where he continued to find in machinery and invention the solace of his old age. The book is a first-rate biography; it is illustrated with photographs and drawings, and contains an index.

❖

LIFE AND TIMES OF MAJOR JOHN MASON.
By Louis B. Mason. *Putnam, $3.00*

Major John Mason, as his biographer points out, was more than a mere public-spirited citizen of early Connecticut. He was a true embodiment of the courage, prudence, and integrity of character which constituted, as we are slowly beginning to recognize, the backbone of American puritanism. But, unlike so many of his contemporaries, Major Mason did not adulterate these qualities with the popular vices of superstition and intolerance. He distinguished himself as an Indian fighter in the Pequot War, was magistrate, commissioner, deputy-governor, and head of the military forces of Connecticut, and was respected throughout the Colonies for his sense of justice and fair dealing. There are illustrations and an index.

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JANE ADDAMS.
By James Webber Linn. *Appleton-Century, $3.50*

An excellent biography of the social worker by her nephew. Miss Addams, he tells us, was a practical idealist, socially an epicurean, but personally a stoic, saving all her pity for the weakness of others. This virtue produced its compliment in a self-confidence entirely justified and vitally necessary to her success, instead of the personal inhumanity usually characteristic of the professional humanitarian. She always had time and patience for everyone — and a healthy sense of humor.

HISTORY

ITALY IN THE MAKING.
By G. F.-H. Berkeley. *Macmillan, $6.00*

The second volume of an able and scholarly history of modern Italy concerns the period between June, 1846, and January, 1848 — the eighteen months during which political and social agitation prepared the way for Reform. Primarily, it treats of the election of Pope Pius IX, the successor to Gregory XVI, and the program of liberalism which Mr. Berkeley traces to his capable influence. In June, 1846, Italy comprised eight small states, each under the thumb of an absolute ruler — the eight, in turn, being as firmly under the thumb of Metternich. At the close of the eighteen-month period, the picture is one of eight states in most of which there is a free press, a consultative assembly, and an armed civil guard; and all of which are near to instituting a parliament, and sending men to fight a common cause against the Austrian despot. Mr. Berkeley observes in his preface: "To those who assert that the Papal attitude towards the Risorgimento was always one of obscurantism and *non possumus*, the story of these first two years forms a complete reply." He bulwarks his thesis with an exhaustive, informative volume of 339 pages. There are plentiful footnotes, and an index.

❖

POLITICAL AND DIPLOMATIC HISTORY OF RUSSIA.
By George Vernadsky. *Little, Brown, $4.00*

Professor Vernadsky has performed a minor miracle in the world of modern letters; he has written a worthwhile book on Russia without falling over the brink into the propaganda well. As a result, he presents a clear, calm, and concise picture of the Russian nation from the vague days of the fifth century up to 1935. The student will find here a documented account of the development in Russian policies over the years, as well as an emphasis upon the structural unity of the process which has led inevitably to the present Soviet Republic. But there is no discussion of right and wrong, of Right and Left. In other words, Professor Vernadsky has no ax to grind on the walls of Moscow. He deserves credit for compiling a volume of inestimable value to the analyst of Russian and international affairs. There are sixteen schematic maps, illustrating various stages of Russian history, and an index.

❖

THE CONQUEST OF YUCATAN.
By Frans Blom. *Houghton Mifflin, $3.50*

Professor Blom of Tulane University is one of the most distinguished delvers into Mayan history; he sets down the results of his long researches in a colorful volume which goes back to Bartholomew Columbus, brother of the indefatigable Christopher, who set foot on the shore of Spanish Honduras at daybreak of a torrid day in August, 1502. For the Mayans, Bartholomew was the angel of doom. In his footsteps followed the Conquistadors, and the priests of Catholic Spain. When they got through with the New Land, the ancient civilization of Yucatan had vanished. It has remained for modern archaeologists to uncover the material evidence of a forgotten race. Professor Blom supplies the literary evidence in this excellent book. There are numerous photographic plates, and an index.

MISCELLANEOUS

SOUTHERN CROSSING.
By Philip Rigg. *Dutton, $2.50*

The business of crossing the Atlantic in a fifty-four-foot ketch is not all sunshine and smooth sailing. There are serious factors involved, problems stemming from the forces of mankind and nature, as well as from economics. Mr. Rigg's task was to navigate a small boat from Athens, Greece, to Miami, Florida, with a minimum of maps, money, and manpower. The voyage consumed six months, and in that time

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the crew of four met and overcame many of the problems which were not new when Christopher Columbus sailed into the Western sunset. The author's narrative is a stimulating one, colorfully written, yet containing that meticulous touch for fact and figure which inevitably appears when a yachtsman transfers his pencil from chart to paper. What the book proves is that the complexities of modern life ashore are not inescapable; they may be simplified by recourse to one of the greatest of all solvents — the sea. Mr. Rigg recommends this efficacious prescription to all those people who are weary of urban living.

❖

THE HERITAGE OF THE BOUNTY.
By Harry L. Shapiro. *Simon and Schuster, $3.00*

Dr. Shapiro fulfilled a quest in journeying to Oceania and to Pitcairn Island; his purpose, as an anthropologist, was to learn all that he could concerning a group of the famous *H. M. S. Bounty* mutineers and the fugitive colony they founded on a rocky promontory in the South Seas. The result of his first-hand studies is the complete and factual story of the descendants of the nine English sailors and their Tahitian wives who first settled Pitcairn. As such, it constitutes a valuable addition to the history of the human race. Dr. Shapiro's book combines history, anthropology, exploration, and adventure; science does not suffer from pedantry, nor romance from data. The Islanders have kept meticulous records for six generations, enabling the author to draw from readable source material. There are appendices, and an index.

❖

ORDEAL BY HUNGER.
By George R. Stewart, Jr. *Henry Holt, $2.75*

The story of the Donner Party, one of the great folk epics of the Old West, is told with detail and justice by an industrious author who has repaired to the diaries of survivors and contemporary documents for an impressive store of information. It is a narrative of human behavior under unforeseen and exacting conditions, of simplicity intermingled with complex and savage emotions. The Donner Party started for California in 1846, before the great Gold Rush. They numbered eighty-seven persons — men, women, and children — and in their consuming haste to reach the Coast they chose a new and circuitous route. The result was hardship, starvation, and death; of the varied company, only forty-six lived to cross the snow-clad mountains and enter the Sacramento Valley. The monument they left to themselves was in the main one of insuperable pioneer spirit. Mr. Stewart has performed a highly commendable task in resurrecting a half-forgotten saga. There are numerous appendices, maps, and an index.

❖

IN QUEST OF LOST WORLDS.
By Count Byron De Prorok. *Dutton, $3.50*

Lured by a fascination for the unknown, Count De Prorok has made numerous expeditions into the unexplored regions of the earth. This book contains accounts of four such journeys — each account separate in itself. In Africa, the author follows the trail of Alexander the Great to Jupiter Ammon; in Mexico, he discovers a degenerate race of clay-eaters in a desolate swampland; in Ethiopia, he sits in on barbarous sex rites and fantastic orgies. Always his interest is in the strange and unknown: curious sexual cults, anthropological records, tombs of ancient rulers, and lost races of men. The book is written in a crisp, well-modulated style, tinged with a gentle irony and a casual, earthy wisdom. There are twenty-eight illustrations.

❖

THE AMERICAN ARMY IN FRANCE.
By James G. Harbord. *Little, Brown, $5.00*

A document of first-rate value to every student of the World War. The book is attractively written by a man of considerable natural ability, although it does carry a heavy load of statistics. General Harbord had a personal experience unique in the A.E.F., first as Pershing's chief-of-staff, then as commander of the Marine brigade at Château-Thierry and Belleau Wood, next in command of the Second Division in the Soissons attack, and finally as head of the enormous services supply of a colossal army far from its home base. The General is not without humor. He tells of a French cavalry division commander who spoke of the possibility of a brilliant and decisive attack, then hesitated, finally deciding to wait until morning. "When he departed," said Harbord, "I asked Preston Brown if he thought we would see him again." General Brown replied: "Yes, when we all assemble to be decorated at the end of the War."

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THE CONTRIBUTORS

BLAIR BOLLES (*The Sweetheart of the Regimenters*) is a reporter for the Washington *Star*. . . . THOMAS BURKE (*The Short Story in America*) is the well-known English author. . . . WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN (*Paradise Imagined*), the author of *The Russian Revolution* (*Macmillan*), is now in Tokio as Far Eastern correspondent for the *Christian Science Monitor*. . . . RALPH ADAMS CRAM (*The End of Democracy*), the architect, is equally distinguished as a writer. His autobiography, *My Life in Architecture* (*Little, Brown*), was published last winter. . . . THOMAS CRAVEN (*Provincialism in Art*) is working on an anthology of reproductions of the masterpieces of painting from Giotto to Grant Wood, to be published later in the fall (*Simon and Schuster*). . . . LAWRENCE DENNIS (*Making the World Safe for Communism*) has been a soldier, diplomat, and business man. His latest book, *The Coming American Fascism* (*Harpers*) was published last year. . . . LOREN C. EISELEY (*Leaving September*), archeologist and paleontologist, writes verse, short stories, and scientific articles. . . . KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD (*Praise of Ladies*) is one of the country's best-known essayists, and a frequent contributor to literary magazines. . . . AMANDA BENJAMIN HALL (*Salute to Audubon*) wrote short stories and novels before she decided it was poetry that she really wanted to create. . . . LEIGH HANES (*Chipmunk*) teaches poetry at Hollins College, edits *The Lyric*, and practices law in Roanoke, Virginia. . . . WILLIAM MORRIS HOUGHTON (*Farewell to Harvard?*) is an editorial writer on the New York *Herald Tribune*. . . . STEPHEN LEACOCK (*Canada Won't Go Yankee*) retired from McGill University, Montreal, last May, where he had been a professor for thirty-five years. He is well-known as a humorist, lecturer, and writer; his *Greatest Pages of American Humor* (*Doubleday, Doran*) appeared this year. . . . J. A. LIVINGSTON (*The Case for Economic Nationalism*), a native New Yorker, is on the editorial staff of *Business Week*. . . . EDGAR LEE MASTERS (*The First Reformer*) is best-known for his *Spoon River Anthology* and *Lincoln — the Man*. His latest volume of verse, *Poems of People* (Appleton-Century) was published last month. . . . LLEWELYN POWYS (*The Morality of a Novelist*) is the noted English novelist and critic. . . . FLETCHER PRATT (*The Military Mind at Work*) lives in New York City. His *Hail Caesar!* (*Smith and Haas*) was published last spring. . . . JEROME WEIDMAN (*I Knew What I Was Doing*) was born twenty-three years ago on New York's East Side. At present he is working during the day, studying and writing at night. . . . U. V. WILCOX (*The Bank Insurance Myth*) is Washington correspondent for the *American Banker*. . . . MATTHEW WOLL (*Labor Speaks to Capital*) is vice-president of the American Federation of Labor. . . . AUDREY WURDEMANN (*Fruit*), the wife of Joseph Auslander, was awarded a 1935 Pulitzer prize for her volume of verse, *Bright Ambush* (*John Day*). . . . MARYA ZATURENSKA (*Song*) was born in Kiev, Russia, and now lives in New York.

Although THE AMERICAN MERCURY *is glad to receive unsolicited manuscripts from contributors on any topic, it does not assume responsibility for them. Unless accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope, they will not be returned.*

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THE OPEN FORUM

(*Continued from front advertising section, p. v*)

I don't want to bore you with a detailed account of my mental gymnastics during the next three years, but I've got somehow to explain about my decision. For instance, there was good old Art Gooch who graduated when I was a freshman and who everyone said would make his mark. Art was a smooth operator and by 1933 he owned a small cannery and was doing all right. He didn't have a plethora of capital, but by dint of talking fast and often to bankers he managed to finance his pack. Then the time came when someone told him he was operating under a code. That might have been okay with Art, but the price of raw products, labor, and tin cans took a dizzy stratosphere flight. Meanwhile the market for his product was what he termed lousy. The cost of doing business finally got to the point where Art had to go out of business. Incidentally, Mr. Roosevelt, something like a hundred people had to find jobs elsewhere.

Well, that was one thing I didn't like and neither did I like the way NRA turned out for my friend Luke Simpkins. Luke was operating two portable saw mills out in the woods. He employed a couple of dozen men and made a fair living for himself. He had no illusions about the kind of lumber you turn out of a portable sawmill. Stacked up against boards cut in a big, modern plant with all kinds of newfangled machinery it didn't compare so well. On the other hand, there is a market for all kinds of lumber and if yours is cheap there are lumber buyers who will overlook details. Luke sold his lumber to fellows like that and so far as I know everyone was satisfied. But the new lumber code wasn't. It set up minimum prices, arrived at on the basis of what the highest cost boom-time operator with expensive timber had to get. Big operators had been losing money and wanted to get some of the pests out of the industry. Well, the upshot was that only a damnfool would buy second grade lumber when first grade lumber sold for the same price. Luke had to give up and go to work selling for one of the large mills. The only payroll in his town went out of existence.

Everywhere I looked I saw further evidences of the effect of NRA on small businessmen. People with enough capital to stand the gaff pulled through, but there were too many who couldn't take it. NRA was a great thing for businessmen who were in a position to benefit from a concentration of power, but there was little room for doubt about its disastrous effect on smaller fellows. This was very confusing, Mr. Roosevelt, because it failed to jibe with your public utterances. You had said you were for the little man and the people, but your main recovery agency certainly was raising hob with them. I honestly thought you were being misled, that you would step in and correct these evils. You said you would welcome criticism, that your program would be flexible.

Well, you can probably guess the color of my face the day you jumped on the Supreme Court with both feet because they said the Constitution made no provision for the Blue Eagle. Between sick chickens and horses and buggies, I was punchdrunk for several days. Worse than that, I was hurt and disillusioned about you. I found myself saying less and less about the New Deal and then finally saying nothing at all. The first time I actually came out with a criticism I was a little ashamed and shocked.

For a long time I was not wholly critical and more particularly, I was not critical of you. If I didn't like lots of the New Deal, I blamed that fact on your hired help and still hoped that you would take a hand in cleaning up what was beginning to look like a mess. I was sore about the New Deal because it turned people against you, the spokesman for us intellectuals. However, Mr. Roosevelt, this was all before I recognized that you ARE the New Deal, that you are thoroughly enamored of its vague meanderings, completely wedded to your Brain Trust and, to put it bluntly, bullheaded as all hell. You seemed set on achieving your goal, but I was beginning to wonder what that goal might be — if even you knew.

I'll say this for your New Deal, Mr. Roosevelt: your Mr. Farley certainly was putting a lot of people to work. In fact, some of the Democratic politicians in my town had not worked for years until Mr. Farley had some nice airy offices swept out for them. I don't suppose many of them did much real work even then but it did give them some spending money and kept them out of the hotel lobbies where they had been crowding cash customers for as long as I can remember. The funny thing is that most of

(*Continued on page xii*)

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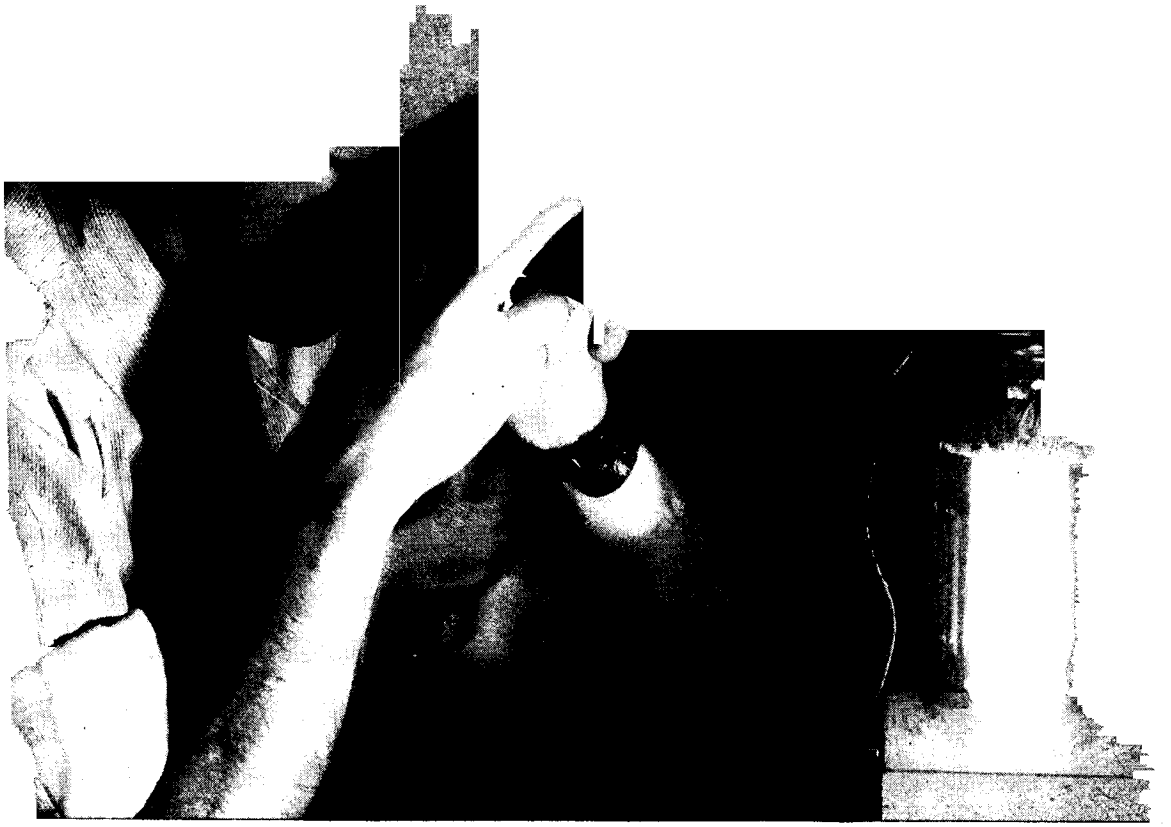

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THE OPEN FORUM

(*Continued from page x*)

those who went on your payroll and began to sing your praises in ever louder tones, were fellows who hadn't worked very hard at finding jobs before. There was one chap, for instance, who beyond doubt was the most chronic crabber in my acquaintance. He gave up looking about 1931 and settled down to wait. Relief came to him in the form of a job in one of your new alphabetical agencies and it would do your heart good to hear him say what a fine man you must be. He thinks everything you do is about perfect, and has changed his registration just in case Mr. Farley should drop in unexpectedly. He is especially pleased about his salary which is considerably more than private business can pay me. I'm sure I am not small enough to begrudge him this good fortune, Mr. Roosevelt, but my boss and I are both on short rations and aren't we paying him his salary in the final analysis?

And you should hear the howl set up by an elderly relative of my wife. She is nearly ninety and can't do much for herself any more. Recently she went on something awful because the government is paying the women in her town to sew for themselves and consequently she can't get a good housekeeper. You'd have been ashamed of her, but then it is hard to get those old people accustomed to modern ways.

Of course it has been pointed out that you promised recovery, and some of your more outspoken employees say you have given it to us. I have to admit that statistical evidences point in the direction of more active business. But what confuses me is that all your recovery measures have been flops of one sort or another. Some have gone by way of the Supreme Court and some have fallen apart because your employees were not deft enough to keep them floating. If recovery is here and recovery measures have failed, we casual observers cannot be blamed if we have trouble in putting our fingers on cause and effect. From where I sit it appears that the economic machinery has considerable natural vigor and has got some headway *despite* your help.

I think, however, that none of these things brought about my ultimate disillusionment. I think that came when I saw you and your employees pushing the tentacles of the New Deal bureaucracy out from Washington, virtually to seize control of local government. You were butting into our state affairs and even into our private affairs with increasing vigor. I reached the conclusion that you were gradually giving us a new kind of government. The issue was more basic than that of mere boondoggling. But on this point I might yet have been saved for your New Deal. I was willing to listen attentively to your arguments. I was, in fact, anxious to hear them and to have assurance that individual liberties would remain intact. I was perfectly willing, Mr. Roosevelt, to change my ideas about centralization of power and about bureaucracies, had your argument been lucid enough to filter into my brain. Had you offered your reasons for centralization and regimentation openly, had you stated your case and met the issue squarely, I should have listened. I might have been impressed — but now I shall never know. For, instead of discussion, you preferred to beat about the bush and talk vaguely about the More Abundant Life. It was evident that you did not care to discuss this question. So I began to suspect your motives. You undoubtedly would make the world's best-looking dictator and I wondered if you had ever thought of that? . . .

In any case, it was clear that you were determined upon a centralized government. You were going to regiment us, pay us, and pension us — but we were not going to be permitted to debate the issue. For every question put by Mr. Hoover the answer was a generality about Entrenched Greed. For every charge of incompetent administration or unconstitutional procedure there was a sneer and a reference to Princes of Privilege. Your continued attacks on all who differed with you did not set well with me, Mr. Roosevelt. They did not set well because I knew that all your employees were not knights errant, and that all employers were not in league to exploit the working men. I knew a lot of your opponents who were honest and patriotic men. This may surprise you, Mr. Roosevelt, but it is the simple truth.

If I was discouraged by the vagaries and sophistries of your New Deal, if I had come to dislike its inconsistencies, its profligacy and its self-righteousness, I was completely floored by its reactionary character. I could not find it in my heart, Mr. Roosevelt, to label as Liberal a policy that drives small businessmen to the wall, takes

(*Continued on page xiv*)

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THE OPEN FORUM

(*Continued from page xii*)

their corporate savings to spend on dry canals, and substitutes for free government a great bureaucratic autocracy in Washington. I would have opposed it no matter who might have advocated it. As a matter of fact, Mr. Roosevelt, you yourself opposed it in 1932. . . .

Well, it was just about at this juncture that I searched at the foundations of my experience for guidance. I looked back at the Flaming Youth period of the Roaring 'Twenties and thought of Uncle Calvin, dead these several years and perhaps for better. Then I looked further back and thought of Grandpa, and realized that he too is fortunate not to see your vigorous employees at work. Mr. Roosevelt, if there is any easy road to prosperity and success, it has escaped me. Between depression, recovery, and doctors' bills for the new baby, my savings account is as flat as a panacea. But I have finally arrived at a conclusion: I'm going to try Grandpa's way from here on. I am going to try to accumulate a little surplus out of my salary. When I get a grubstake I'll be able to set myself up in business. I'll be able to provide a living of sorts for my family and maybe even create a few jobs. Then I'll still try to make a little more than I need which I can put back in to make it a bigger business.

But having arrived at that idea, I am a potential Capitalist and therefore subject to suspicion. I'm liable to complain about governmental extravagance, and taxes, and the way your employees eat all I can make. And that is just the point I've been getting at. I'm afraid that under your system I'll not be able to accumulate a grubstake, because your New Deal takes so much of what I can earn. And I'm afraid it will take more in the future.

You see, I have the odd notion that the world in general and my own community in particular will be benefited to a larger degree if I do save some money and go into business and create new jobs and new wealth, than if all I can make goes to Washington and your employees. I think everyone, rich and poor alike, will get more of the Abundant Life out of the money I can save and invest than they will out of bigger and better federal payrolls.

That, Mr. Roosevelt, is essentially why I shall cast my vote for Mr. Landon on November third.

DAVID ECCLES III

Portland, Ore.

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Recorded MUSIC

BY IRVING KOLODIN

The Columbia Company, in defiance of the usual deference to summer taste, continues to maintain the recent high level of its releases with another Beethoven symphony under the direction of Felix Weingartner.

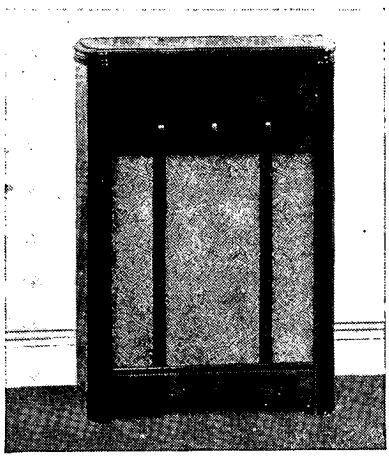
In succession to his re-recordings of the Fifth and Ninth Symphonies, Weingartner now gives us a performance of the Seventh which is in several ways the best of the series. The orchestra is again the Vienna Philharmonic, but Columbia's engineers have materially improved their recording of this orchestra, with results that approximate the best reproduction of the day. Several passages in the second and fourth movements are blurred and indistinct, but clarity and brilliance are elsewhere uniformly present. The qualities of Weingartner's conducting of Beethoven hardly demand iteration now: if earnestness and simplicity, based on surpassing knowledge but unburdened by pedantry, are the elements to be admired in musical performance, this interpretation can be recommended without qualification (Columbia, five 12-inch records, $7.50). Some music lovers may prefer to wait until the Toscanini records of this symphony are available for comparison. No date for their release has been announced, but it is likely that they will appear in the early fall.

To the credit of Sir Thomas Beecham may be placed one of the most brilliant of recent Columbia recordings, a clear and efficient version of Rossini's *William Tell* overture, done with the London Philharmonic. On the fourth side of the two records is an additional example of Beecham's treatment of Handel, several excerpts from the suite he calls *The Gods Go A-Begging*. Also of English origin is an able account of Mendelssohn's *Fingal's Cave* (or *Hebrides*) overture, played by the B.B.C. Orchestra.

The long-awaited new edition of the *Encyclopedia of Recorded Music* (Gramophone Shop, New York, $3.50), has finally made its appearance, and adequate documentation of the vast library of recorded music has thereby been advanced enormously. With that patience in research which is the mark of an enthusiast's devotion to a subject, the editor, R. D. Darrell, has organized the essential information regarding the products of some two score companies in America and Europe, classified by composers. His data fill nearly 600 pages, and amount, literally, to a unique volume. Mr. Darrell has succeeded brilliantly in producing a finely useful book; but the scholarship on which that utility has been founded might well serve as a model for the record companies themselves in their future labeling and description of records.

RCA Victor announces

the first phonograph to reproduce every sound on Higher Fidelity Victor Records



EVERY higher fidelity Victor Record in your library holds imprisoned beauty waiting for a phonograph that can release it. For, since the achievement by RCA Victor of higher fidelity recording several years ago, every sound of the orchestra, the singer, or the solo instrument has been impressed on the Victor Record, exactly as heard by the human ear. Now, RCA Victor has perfected the first phonograph capable of reproducing every sound on these higher fidelity Victor Records . . . the Higher Fidelity Electrola R-99.

At any volume, the Electrola R-99 reproduces music with complete faithfulness and perfect tonal balance, because of its new type of Dynamic Amplifier. Never before has this been possible.

At your dealer's, hear your favorite higher fidelity Victor Records played on the higher fidelity Electrola R-99. You'll discover a new world of beauty on every one!

RCA ELECTROLA R-99 HAS A FEATHER-TOUCH PICK-UP THAT PRESERVES YOUR RECORDS

This feather-touch pick-up rests in the record groove with only two-fifths the weight of other pick-ups . . . saves your prized records indefinitely. The Electrola R-99 is capable of a frequency range *one-third greater* than other phonographs. It features a greatly improved dynamic amplifier—7 tubes—high frequency control—automatic start and stop.

RCA Victor

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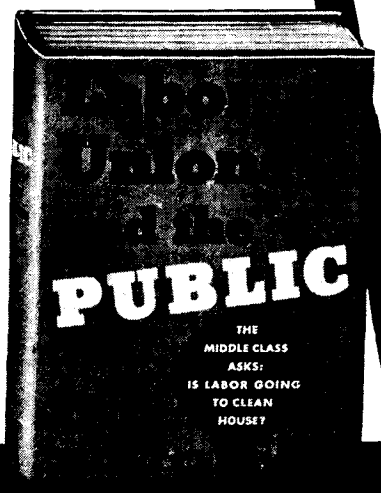

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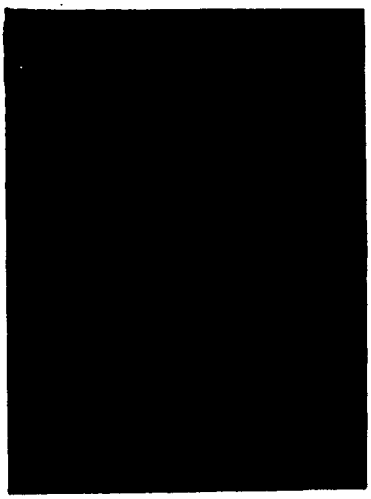

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